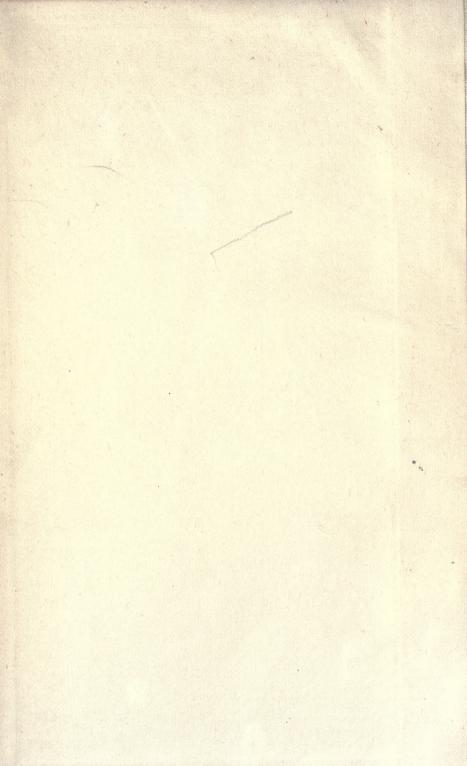
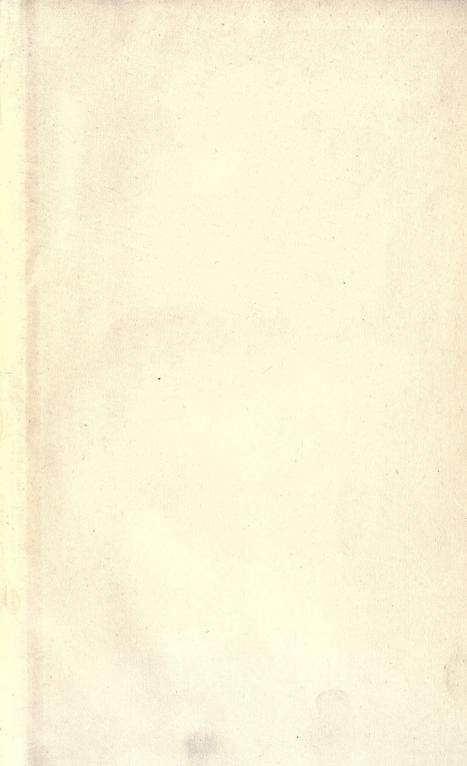
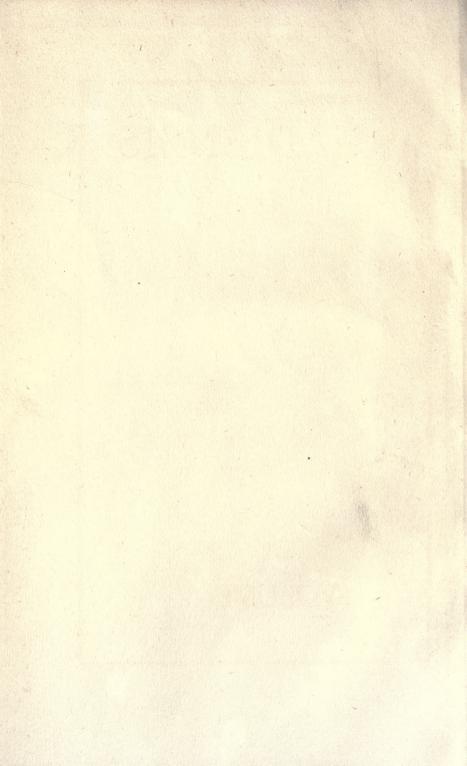
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ACADIENSIS

EDITED BY

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



A Quarterly devoted to the Interests of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.

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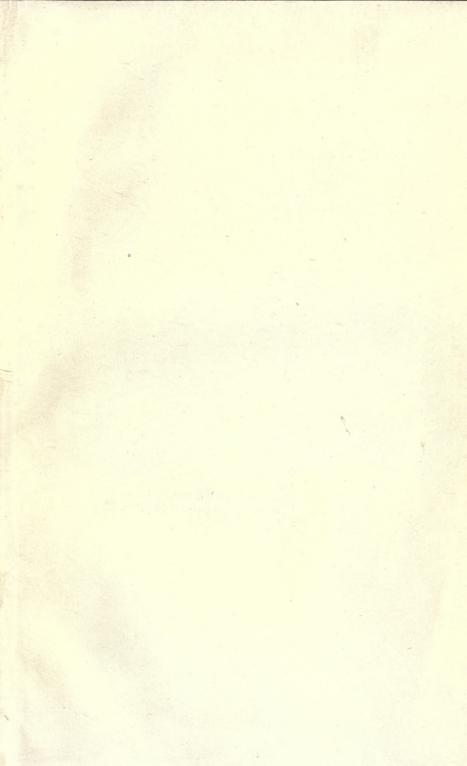
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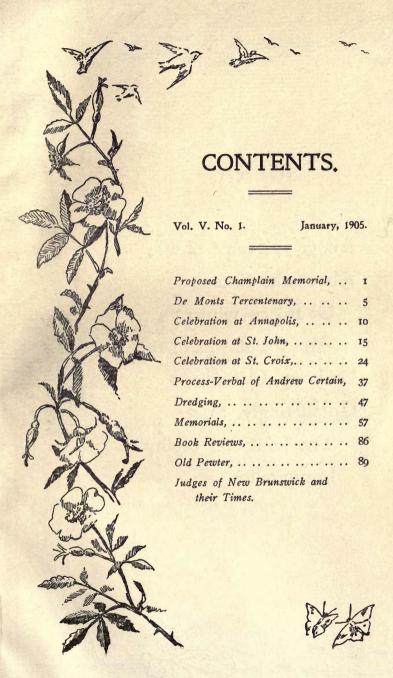
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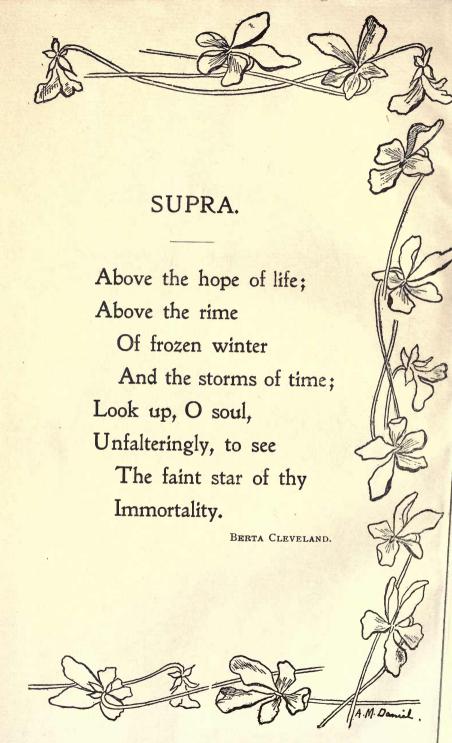


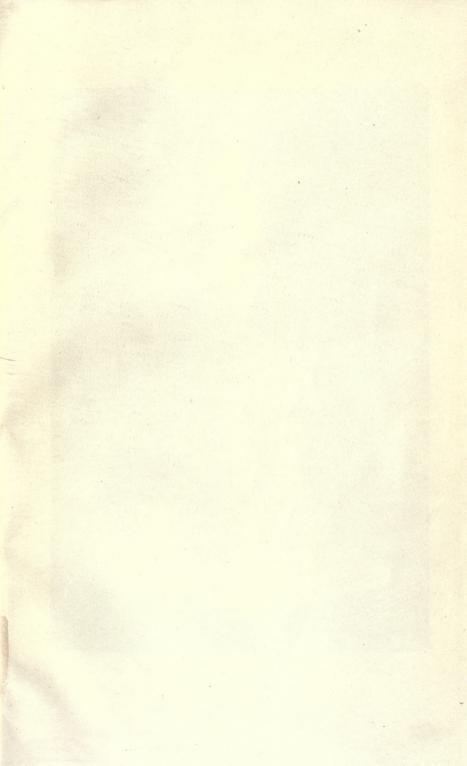


QUEEN SQUARE, SAINT JOHN, N. B.

One of the sites suggested for the proposed Statue of Champlain.









DESIGN FOR PROPOSED CHAMPLAIN MONUMENT, ST. JOHN, N. B. Hamilton MacCarthy, Sculpt.

ACADIENSIS.

Vor. V.

JANUARY, 1905.

No. I.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - HONORARY EDITOR.

Proposed Champlain Memorial AT SAINT JOHN, N. B.



HEN it was learned by the citizens of Saint John that a memorial was to be erected to Sieur de Monts at Annapolis, and that Mr. Hamilton Mac-Carthy, of Ottawa. sculptor, had been

commissioned to prepare the design and supervise the work, towards which the government of the Dominion of Canada had generously contributed a very large proportion of the cost, it was felt that Saint John should in justice be favored in like manner. Accordingly her claims were laid before the government wita the result that an appropriation of \$5,000 was set aside towards the cost of a memorial, and Mr. MacCarthy was directed to prepare a design.

That gentleman at once repaired to Saint John, and after consultation with the Mayor and members of the City Council, and with the members of the Historical and other societies, a model was prepared, in plaster, of which a reproduction appears herewith.

The statue, including the base, will be, when completed, about nineteen feet six inches in height, the figure to be of bronze, heroic size, and the pedestal of granite, either in grey, or grey with red or black base and cap.

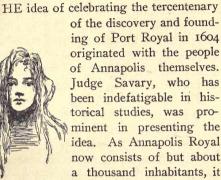
The figure is most spirited and striking, standing erect with outstretched arm, pointing presumably to the mouth of the river, the discovery and naming of which was so enthusiastically celebrated on the 24th of June last. The long cloak depending from the shoulders cannot be discerned in the photograph, but it adds greatly to the grace and freedom of the figure. The model is, of course, only tentative, and is subject to alteration, should such be considered desirable.

Mr. MacCarthy's work is widely known in Great Britain, but in Canada there are several masterpieces of design from his studic. Among the more important works which he has completed are a statue of Sir John A. Macdonald in the Queen's Park, Toronto, which cost \$12,000; a bronze statue of Col. Arthur T. H. Williams, M. P., at Port Hope; the monument to the soldiers who fell in the South African war, at Halifax, N. S., which cost \$10,000, and which was, by the way, the first memorial of the kind to be erected in the Empire; and similar monuments at Charlottetown, Ottawa, and Brantford. Mr. MacCarthy has designed a very striking bronze statue, a South African memorial not yet completed, which is to be erected at Ouebec.

It is to be hoped that the Provincial Government of New Brunswick, as well as the Mayor and Corporation of the City of Saint John may vote a considerable sum, \$2,500 each, if possible, towards the completion of the undertaking as by this method all classes of the community would contribute to the perpetuation of the memory of the man who gave his life to Canada, and to our noble river, one of the finest in all America, the name by which through three centuries it has continued to be known.

David Russell Jack.

De Monts' Tercentenary, at annapolis royal N. s.



was felt, and properly felt, that to have the matter celebrated in proper form, the Historical Society of Nova Scotia should be entrusted with the duty of making the necessary arrangements. In the meantime, the town council and the Board of Trade of Annapolis Royal passed resolutions asking the Historical Society to move in the matter, and also guaranteeing on the part of the town all proper measures for the suitable entertainment of the distinguished persons who would be invited to attend and participate.

The Historical Society took up the matter promptly and the Council prepared to take measures for securing the proper celebration. The idea was to make it a purely intellectual and historical celebration. Invitations were sent to all the Historical Societies in Canada, and in northern part of the United States, also to Canadian and American universities. Invitations were also sent to the members of the Canadian Government and Parliament for Nova Scotia, and of the Provincial Government and Legislature, and the

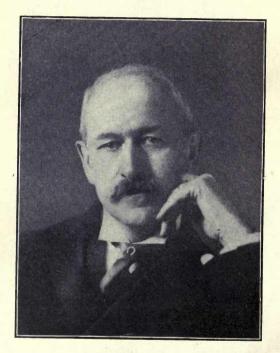
Premiers of all Provincial Governments. The Prime Minister of Canada was asked to deliver the oration upon the occasion.

In a celebration of such historical moment, it was conceived desirable that the three great nations concerned should be officially represented on the occasion: France on the ground of first discovery, the United States on the ground of English conquest, Great Britain on account of present possession.

Invitations were consequently sent to the President of the French Republic, and through the good offices of M. Kleczkowski, the Consul General of France at Montreal, the attendance of a representative of the French Government were easily obtained. M. Kleczkowski himself was appointed to be the direct representative of the French President on the occasion, and most admirably and tactfully did he discharge his responsible office. More difficulty was experienced in obtaining a representative of the United States, but, after official communications had passed between the Governor General and Secretary of State, an American representative was also obtained. The Governor General, of course, represents the King on all official occasions in Canada.

It was also conceived that to give more *eclat* to the function, ships of war representing the three nations should visit the Annapolis Basin, and, through the kindness of the Admiral commanding the fleet in British North America, the flagship "Ariadne" was sent to represent Great Britain, the "Troude" to represent France, and the Secretary of the Navy was good enough to send two American ships, the "Detroit" and "Topeka" to represent the United States. The Minister of Marine and Fisheries was also good enough to send part of the Canadian fleet to participate in the celebration.





HON. J. W. LONGLEY.

The people of Annapolis Royal performed their part of the function well. The historic Fort Anne of old Port Royal, which, thanks to the Department of Militia of Canada, has been restored, and is now carefully kept, was tastefully decorated by the flags of the three great nations participating. A guard of honor from the Canadian Militia of the 69th Regiment, commanded by Colonel LeCain, was provided, with a band, and bands from H. M. S. "Ariadne," the French "Troude" and the U. S. ship "Topeka" were, also, in attendance, and, by a friendly arrangement between the nations, detachments of men from the French and American ships were permitted to land under arms, and take part in the guard of honor.

His Excellency the Governor General was especially invited to be present, and for some time held out hope that he would attend. For some reason or other, at the last moment, he did not attend, although many there are who think that he both could and should have attended on such an important histórical occasion. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, as the representative of His Majesty in Nova Scotia, appeared and gave an official welcome to the distinguished representatives of the great nations who attended. Captain Dillingham was the official representative of the United States.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, owing to parliament sitting at the time, was unable to be present. The Historical Societies of both Canada and the United States sent a large number of representatives, as also did many of the universities.

The weather was beautiful on both days, the 21st and 22nd June, during which the exercises took place. Vice-Admiral, Sir Archibald L. Douglas, and Major General Sir Charles Parsons, Commander-in-Chief of the Forces in British North America, were in attend-

ance. His Honor the Lieutenant Governor, attended by the representatives of France and the United States. and also by the Admiral and General, and conducted by the President of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, were received by the united guard of honor, the several bands playing "God Save the King." The exercises for the morning, the afternoon and the evening of the 21st were of a purely historical and intellectual character, and addresses were delivered by the President of the Historical Society, the Lieutenant Governor, the representatives of France and the United States, the Honorable Mr. Tourgeon, representing the Government of Quebec, and His Grace the Archbishop. In the evening, a large meeting was held in the Academy of Music, at which addresses were delivered by a number of distinguished people from the various Historical Societies of both Canada and the United States, Mr. Charles Francis Adams, of Boston, being the leading speaker.

The next day, the 22nd, the ceremony was performed of laying the corner stone of the monument to DeMonts, erected by the Dominion Government, and on this occasion addresses were delivered by the Admiral, the General, and other distinguished persons.

No flaw occurred in any of the proceedings, which were conducted with great ceremony and *eclat*, and witnessed by thousands of people.

In a short time the monument to DeMonts, which is being done by Mr. Hamilton McCarthy, will be unveiled, and further impressive ceremonies will take place.

The notables gathered together by the Nova Scotia Historical Society at Annapolis, as also the ships of war, were made available for the celebration of the same incident at St. John and at Dochet Island, near Calais, Maine.

Some people there may be who see no utility or significance in these historical celebrations. Fortunately these are not in the majority. Most persons, and especially intelligent persons, recognize the importance of celebrating these mile stones in our Canadian history.

Annapolis Royal is the oldest settlement in British North America, and one of the oldest in North America. Marvellous developments have taken place since DeMonts sailed up the Annapolis Basin and founded a colony in the primeval forest. The United States has expanded into a great nation, and Canada is rapidly pushing forward into a conspicuous place among the nations of the world. Civilization and enlightenment have reached their highest development in America, and all of us, whether English or French, can afford to feel proud of what has been achieved in North America in the comparatively short space of three hundred years.

J. W. Longley.



The Celebration

AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL, JUNE, 1904.



HREE hundred years is but a brief span in the history of a European community. In Acadia, events have occurred in that short period, that run the gamut of human experiences—from primeval savagery in men and nature, up to mod-

ern conditions of cultured prosperity.

When arriving at Annapolis the twentieth of last June, I saw upon the decorated streets of that ordinarily quiet little town, several descendants of those dusky aborigines who three centuries ago greeted De Monts, Champlain and Poutrincourt. Under the commingled banners of Great Britain, France and the United States, and elbow to elbow with Englishmen, Scotchmen, Frenchmen, Americans, and negroes, these Indian holiday-makers moved sedately, but with evident satisfaction, probably aware in some small degree of the historical significance of their presence.

Annapolis is delightful. Here are all the elements of human happiness—a small and altogether charming town, streets arched with abundant shade-trees, comfortable homes, attractive drives which bring one to outlooks on the shoulders of abutting ridges, affording wide views of glistening tidal rivers pouring through carefully diked marshes into the broad bosom of Annapolis Basin, which, paralleling the Bay of Fundy, stretches southwestward in graceful curves and between ranges of undulating hills, to Digby Gut, its stately opening to the sea. The town was in gala attire—the streets, houses, and shops festooned with banners and strips of bunting, the flags of three nations flying from innumerable staffs, and the nights made

gay with paper lanterns and colored lights. Everywhere was evident the spirit of hospitality. The expression of good will was so unobtrusively genuine, that one felt it to be the ordinary manner of Annapolis and not manufactured for the occasion. It was a good place to go to, and one difficult to bid farewell.

The town's holiday dress, the omnipresent cordiality, the orderly, well-groomed and interested crowds upon the streets, the ample arrangements for the exercises, and the highly intelligent character of the audiences—these were the especial contributions of Annapolis; too great praise cannot be awarded to His Worship the Mayor, the commissioners of the fort, and the other officials and committees in charge. To the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and especially to its President, the Hon. J. W. Longley, credit must be given for the uniformly high character of the several addresses, and the admirable temper and great dignity which characterized the proceedings throughout.

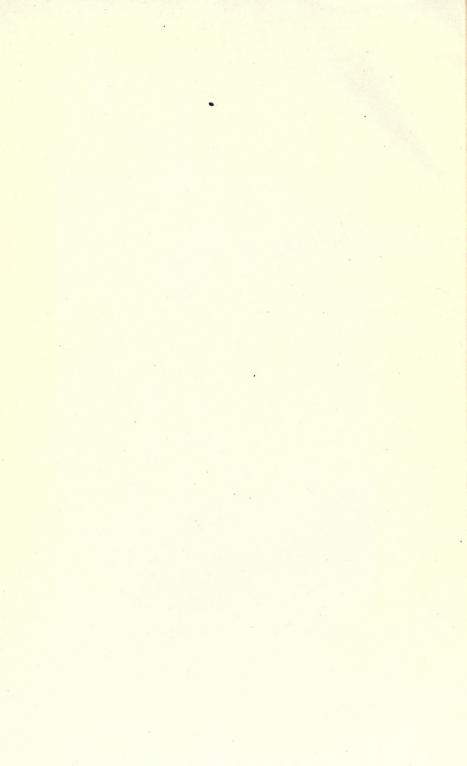
On the mornings of Tuesday and Wednesday, the twenty-first and twenty-second, the exercises were held within the walls of old Fort Anne. From the surprisingly well-preserved ramparts of this interesting historical monument, is obtainable a far-reaching view of Annapolis Basin. The French war vessel Troude, the American cruisers Topeka and Detroit and the Canadian steamer Constance were floating near by, decorated in honor of the occasion; while several miles below, unable to approach closer because of her great draught, the British flagship Ariadne gave color to the horizon. The cannonading of these bulky visitorsstrange contrast to the little French craft which penetrated the basin three hundred years ago-had awakened the town at dawn; and now, within the walls of turf, were represented by their trim marines and welltrained bands, headed by the ships' officers in full regalia.

The spirit of international amity was abroad. French, English, and American blue jackets fraternized with evident good feeling, not only at Annapolis, but at the succeeding celebrations at St. John and St. Croix Island. The speeches of the several national representatives were of the same friendly character. The bluff, hearty manner of the American and British naval and military officers was greeted by the sympathetic audience with genuine applause. The French speakers, both from Quebec and the mother land. were also most cordial; but there was in their utterances a pardonable touch of regretful sentiment—for, as the special representative of the French Republic, M. Kleczkowski, declared with admirable pathos, "On more than one shore has France thrown by the handful the good seed of effort in which, so spontaneously, she given her heart and her genius; many a time has the initiatory idea come from her-she sows, but does not always reap." The situation was difficult; for Frenchmen were here, in an English town, celebrating their planting of a tree whose fruitage had been wrested from them by the arms of England. But they carried their part with exquisite grace, and it was quite evident to a stranger that the celebration tended still further to unite French and English in Canada. The remarks and social tact of M. Kleczkowski, at all three celebrations, were especially effective in this direction.

Another indication of the international character of the Annapolis meeting was the presence of several representatives of learned societies from Great Britain and the United States. The delegate of the Royal Historical Socity, Mr. Hovenden, arrived only in time for the St. John exercises; but addresses of congratulation were delivered, chiefly on the evening of Tuesday,



HENRY S. BURRAGE, D. D.



from the American Historical Association, the state historical societies of Massachusetts, New York, and Wisconsin, and the provincial historical society of New Brunswick. The representative of the New York Society. Mr. Samuel V. Hoffman, bore to the celebration a most interesting relic-a bronze astrolabe, bearing date 1603, believed to be the one used by Champlain while in Annapolis Basin. Mr. Charles Francis Adams. representing the Massachusetts Society, capped this relic with another from Boston, the ancient key of Fort Anne, carried to New England by English partizans of the days of the colonial wars. The interest of the Dominion Government was evinced in addresses from its representatives, and in its generous gift of a bronze statue of De Monts; the corner stone of this memorial was, upon Wednesday morning, laid with much ceremony by His Honor the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, assisted by representatives of the three participating nations—but the statue itself will not be ready for unveiling until a later period.

Significant also, of the temper of the occasion, was the large part taken in the ceremonies by the presidents of the several colleges of Nova Scotia; nearly all of them delivered at the Tuesday evening meeting, addresses which were notable for patriotism, breadth of culture, and grasp of historical ideals. His Grace, Archbishop O'Brien, of Halifax, and the Rev. W. C. Gaynor, President of the New Brunswick Historical Society, most worthily represented the church.

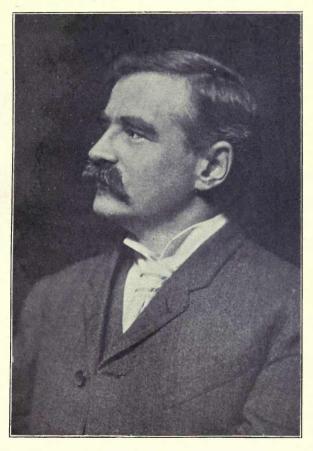
Upon Tuesday afternoon, the townspeople of Annapolis gave to the visitors a ride by steamer down the basin to the shore of Lower Granville, the site of the original Port Royal, made famous by that jolly chronicier, Lescarbot. The condition of the tide—a factor to be reckoned with in Acadian affairs—rendered timpracticable to land the party; but Judge Savary, the

local historian, had carefully marked with flags the site of the old stockade. The scene was viewed at long range, while appropriate speeches were being made by several of the guests, and explanations were offered by Judge Savary and other local antiquarians. The lack of opportunity for a careful examination of this, one of the most interesting historic sites in North America, was deeply regretted by many of those present.

During Wednesday afternoon the hosts and host-esses of Annapolis paid their final respects to the visitors by giving them a most enjoyable drive about the environs; at six o'clock bidding them farewell at the railway station, the train leaving at that time for Digby. An hour later, the steamer *Prince Rupert* was, in the midst of a driving rain, bearing the guests towards St. John—regretful at leaving behind a town and people to whom all had in their fifty hours of sojourn become as closely attached as though the friendship were of far longer standing; but looking hopefully forward to the second celebration, to which New Brunswick's capital had hospitably invited them.

REUBEN G. THWAITES.





PROF. W. F. GANONG, of Smith College, Northampton, Mass.



A Visitor's Impressions of the Champlain Cercentenary.

ST. JOHN, JUNE 21-24, 1904.

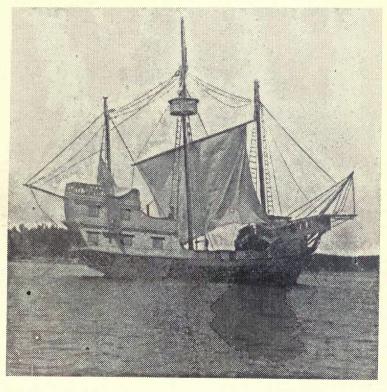


HE editor of ACADIENSIS has asked me to contribute to this journal a brief account of the Champlain Ter - Centenary, and I infer he wishes the impressions of a disinterested visitor. I am not sure that I can be considered disinterested in matters pertaining to St. John, since it is my native city and I am extremely fond

of it, but I shall try to write without bias. I shall not attempt to describe the celebration in any detail, for I have neither space nor inclination therefor; and besides this has been done very much better than I could do it in the elaborate newspaper accounts of the time. all still fresh in the minds of my readers, and all, no doubt, preserved in the many scrap-books of those interested in such matters. It were most desirable, by the way, that complete sets of the newspaper accounts of the celebration should be preserved for future readers in the Legislative Library at Fredericton and in the Public Library at St. John. In the latter case I presume this has been done, but in the former I feel sure it has not; for the Legislative library is practically useless in the one function for which it ought primarily to exist,—as a repository of information about the past and present of the Province of New Brunswick. But as to my present subject, I shall simply give some account of the impression the events of the celebration made upon me, with such comments as the matters suggest.

Much to my regret I was detained at home by College duties so that I was unable to reach St. John before Wednesday the 22nd, and hence I missed not only the celebration at Annapolis, but the first sessions of the Royal Society of Canada, which really inaugurated the celebration at St. John. It was most appropriate that a meeting of this Society, by far the most important learned society of Canada, and a special patron of History as well as of the Sciences, should form a part of the Champlain Ter-Centenary. sessions were opened Tuesday afternoon in the High School building, and, I presume, like all sessions of learned bodies the world over, were attractive to students only and hardly held the interest of the public. But I was told by a friend that the address of the President, Colonel G. T. Denison, on Tuesday evening, was not only largely attended, but was an extremely powerful exposition of its subject,—the United Empire Lovalists and their Influence upon Canadian History. It is by the laborious researches of specialists like Colonel Denison, and the presentation of their results and matured conclusions to the student-world through addresses and monographs, that the great body of human knowledge is quietly and gradually, but surely and solidly, built up, and made a part of the intellectual possession of the race. After the address the Fellows of the Royal Society with other guests were received by Senator and Mrs. Ellis at their home, one of the many courtesies extended to the visitors by Senator Ellis during the celebration.

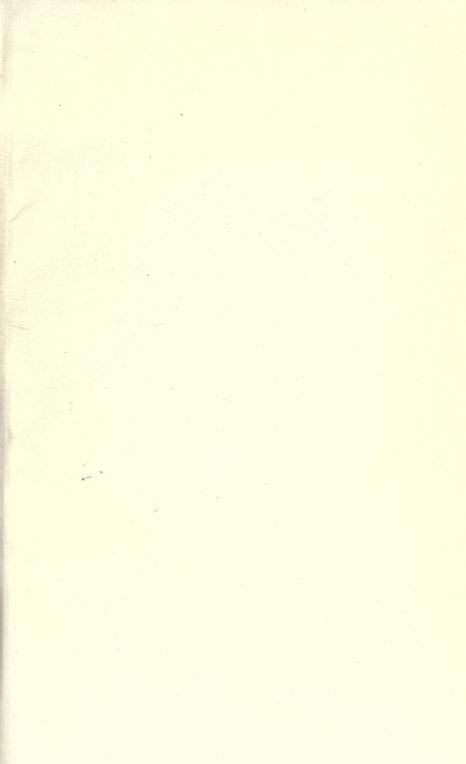
On Wednesday there were sessions of the Royal Society in the morning. At noon, His Worship the



THE "ACADIE."

A reproduction of the vessel in which Champlain and deMonts entered the Bay of Fundy, June 1604.







WALTER W. WHITE, Esquire,
Mayor of Saint John, Chairman of the Champlain Tercentenary Committee.

Mayor of St. John entertained many of the Fellows of the Royal Society, with other guests, at luncheon at the Union Club. In the afternoon the visitors were received at Duck Cove by the members of the combined Natural History, Historical and Loyalist Societies of New Brunswick, and all preparations had been made for a pleasant outing at this very attractive place. But the weather turned bad and spoiled the excursion, the only feature of the celebration thus marred. In the evening a popular scientific lecture, one of those given to the public annually under the auspices of the Royal Society, was delivered in the High School building. This lecture treats some subject of contemporary scientific interest, and this year it dealt with the modern study of Adaptation in Plants-with illustrations from photographs projected by the stereopticon. The night was stormy and the audience was small, but it was sympathetic and inspiring to the lecturer, a matter on which I can speak with knowledge, for I was the said lecturer. I may add that if the audience enjoyed listening to me one-half as much as I enjoyed speaking to it, the lecture was a success for all concerned.

The proceedings of Tuesday and Wednesday were obviously chiefly of interest to the student part of the community; the events attractive to the public in general began Thursday and continued through Friday. On Thursday morning there was, appropriately enough for this maritime city, a regatta on the harbor, but I missed it, as I was with the Royal Society which had been invited by Senator Ellis to an excursion on the water. The day was perfect, as was the excursion, and I was thankful that the strangers to St. John had this opportunity to see the surroundings of the city at their best, and to obtain a more just impression of them

than the excursion to Duck Cove the day before had permitted. The vessel steamed down the harbor and met the British flagship Ariadne coming in to join the French Troude and the American Topeka and Detroit. already at anchor. As the Ariadne moved towards the others, they seemed with their white paint and trim lines, almost like pleasure yachts in comparison with her grim and distinctly war-like bulk. We went around Partridge Island, up the harbor again through the Falls and back to the city. Then there were meetings which lasted until noon, when Governor Snowball held a levee for visitors and citizens in the Court House. In the afternoon there were further meetings of the Royal Society, and in the evening followed one of the chief features, in some respects the chief and central feature, of the celebration,—the public meeting, with appropriate addresses, in St. Andrew's church. This event seemed to me almost ideal. The church was filled, but not crowded, by the guests of the celebration, members of learned societies, and officers of the visiting war-ships, together with the leading citizens of St. John. Among others were two-Bishops of the Roman Catholic Church, Archbishop O'Brien of Halifax and Bishop Casey of St. John, together with other clergy of that church. On the platform with the chairman of the meeting were the Lieutenant Governor of the Province in full Windsor uniform, the French Consul General in even more brilliant court dress, naval officers in uniform and scholars in more sombre garb. Altogether the scenewas effective, pleasing and appropriate, and the addresses were worthy of the occasion. The chairman was the President of the New Brunswick Historical Society, Rev. W. C. Gaynor, who gave the opening address and presided happily throughout. The speaker



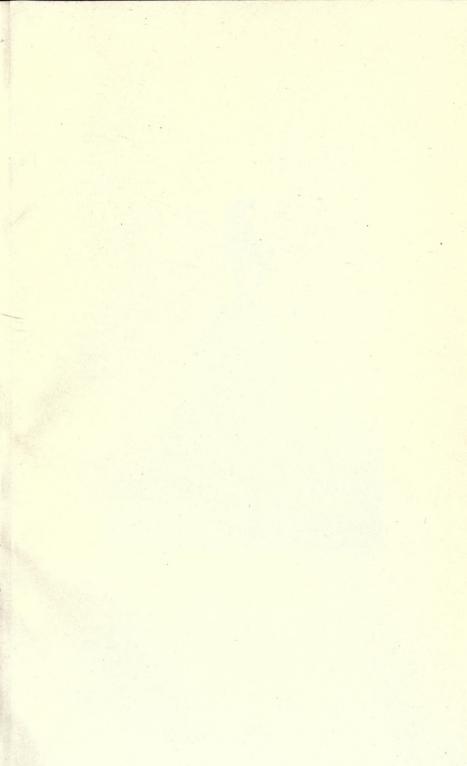
in which was placed the tablet to Champlain and deMonts,



BRASS TABLET.

Free Public Library Building, St. John, N. B., unveiled 24th June, 1904.



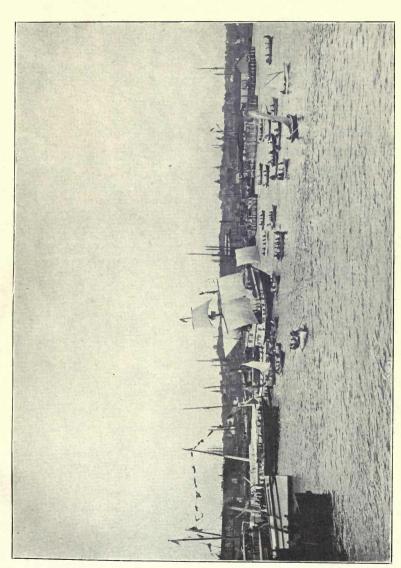




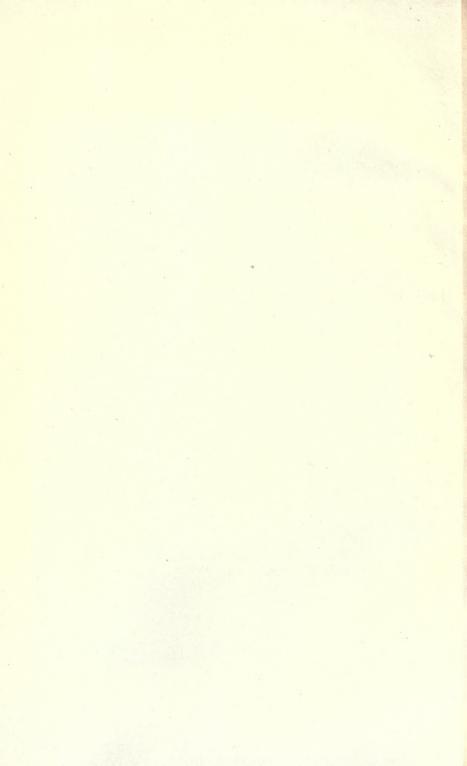
MONUMENT AT RIVERSIDE PARK, ST. JOHN, N. B., Unveiled June 24th, 1904.

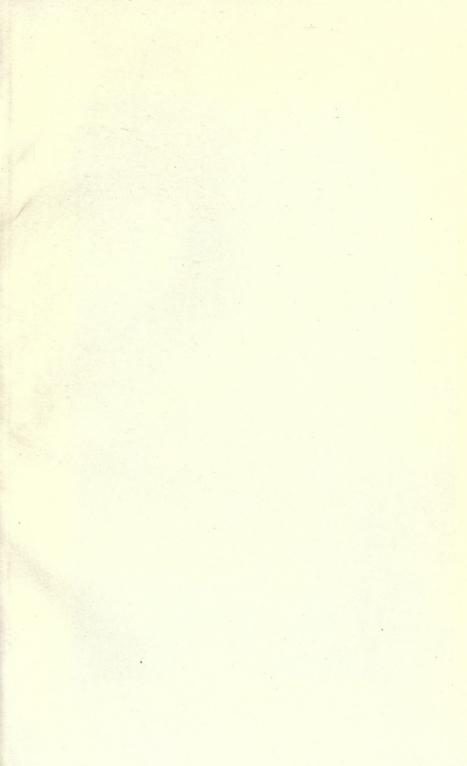
who perhaps most interested the audience was M. Kleeczkowski, the Consul General for France in Canada, for his handsome presence, courtly manner and pleasing accent formed a winning setting for his really graceful and appropriate address. Another pleasing speaker was M. Benjamin Sulte, the newly elected President of the Royal Society of Canada, who, like M. Kleeczkowski, spoke both in English and in French. The grace and tact of these two speakers emphasized anew the lesson, that the English in Canada may learn much of the amenities of civilization from their French fellow countrymen, and this potential union of Anglo-Saxon energy with French culture may yet prove a chief factor in the making of a truly great Canadian nation. The other addresses, by Dr. Stockton (twice or thrice too long for the occasion, but otherwise excellent), representing the Lovalist Society: by Hon, I. P. Baxter, representing the Maine Historical Society: by Hon. Judge Landry, speaking for the Acadians; by Hon. Charles Francis Adams, representing the Massachusetts Historical Society; by Colonel Denison, representing the Royal Society of Canada; by Mr. N. Hovenden of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain; by M. Renei Benoit, representing the Acadians of New England, and by Hon. J. W. Longley, representing the Nova Scotia Historical Society, were naturally of uneven value, but all were appropriate and none could have been spared. There was also a poem by Mr. Chas. Campbell, and Commander Dillingham, senior officer of the American warships, made a brief and spirited address quite in the manner to be expected of a fighting man. It was very pleasing to observe the note of confident strength running through the addresses of the Canadians, and the tone of genuine friendship and respect in the speeches of the foreign visitors.

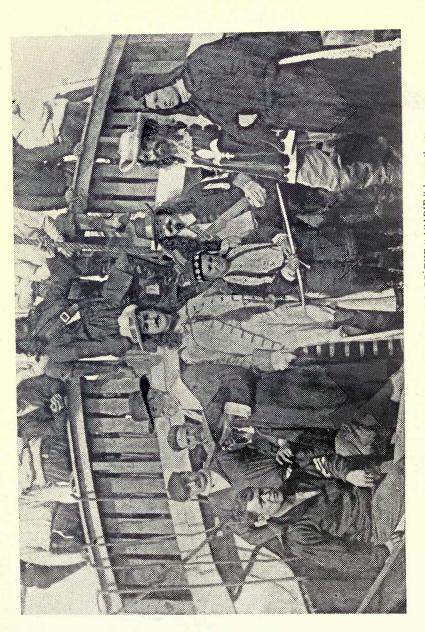
Friday, the 24th, was the anniversary day, and on this naturally fell the pageant which in the popular imagination marked the culmination of the celebration. Happily the day was as perfect as heart could desire. Shortly after eight o'clock all St. John foregathered at the Market Square, the guests on the grand stand provided for the occasion facing the landing place at the slip, and the public on the sidewalks, housetops, and at all available windows. Soon the bands heralded the approach of the soldiers, and, later, the sailors from the various warships, who, as they arrived, marched to their respective places, forming all together a great hollow square surrounding the Market Square. The scene, with the fair sky above, the eager crowds at every available point, the uniformed soldiers and sailors, the abundant flags and bright decorations of the buildings, and the air of eager interest everywhere, was most pleasing, and quite in the spirit of a great popular celebration. Shortly after nine a special thrill of interest seemed to run through the crowd, and immediately there came into view at the end of the slip a little vessel of ancient build, with long streamers flying and an ancient French flag at her masthead, while about her circled many canoes filled with excited savages. As she came nearer her quaint square sails were furled, and she glided, not without some difficulty in the navigation, to an anchorage in the middle of the slip. Then the group of brightly dressed gentlemen on the upper deck were brought ashore by their friends the Indians, and as they landed we all recognized Champlain, and de Monts and Poutrincourt and the other gentlemen of the expedition, with the priests, the guard, and others, all brilliantly clothed in the fashion proper to gentlemen of France three centuries ago. They proceeded to the centre of the Square



with Champlain, deMonts and others proceeding up St. John Harbor under her own sail, 24th June, 1904. THE " ACADIE"







SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ON BOARD THE "ACADIE," June 24th, 1994.

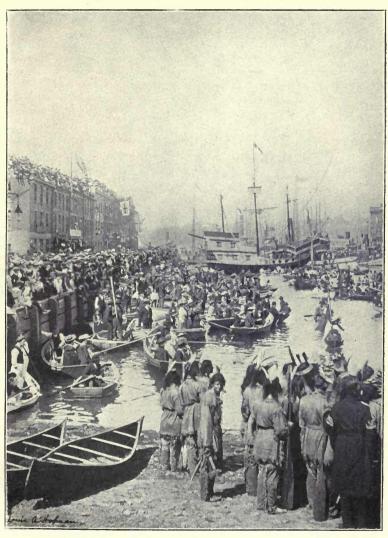
where they made gifts to the Indians and smoked with them the pipe of peace. They took possession of the land, with formal ceremony in the name of the King of France, and their new friends danced the war dance about them. All this part of the ceremony was extremely effective. In fact so well was it done that I quite forgot for a time that it was a show, and even forgot to philosophize and psychologize, while I had some momentary impulse to approach Champlain and ask him the truth as to certain ambiguous passages in his narratives! When these ceremonies were finished, the noble explorers, with their retinue, and all of the red men, entered the waiting carriages, and headed a procession of the military and sailors to Riverside Park, where a statue and monument in honor of New Brunswick soldiers who fell in the South African war was unveiled. The entire representation of the arrival and landing of the expedition was extremely well planned and managed. As a spectacle it was at one and the same time striking, appropriate and pleasing, and the energetic members of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club and of the Neptune Rowing Club, who had it in charge, may well be satisfied with its success.

At noon a dinner was given by Mayor White at the Union Club to many of the prominent visitors, and in the afternoon a tasteful tablet to the memory of Champiain and deMonts was unveiled in the new Public Library. The occasion was marked by two notable features, the reading by Dr. Dawson of his fine poem on Champlain, and the address by Rev. Dr. Raymond, in the course of which he gave the all-sufficient reasons why Champlain is honored before deMonts in the St. John celebration. As I looked around this admirable building, which should mean so much in the future of St. John I felt grateful to its generous and far-sighted

donor; but I felt also a keen regret that it was a total stranger and not some citizen of the city and Province, who had reaped the satisfaction of rendering so great a service to the people of this city. The men of means in New Brunswick have hardly yet grasped the great truth which Mr. Carnegie and many other business leaders have so thoroughly learned, that no better and more satisfying use for wealth has yet been found among men than its devotion to the advancement of the public good through the various phases of education.

In the evening there were torch-light processions and illuminations on the harbor, but these I did not see, for I had to start at five o'clock to be present at the St. Croix celebration the next day.

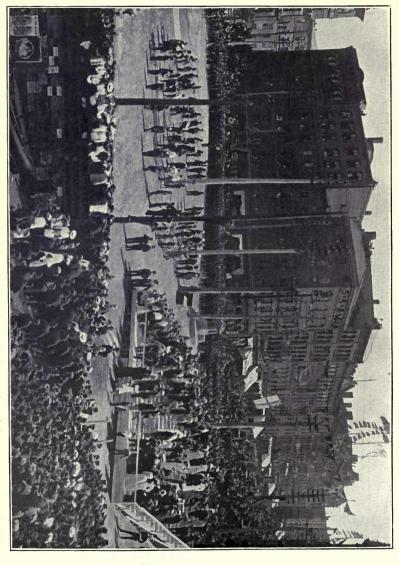
If I have seemed to write over enthusiastically of the celebration, it is not wholly due to a prejudice in favor of things New Brunswickian. It is my calm judgment that the entire celebration was both extremely well-planned, and also remarkably well carried out. It was not of course flawless. No extensive and complicated series of functions which occur but once, and which there is no opportunity to rehearse, can be free from untoward incidents, but every fair-minded person makes allowance at such times for difficulties which cannot be foreseen or prevented by any human forethought. And the drawbacks of this kind in this celebration were very few and of slight moment in comparison with its general excellence. The events seemed to me both appropriate and well-balanced. The intellectual side was admirably represented by the fourdays sessions of the Royal Society of Canada and by the meeting in St. Andrew's Church. The spectacular element could not have been more appropriately or successfully presented than it was by the representation



Landing of Champlain, deMonts and party by the Indians at Market Slip, St. John, N. B., June 24th, 1904.







Reception of Champlain, deMonts and party at Market Square, St. John, N. B., 24th June, 1904

of the arrival and landing of Champlain, supplemented by the various sports and processions and by the presence of the war-ships of three nations. The idea of the permanent value of the celebration of historical events was well expressed in the dedication of the tablet in the Public Library, in the unveiling of the statue at Riverside Park, and in the inauguration of a movement to erect a statue of Champlain in the city. The social amenities were duly and well observed, not only through many hospitalities in receptions, dinners and other formal entertainments, but also through constant minor courtesies extended by individual citizens to the visitors, not the least of which was the presentation by the editor of copies of the Champlain number of this magazine to all prominent visitors to the city. To secure the presence of so many diverse elements, and to combine them to harmonious co-operation, required the application of much historical knowledge, no little tact and influence, social and political, and an immense amount of well-directed hard work. Many contributed their parts to the result, but as I understand the matter, there are three men to whom especially the success of the Ter-Centenary is due. They are. His Worship Mayor White, the active and sympathetic supporter of all the preparations, and the worthy representative of the city during the celebration; Rev. Dr. Raymond, the scholarly historian and persistent promoter of the entire plan; and Mr. D. Russell Tack, Honorary Secretary of the Celebration Committee, the energetic organizer and capable executive of details from the beginning. New Brunswick is the better for the celebration, and those who brought it to a successful outcome have rendered a notable service to people and to province.

W. F. GANONG.

Che St. Croix and Calais De Monts-Champlain. Cercentenary.



T WAS certainly fitting that the de Monts and Champlain Tercentenary should begin at Annapolis, the old Port Royal, where de Monts and his little company first landed after their arrival upon the American coast in the summer of 1604.

It was also fitting that the celebration should be continued at St. John, especially as the discovery of the St. John river by de Monts and his party occurred on June 24th. St. John's day, the river receiving the name which the discoverers gave to it because of the day. But the celebration would have been incomplete without commemorative services at St. Croix Island, where de Monts, after a further examination of the coast, decided to locate his colony; and such services were held Saturday, June 25th, on this interesting spot in the St. Croix river, followed by added services at Calais in the afternoon.

Many who had participated in the celebration at Annapolis and St. John reached Calais on Friday evening. Friday had been a perfect June day. Would the weather be equally favorable on Saturday?

The tide made it necessary that those who proposed to be present at the exercises on St. Croix Island should be early on their way Saturday morning. It was expected that the United States Revenue cutter "Woodbury" would take the invited guests from Calais to the island, the Collector of the port of Port-

land having courteously made an arrangement to that end; but on account of the low tide on Saturday morning the depth of water in the river at Calais was insufficient for the requirements of the "Woodbury." The Dominion cutter "Curlew," however, performed this service for some of the guests, and the rest, with the citizens and numerous visitors, found such means of conveyance as could be secured either by water or by land to Red Beach, opposite St. Croix Island.

The writer went by carriage to Red Head. It was a most delightful ride along the river for the most part, here and there with charming views of the New Brunswick fields and hills beyond. But it was a morning with clouds, and the clouds became more and more threatening all the way to Red Beach. A short distance from the village we had our first glimpse of St. Croix Island and the lighthouse near its centre. The river at this point is wide—a mile and a half possibly, for this is a stranger's estimating—and the attractiveness made it easy for us to understand why de Monts and his associates, as they came up the river on a June day three hundred years ago, regarded it as a fitting location for the establishment of the colony. It was not only an attractive island, but its situation made it easily defensible from the attacks of hostile Indians. The colonists, it is true, did not foresee what perils the winter would bring with its icy cold. They came up the river under summer skies and with a pleasant prospect before them whichever way they turned.

On the day of the celebration the scene was made much more attractive by the presence of the warships of France, Great Britain and the United States, which were anchored north of the island, and which had been gaily decorated in honor of the day; while about them was anchored a fleet of smaller craft which had been attracted thither by the commemorative services.

We soon found means of transportation to the island. The very general interest in the celebration was in evidence everywhere, as indeed it had been in Calais, and during the drive to Red Beach. Water craft of various kinds, here, there, and on all sides, carried visitors to the island. But the clouds were still threatening, and hardly had the guests of the day reached the island when there was an outpouring from the skies which hurried guests and visitors to such places of shelter from the rain as the island afforded.

When the shower had passed the grass was too wet for such an exploration of the island as was desired by all. Especially had such an exploration been made easy, as the committee having the exercises in charge had carefully marked the sites of de Monts' house, the houses of his associates, the forge, the guard house, the chapel, the garden, the cemetery, etc., as they were enabled easily to do from the original drawing made by Champlain at the time of the settlement. Furthermore, because of the threatening aspect of the weather it was deemed important that attention should at once be given to the literary exercises.

These were held in a tent which happily had been erected by the committee north of the lighthouse for the use of the guests of the day. The exigencies of the hour gave it largely to the visitors. The flags of the three nations waved over it, and representatives of these nations participated in the literary exercises that followed. The significance of the occasion was in the minds of all the speakers, and found eloquent expression. Those grouped around them evidently entered into the deep meaning of the hour. It was not a mere holiday affair that had brought together

the large company then and there assembled. De Monts and his little company, whose feet had pressed the soil where we stood, who were filled with high hopes for France by giving her dominion on these western shores, were the forerunners of a host of adventurous souls, who had a vision of the future of this continent which, though inadequate, as we already know, was bright enough to stir within them noble purposes and spur them to high endeavor.

On the part of all the speakers there was generous recognition of the part which France played in the opening of the new world to settlement and civilization. Especially was this recognition manifested in the welcome extended to the Consul General of France. M. Kleczkowski. It was not his charming personality merely that won for him throughout the day the enthusiastic plaudits of men, women and children, but the fact, in a very large degree, that he was the representative of France, and in his person stood for those who not only on the island of St. Croix, but all along the St. Lawrence and the Ohio and the Mississippi. had toiled heroically and sacrificed nobly. To me the most pathetic words spoken that day were the words of M. Kleczkowski, when he said: "It has been the lot of France to scatter many fruitful seeds, the benefits of which others have reaped." No more fitting or beautiful expression could the speaker have given to the thought that evidently filled his mind and heart. This was not a high day for France. It might have been, and before us throughout the services there was ever the alluring vision that cheered de Monts and his fellow voyagers as they sailed up the fair waters of the St. Croix and landed on this charming islet to establish the beginning of French colonization on the

Atlantic seaboard. Certainly the vision had not failed of realization, and Gen. Chamberlain, in his noble address, when, alluding to the lost hope of de Monts, greeted the colonist-leader and said concerning that hope: "The work is going on, but by other hands; the dream is coming, but to other eyes; yet the thought is his, and the fulfilment, though different, is of his beginning;" and most fittingly it was added: "Better is his later fame that his early fate. For the name and place you give him to-day is from a whole-hearted sympathy beyond that accorded in his time, and the mounds which revive these memorials of him are of those who enter into the largeness of his thought." There was many a heartfelt response to these expressive words as they fell from the lips of the distinguished soldier who uttered them!

It was not forgotten in these commemorative services that in de Monts' company Protestant and Roman Catholic stood side by side. It had not been so in France in the preceding century. On how many bloody fields for three-quarters of a century had they contended in fiercest conflict! But the edict of Nantes had brought about a better state of things in France, and the value of religious liberty which men were beginning to see found happy recognition upon St. Croix Island. If later in France the edict of Nantes was disowned and at length revoked, religious liberty had a re-birth on these western shores in Roger Williams, and is now the prized possession of all—Protestant and Roman Catholic alike.

Nothing could be more appropriate than the memorial of de Monts' settlement at St. Croix Island which was unveiled at the conclusion of the services in the tent. On a natural boulder, a short distance north of the

lighthouse, a bronze tablet had been placed, facing the west, bearing this inscription:

To Commemorate
The Discovery and Occupation
of this Island by
DE MONTS AND CHAMPLAIN,
who naming it
L'isle Saincte Croix
Founded here 26 June, 1604,
the French Colony of Acadia
then the only settlement
of Europeans North of Florida
This Tablet is erected by
Residents of the St. Croix Valley
1904.

1904.

The unveiling of this tablet was the supreme moment in the celebration. Guests and visitors gathered around the well-worded record of the event which the day commemorated, and when the flags that covered the tablet were removed, the war vessels, in answer to a signal given by the commander of the "Detroit," thundered forth a salute—which was echoed and reechoed from the neighboring American and Canadian shores.

Before the unveiling, Mr. James Vroom, of St. Stephen, the efficient secretary of the Citizens' Committee, in the name of the Mayor of St. Andrews, offered a resolution which was presented to the company by Hon. Charles E. Ewen, of Calais, the presiding officer, and unanimously and enthusiastically adopted:

"Resolved, That this company, composed of citizens of the United States of America, subjects of His Majesty King Edward VII, residing in British North America, and visitors from abroad, being assembled to commemorate the three

hundredth anniversary of the discovery and settlement of the island on which Sieur de Monts and his companions passed the winter of 1604, and to which the discoverers gave the name of Saint Croix, deplore the use of later names for the island, and desire that as a mark of honor to de Monts and Champlain it be henceforth known by the name of St. Croix Island.

Certainly nothing could be more fitting than this revival of the original designation of the island, and the Maine Historical Society will use its influence, we are confident, in the endeavor to obtain from the United States government official recognition of the name by which, for every reason, the island where de Monts planted his colony should henceforth be known.

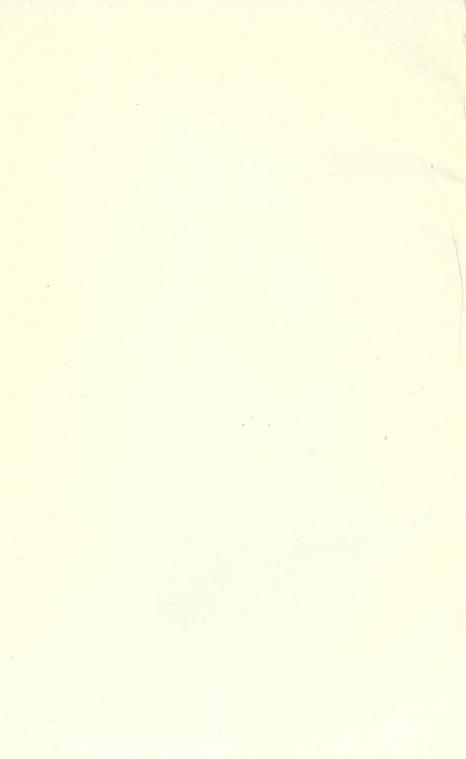
I was greatly interested in the scholarly addresses delivered in the afternoon in the Opera House in Calais by Prof. W. F. Ganong, Ph. D., of Smith College, and Hon. James P. Baxter, LL. D., Mayor of Portland, Maine. Prof. Ganong's great familiarity with the facts concerning de Monts' settlement at St. Croix Island, and also with those other facts connected with the history of de Monts' colony which were of so much importance in the settlement of the northeastern boundary controversy, made his address an illuminating one; while Mr. Baxter, in his review of Champlain's great services in connection with the expedition, gave that distinguished explorer who served France so faithfully in the new world for many years his true place in western discovery and colonization.*

It was to be expected that the events which the day commemorated would appeal to poetic feeling, and the

^{*}The address delivered by Hon. James P. Baxter, LL. D., at the St. Croix Celebration, was published in full in the previous issue of Academysis. Ed.



HON. JAMES P. BAXTER,



expectation was realized. Finely conceived was Mrs. Ida Vose Woodbury's "The Island Story" beginning:

Beautiful Isle on the breast of the river,, With green restful glades and with rocks wild and free, Whence cam'st thou here? from the deeps of forever? Tell me thy story, thy strange history.

In Mr. Henry M. Rideout's beautiful ode, fitting expression was given to the same story, closing with these strong lines:

Here stands the remnant of the isle, but where Dwell the defeated spirits, whether those Who to Port Royal bore The folded banner and dismantled frame Of settlement, or those, the island dead, Whose bones were left to wear In slow effacement with the tidal shore? The hillock silver-crowned with gracile birch Melts in the levelling centuries. Margins forlorn of the brown ocean-bed That flooding seas reclaim, Show to our patient search Few vestiges. The envious wave o'erflows Earth and man. Oblivion would seem Victorious, and those eager lines a dream. Is it not so: for here before the seas And everlasting hills To witness, we do rear Enduring bronze-we, who shall soon appear Dream and illusion to our children. Nature, unheeded or beloved, fulfills Her awful purposes; ephemeral men. The deeper marvel, shall hand on renewed Courage, and faith, and mending destiny For days they shall not see. Here flows the shining river endlessly, Here the isle echoes with their fortitude.

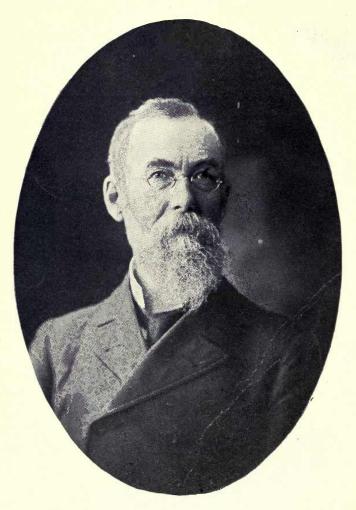
The services of the day were closed with the singing of two stanzas of "God Save the King," and also two of "My Country, 'tis of Thee." When the audience

rose to sing, Capt. Dillingham, of the "Detroit," was standing at the centre of the stage by the side of Gen. B. B. Murray, of Calais, who presided. Capt. Hill, of the "Columbine," was at the extreme left of the line. Leaving his place by the side of the presiding officer, Capt. Dillingham walked down the line and placed himself by the side of Capt, Hill, joining heartily in the singing of the British national hymn. Then he returned to his place by the side of Gen. Murray, and there joined in singing to the same music the national hymn of the United States, bearing his testimony in this expressive sailor-like way to the kinship of the two great English-speaking nations which have wrought so mightily on this continent during the past three hundred years. It was a fitting close to commemorative services that had deeply stirred patriotic feelings on both sides of the St. Croix river, and which will unquestionably for many years to come have an abiding influence in strengthening international bonds.

HENRY S. BURRAGE.







JAMES VROOM,
Honorary Secretary St. Croix Valley Celebration Committee.

The Tercentenary Celebration at St. Croix.



HE series of tercentenary celebrations in honor of the founders of Acadia was fittingly closed with the celebration at St. Croix. Annapolis honored the memory of De-Monts, the leader of the first colonists and founder of Port Roy-

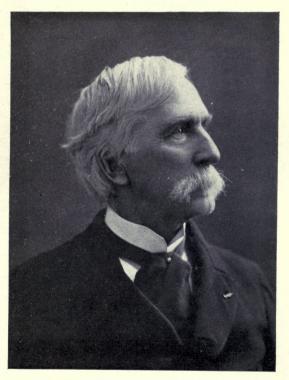
al; St. John, the memory of Champlain. The people of St. Croix valley, with impressive ceremonies, unveiled on the little island that became the last resting place of so many of those first colonists a plain memorial tablet to mark the site of their habitation; and sought to make the island itself their monument by restoring to general use its ancient name of St. Croix. While the success of each of these celebrations is unquestioned, and the intentions of their promoters were well carried out, the thought of standing on the sacred spot which had been the scene of all the hopes and fears and sufferings of that short summer and terrible winter of three hundred years ago gave a peculiar solemnity and force to the ceremonies at St. Croix Island: and the fact that the local committee of management was made up of men from both sides of the boundary line, including the mayors of Calais, St. Stephen, Milltown and St. Andrews, could not fail to add to the present significance of the event and the promotion of international friendship.

Unfortuately, because of the difficulties of landing, the island could be visited only at high water, and the stay must be short; and still more unfortunately, when brief commemorative exercises were over, a heavy shower hurried the departure and prevented visitors from lingering where the sites of the principal houses and other points of interest had been marked for their information.

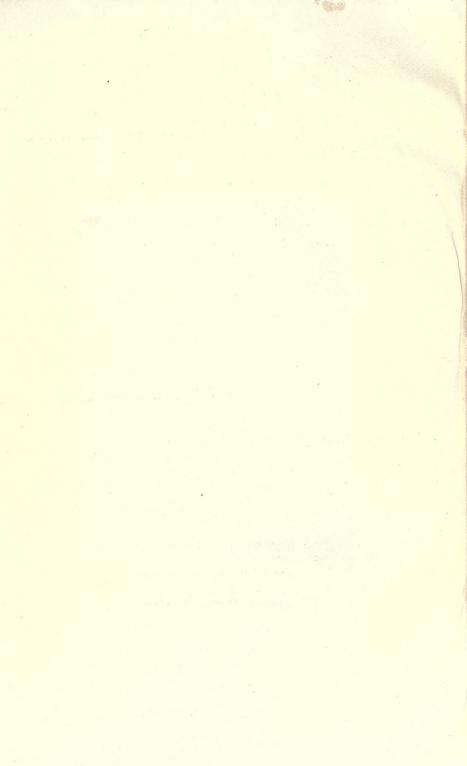
The part of the island which has washed away in the three centuries since its occupation includes probably most of the cemetery; but the site of the buildings remains, and their position was easily determined from Champlain's plan. Near the centre of this site is a granite boulder in its natural position, which was probably directly in front of the residence of DeMonts and in the face of which the bronze memorial tablet is appropriately set.

The ceremonies consisted of a welcome to the visitors, with replies by distinguished guests; an oration by Gen. Chamberlain, the well known historian of Maine; and the unveiling of the tablet. The veil was lifted by the daughters of the Mayor of Calais and the Mayor of St. Stephen; for, though the island lies in the city of Calais, the towns and parishes on the New Brunswick bank of the river had an equal part in the duties and honors of the day, and were generously accorded their full share of the credit.

The U. S. cruiser Detroit and the French cruiser Troude had come from St. John to do honor to the occasion; and the British ship Columbine had been specially sent from Halifax to take the place of the flagship Ariadne. The scene when the guns of the cruisers fired a salute at the unveiling, and the hills of Maine and New Brunswick shores doubled and trebled the sound, was one that will remain in the memory of



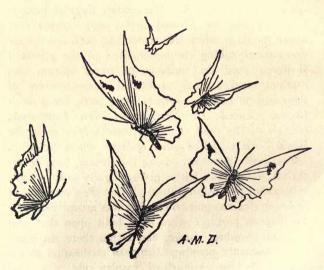
HON. JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN, Major-General, U. S. V.



the thousands who were present. The heavy clouds had not yet lost their shapes, though the rain coming up the river was beginning to shut out the distant The three warships, bright with flags, the Dominion cruiser Curlew, the U.S. revenue cutter Woodbury, the steam vacht Nautilus, with five excursion steamers and innumerable smaller boats, filled the broad expanse of the river. The shores, in midsummer green made deeper by the darkened sky, were crowded with spectators who could not find conveyance to the island, or were content to look on from afar; while the island itself held more people than had ever been on it before in all the three hundred years of its history. Near the monument, the centre of interest, from one tall flagstaff floated the national flag of the United States, and from another a flag displaying the broad white cross of France, the merchant flag of the time of Champlain. The modern flags of France. Great Britain, the United States and Canada flew above the large white tent which had been erected for the visitors, telling the nationalities of the guests it sheltered; and the uniform of naval officers and marines marked them as official representatives of their several nations. Others there were, the French Consul General, the Premier of New Brunswick, officials of the State of Maine, representatives of the Royal Society and of other societies whose presence, not so easily discerned among the throng, was, nevertheless, known and felt as giving dignity to the simple ceremonies and making them all that they were meant to be—a due recognition of what was accomplished by the French pioneers when they built upon that spot the first Acadian village, and began there the work of permanently planting European civilization in the regions of America north of Spanish rule.

The Curlew took the invited guests to St. Stephen, where carriages were waiting to convey them to St. Croix Club, Calais, for a luncheon. The afternoon was devoted to a meeting of the Maine Historical Society in Calais; and the evening to a dinner and reception to the guests, at which the mayors of Calais, St. Stephen and Milltown acted as hosts. All passed off pleasantly, and, except that the time was again too short for all that was planned, left little to regret. The distinguished visitors were well pleased with their reception; and the feelings of kindly fellowship were a pledge of international good will for the future, at least so far as those men are concerned who were gathered to represent Britain, France and the United States at the tercentenary of the first settlement of the St. Croix.

JAMES VROOM.



Che Proces-Verbal of Andrew Certain.



F the original accounts, which have come down to us, of the circumstances attending the taking of . Fort Latour or Fort St. John, by the Sieur d'Aunay, in 1645, the most valuable appears to be that contained in the procès-verbal of

Andrew Certain, which is preserved in French archives. This seems to be the only report of these matters, of an official nature, in existence, or which was ever made, excepting, perhaps, some records of the Friars. The report, according to Francis Parkman, is dated May 10, 1645—twenty-three days after the fall of the fort—though, strange enough, it refers to events of a later date, and gives the death of Madam Latour as having taken place June 15, 1645. The signers of this document—some or all—must have been eye-witnesses of the occurrences therein related. This report and the statements of the Capuchin Friars (of whom Daunay was a patron), as well as some other French writings on the subject, may be open to the charge of being overfavorable to Daunay.* On the other hand, the

^{*}The Histoire de l'Acadie françoise de 1598 à 1755, by Célestin Moreau (Paris, 1873), the most valuable work extant upon the Daunay-Latour feud, was written, as the author frankly avows in his preface, "to avenge the memory of a man who has been, up to the present, judged by the testimony of his adversaries and enemies, of d'Aunay, the successor of Commander Razilly in the government of the French colony."

Moreau's work is founded upon a manuscript book, called L' Acadie colonisée, par Charles de Menou d' Aunay Charnisay, written by a modern representative of Daunay's family, the Count Jules de Menou, who was also the author of a printed work, entitled, Preuves de l' Histoire de la Maison de Menou.

account of Nicolas Denys, which appears to be the only source of information discovered by Acadian narrators, is of doubtful veracity. Denys was friendly to Latour and an enemy of Daunay. His book was published in 1672—twenty-seven years after the capture of the fort, and, probably, nine or ten years after the death of Latour.* It contains evident errors.

Moreau, in his History, utterly discredits the story of Denvs, and deals a sad blow to the long-established and oft-repeated local accounts of the taking of Latour's fort. Moreau says (p. 224): "The treachery of the Swiss, the terms of quarter, the execution en masse of the soldiers who had survived the assault, the presence of Madam Latour at the execution of the vanquished, all is false," and he then proceeds to give his reasons for so saving, which space will not permit to be reproduced here. Although difficult, amid mists and fogs of prejudice and passion, ancient and modern. to get at full facts, it seems safe to say that our schoolboy conceptions of a truly good and noble Latour, at St. John, N. B., hounded by a cruel and dreadful Daunay from somewhere else, are apt to be modified by later light, and, especially, when we attempt to bring to bear upon the subject the impartiality of feeling and correctness of statement which should characterize the historian.

Parkman, who devotes the first section of "The old régime in Canada" (1896) to "the feudal Chiefs of

^{*}The discovery of the Scotton manuscript appears to fix the hitherto unknown date of Latour's death in 1663—perhaps the latter part of 1662. According to Latour's own statement, he first came to Acadia, at the age of fourteen years, with the Poutrincourts. If this was in the voyage of 1610, as stated by Rameau in his *Une coloni féodale* (and other evidence favors it), Latour must have been 67 or 68 years of age at his death.

Acadia "—Latour and Daunay—says of the latter: "In his qualities, as in his birth, he was far above his rival, and his death was the ruin of the only French colony in Acadia that deserved the name." Even Parkman, who made extensive researches in France, appears to have overlooked some interesting evidence available in Boston.

Following is an attempt to translate the procès-verbal d' Andre Certain, an interesting document in Acadian history, which does not appear to have been heretofore printed in English. Says Moreau: "Here is the truth of this siege of which Denys has written the romance."

GILBERT O. BENT.

THE OFFICIAL REPORT.

In the year one thousand six hundred and fortyfour, the twenty-fifth day of December, two months after the notification of the decree of council, dated the fifth of May [March?] of the same year, made to the sieur de la Tour, and to all those who were with him in the fort of the river St. John, by the Mountjoy, the fifteenth October, 1644, Mr. Charles de Menou, knight, seigneur d'Aunay Charnisay, governor and lieutenant-general for the King in all the extent of the coasts of Acadia, country of New France, considering the refusal of the said de la Tour and the obstinacy of his people, fitted out once more two of his sloops, to attempt, by peaceful means, to bring back these rebellious people to the obedience which they owed to his Majesty. For which purpose my said sieur deputed a lieutenant of his ship to command one of them and his sergeant the other, with orders, in his name, to proceed to the river St. John and make every effort

to adroitly win over some of these rebellious people, to instruct them, and to give them letters for their comrades, signed by my said sieur, with the assurance of the pardon of their offences and payment of their wages dutifully submit themselves as true subjects. also to show them that the decrees of council bound by my said sieur to this course. Having faithfully executed these orders they received, in response, only insults and execrations from these unfortunates. Eight days after, the wife of the said sieur de la Tour arriving in the river of St. John, conveyed by an English vessel, obliged her husband to go to Boston, to the English, to declare himself of their religion, as she had just done, and to demand of them a minister for his plantation, thereby inducing the whole body of English to maintain them in their possessions, with the offer that they would divide all the coast of Acadia. after they had made themselves masters of it: And, the 28th of January, 1645, the said lady spoke so insolently to the reverend Recollet fathers who, at that time, were in her habitation, that, acting as one possessed of a demon and in scandalous disrespect of the religion, Catholic, Apostolic and Roman, her husband present, who approved of all her actions, they were constrained to go forth and seek means to get away from the place, although, in those countries, the winter is very severe. Which the said sieur de la Tour and his wife granted them, with derision and insults, giving them, for this purpose, an old pinnace, almost sinking, with two barrels of Indian corn as all their provision. This will be verified by an attestation of those who were in the service of the sieur de la Tour and his wife and a letter of one of the aforesaid Recollet fathers superior in the said place. Eight or nine of the people of the said sieur de la Tour, knowing the deplorable state of this habitation and the formal rebellion of the sieur de la Tour, his wife and the rest of their comrades, against the duty which they owed to God and to the King, also withdrew, and accompanied the said reverend Recollet fathers. They with much peril, delivered themselves up at Port Royal, the ordinary abode of the sieur d'Aunay, who, after having been fully informed of all the above. received them humanely, sending the two Recollet friars to the house of the reverend Capuchin missionary fathers, who received them with so much affection and performed towards them so many kind deeds and sacred functions that they were entirely overcome, aswell as the eight persons who accompanied them, on account of the favorable reception given them by my said sieur, who was not content to lodge and maintain them, as his own people, but paid them their wages. which the said La Tour during all the years that they had served him had denied them. Which is proven by a receipt of these same persons for the sums which had been placed in their hands, signed by their hands.

Having thus cleared the way, as above related, my said sieur inquired more particularly concerning the condition of those miserable persons and the obstinacy of the rest of those who were living with the said la Tour, who had gone to the English in Boston to endeavor to overturn, as already has been told above, the treaty of peace made between the said English and the sieur Marie, confidant of my said sieur d'Aunay, and also to induce some merchant to bring supplies into the river St. John, where there were only left forty-five persons. Considering these things my said sieur assembled all the officers who were at that time in his service, when it was decided to take time by the forelock, and, although scarcely practicable, it

was thought necessary to assume some risk in an affair of so much consequence, which constrained my said sieur to take command of the largest of his vessels, of the burden of three hundred tons, equipped for war, and to place himself on guard at the entrance of the river St. John for the purpose of surprising the said la Tour, with part of his people, who thought, under cover of the inclemency of the weather, to make his vovage without it becoming known. This my said sieur having accomplished and anchored at a league from the fort of the river St. John, attended by a Capuchin friar missionary and by the two aforesaid Recollets, sent again, by one of his sloops, to the said wife of la Tour and all those who were at that time with her, the reverend Recollet father Andre, who purposed, perchance, to win some over to repentance, making known to them the warm welcome which he and their comrades had received from my said sieur. In this they were no more successful than in times past. Two months passed away in similar expectation, after which my said sieur resolved to strike the iron while it was hot, seeing that one of his ships, equipped for war, had just arrived from Port Royal, as he had ordered, accompanied by a pinnace, also full of men. After having rallied from his settlements all persons capable of carrying a musket, he landed a good part of his men and two pieces of cannon, with orders to place them promptly in battery as near the fort of the river St. John as they could with safety, and, as soon as they had executed his order, he would bring this ship within pistol-shot, so that, without giving the besieged opportunity to recover themselves, a cannonade might be made, from sea and land, and continued until a breach was created. During the execution of these orders, a small English vessel appeared at the

entrance of the said river, loaded with provisions and munitions of war, in which there was one of the domestics of the said la Tour, who was entrusted with letters from his master for the said lady his wife, which assured her that in a month or two she would find herself in a much better position. The said domestic had, furthermore, a letter from the governor of the Grand Bay of the English, addressed to the said lady, in which he exhorted her to profit by the instruction which she had received during her residence there. The said vessel was seized and detained by my said sieur and the crew sent back to the place whence it had come, with a sloop that my said sieur gave them for this purpose. They having returned reported to the gentlemen the magistrates of the English government that their vessel had been seized while trading with the French, and that the treaty of peace which they had made with the sieur Marie was not observed. with a thousand other complaints, by which they sought to conceal the object of their voyage. obliged these gentlemen to send a special messenger to my said sieur to demand of him satisfaction for the property taken by him from one of their merchants. contrary to the articles of peace which the sieur Marie, his confidential agent, had signed with them on his behalf. To which my said sieur made answer and showed to their deputy the imposture of their said merchant, who, through a desire for gain, abused their commission, and, instead of trading in the plantations of the real French, he himself broke this treaty of peace, considered by his magistrates and the sieur Marie, his confidential agent, carrying fraudulently supplies and munitions of war to maintain some rebels in their disobedience of their duty which they owed to their natural prince. All which explanations en-

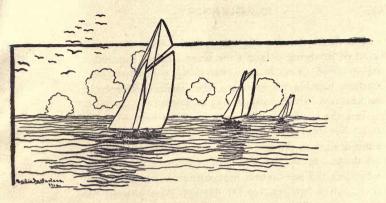
tirely satisfied both the deputy and the gentlemen the magistrates of the Grand Bay. The aforesaid deputy having departed and my said sieur d'Aunay being notified that the battery was in order and his men who were on shore prepared to carry out his commands, resolved to expedite matters, and, before the said sieur de la Tour got wind of it, to make his main effort. This proved so successful that, after having once more summoned these unfortunates to surrender—who sent him for answer a volley of cannon balls, hoisting the red flag on their bastions with a thousand insults and blasphemies—and having cannonaded the said fort of the river of St. John, from land, as well as from his large ship, which he had brought within pistol range of the fort, he demolished a part of their parapets and made himself master of the place by a general assault which he caused to be delivered on the evening of the same day-the day after Easter. This was accompanied by so great a blessing of God, that, although the loss of men to my said sieur was great, the affair might have been still more bloody. Some of the besieged were killed in the heat of combat and the others made prisoners, among whom were the wife of the said la Tour, her son and her maid, and another woman, who were all, in the said fort, of the female sex, none of whom received any injury, either to their honor or their persons. Some of the prisoners were pardoned by my said sieur and the rest of the most seditious were hanged (pendu et etrangle) to serve as a memorial and example to posterity of so obstinate a rebellion. This is proven by the attestation which was delivered and signed by a good part of those who received life and favor. The following day—18 April, 1645—my said sieur caused to be buried all the dead, on both sides, with the distinction, for as many as requisite, in

such a recontre, making prayer to God and holding a solemn service for all those for whom the two reverend Capuchin fathers missionaries, who had been present throughout, judged it to be due. This is proven, as well as all the above, by an authentic attestation of the some aforesaid reverend fathers Capuchin missionaries. After which my said sieur set to work to fill up the trenches made outside by the besiegers, to repair the fortifications of the place, to remedy defects discovered by him and to make an inventory of all that was found to be left in it after the pillage made by the soldiers. that my said sieur had given them, then to supply the said place with all things necessary for its preservation and, finally, to place in charge a capable and faithful person in the King's service. This occupied three weeks or a month, during which time the wife of the said la Tour, who was at first at liberty, was put under restraint, on account of a letter which it was found she had written to her husband, and a custom that she had of communicating with him by means of the It was intended to send her, by the first opportunity, to France, under good escort, to the Lords of the Council, which alarmed her so much that, with spite and rage, she fell sick, and, notwithstanding the good treatment and kindness which were exercised on her behalf, died the 15 June, after having adjured publicly, in the chapel of the fort, the heresy which she had professed among the English in the Grand Bay. This is proven by the attestation, already cited above, of the two reverend Capuchin fathers mission-

The present proces-verbal has been made by us, Andrew Certain, provost and keeper of the Royal Seal of the Coast of Acadia, Country of New France, at the request of Monsieur d'Aunay Charnisay, Governor and Lieutenant-General for the King in all the extent of the Coast of Acadia, Country of New France, the 10th day of May, 1645, and delivered the same day and year, as above, to be of service and value to him in case of need. All in presence of witnesses and the principal chiefs of the French, who are in the said Coast. Signed Longrilliers Poincy, Bernard Marot, Dubreuil Vismes, Javille, Jean Laurent, Henry Dansmartin, Barthelemy Aubert, Leclerc and Certain, provost and Keeper of the Royal Seal.

GILBERT O. BENT.





Dredging.



REDGING! Not a very attractive title, certainly; and a vivid imagination indeed must he possess who can picture an ordinary dredging machine as a "thing of beauty." Yet every one knows how spontaneous and how general is the movement of the passengers to the side of the steamer from

which a view of the grim monster can best be had in passing. Is it curiosity to see how it works? or is it a feeling of speculation as to what it may possibly bring up, which causes us to watch with such interest the descent of the big iron bucket, the rise again of that bucket to the surface with its streams of dirty water issuing from every cranny, or the sudden dropping out of its bottom and the descent of its muddy cargo into the attendant scows? What odd treasures must the ooze of many of our harbors hold! What manifold witnesses at once of the wealth, the luxury, the skill, the extravagance — nay, also, of the *crime* of our modern civilization!

But this is not the only nor even the most interesting kind of dredging. Is not the word further suggestive of oysters? And is not everything connected with oysters capable of arousing the liveliest degree of enthusiasm in the average Anglo-Saxon?

But the dredging of which we wish now to speak is neither mud dredging nor oyster-dredging, nor even clam-dredging, though it may, and often does, embrace all three. It is the dredging of the naturalist for whatever the sea-bottom may contain; the search, in their native hamlets, for the dwellers of the deep; the study, from living specimens, of some of the most curious and interesting manifestations of the phenomena which we call *Life*.

Who is there for whom the sea-shore does not possess an irresistible attraction? What a new life do we inhale with every breath from off the salt water! Doubts we may indeed entertain as to the tricks of old Ocean, and hesitate to trust ourselves too far upon his surface; but, to stand upon his brink, to watch his waves rolling up upon the sand or dashing themselves to foam upon the rocks, to gather shells or sea-weeds which the tide lays bare; still better to glide, with oar or sail, not too far from shore, to look down through the transparent waters and to watch the strange forms which tenant those glossy depths. What is there on earth to compare with such enjoyment?

One of the most delightful regions for recreation of this kind is that of the north shore of the Bay of Fundy, more particularly about Eastport and St. Andrews. The scenery, in the first place, is (when the fog is out) all that can be desired; a background to the north of picturesque hills, including Chamcook Mt. and the more distant eminences of the Nerepis Range, in the foreground a panorama of wooded

islands, with here and there the white walls of some fisherman's cottage; on the surface of the bay a small fleet of fishing boats awaiting the turn of the tide, or it may be one of the big steamers of the International line, crowded with passengers and full of expressions of admiration of the passing scenes. And then the opportunities for collecting are unsurpassed. No better fishing grounds for the animals "that move in the waters" can be found on the Atlantic sea-board; and, recognizing this fact, naturalists have, for many years past, been in the habit of making Eastport or Compobello their headquarters for the summer, and devoting themselves systematically to the study of marine life in its native haunts.

To do this no great preparation is required. A pair of good eyes and a determination to use them, an indifference to salt water and its effects upon one's clothing, the companionship of one or two sympathetic friends—these are the principal desiderata; though of course a boat, a skipper to manage it (best one who has before been upon a dredging expedition and knows the ground), and a suitable dredge, will also be needed if one is to do anything more than merely to search the shores.

Much indeed may be found without leaving the shore. If the time be that of the spring tides a strip of coast will be disclosed at low water, which at all other times is submerged; and then one has only to walk along the edge of the beach, or to examine the pools left among the ledges of the rocks, to find much that will be of interest. On the former he has only to carefully turn over the stones which are scattered along its surface to find beneath the latter, preserved from exposure to the sun's destructive rays by the sheltering rock and the water beneath it, specimens

of the beautiful marine worms which abound in such situations. It may seem strange to speak of worms as beautiful: but that is because we get our ideas of the group of animals only from the common earthworms, which, however useful they may be as tillers. of the soil, can hardly, by any stretch of fancy, be called pretty. But pretty the sea-worms certainly are. exhibiting as they do the most delicate shades of color. pale blue, pink, lavender, mauve, etc.; while along their sides, at least a certain species, are rows of locomotive bristles which shine with a golden metallic glitter. On these same shores one may find the curious cakeurchins, or the still more curious coils of agglutinated sand (the "sand-saucers" of the children), formed by the snail-like whelks as they lay their eggs and moulded to the form of their shells; or one may investigate the cause of the numerous little jets of water which, turn as we may, anticipate our coming, and find that they mark the position of the respiratory tubes of the common clam (Mya arenaria), the clam itself being buried, head downwards, six inches or a foot below the surface. The ordinary sea-urchins are also a most interesting study, whether in the still living animal we watch the movements of its myriad spines. or its currously extended "tube-feet," or, a little higher up on the shore, where it has been left by the crows, we study out the architecture of its shell or its wonderfully curious oral apparatus, the so-called "Aristotles Lantern," with its five concentrically acting jaws.

But all the objects sink into insignificance beside the contents of some tidal pool, where the *sea-anemones* have found a congenial home. These animals are very abundant upon our coast, and invariably awaken the surprise and admiration of those who, for the first

time, see them fully expanded. No wonder that the earlier investigators called them animal-flowers; for one cannot look at many of them without being reminded of a chrysanthemum, and no show of chrysanthemums can show a greater variety or richness of color. Considering how closely related they are to the coral animals of tropical seas, one wonders why they do not, in our cold northern waters, similarly clothe themselves with a limestone covering; but the why and the wherefore of natural phenomena often baffle the shrewdest investigator, and, whatever the cause, the reef-building corals fail to grow where the temperature of the water falls below 68°.

With the sea-anemones, in the same clear tidal pools, fringed around with a mantle of green algæ, may be seen numerous little shrub-like communities, again bearing much resemblance to some forms of vegetation, and apt to be mistaken for them by the novice, but in reality the larval or sedentary stage of the more familiar jelly-fishes, so-called, which at times becloud the surface of the water as far as the eye can reach. Little shrimos and other crab or lobster-like creatures may also be seen darting to and fro among the waving filaments of sea-weed, or perhaps a real lobster may be found, detection in this, as in many other instances, being made difficult by the close correspondence between the color of the animal and that of its natural surroundings. Finally one can find, with a littlesearch, in such situations, a number of the smaller star- fishes (Cribrella) or possibly a sun star (Crossaster), both remarkable for the variety as they are for the beauty of their coloration.

But all this is not dredging, however useful it may be as a preparation for the latter. We will therefore suppose that a suitable boat has been chartered; suits of old clothes donned (those of oily character are not amiss); due allowance of "grub" has been stowed away in the locker; a dredge, with several fathoms of rope stands ready for a cast; and with a slight but favoring breeze we glide down towards the group of the "Western Isles," recalling as we sail Scott's descriptions of Bruce's wanderings among the similarly named islands off the west coast of Scotland. Passing, but at a safe distance, the really formidable whirl-pool

"Where thwarting tides, with mingled roar,"

sweep around the western extremity of Deer Island, sometimes with force enough to swing even a steamer half way round,

> "Conflicting tides that foam and fret And high their mingled billows jet,"

we glide gradually out, past little inlets whose shores of bright red slate or sandstone are strongly contrasted with the green of the verdure which caps them, past fishermen's boats whose occupants are eagerly watching to see the contents of their hauls, past a revenue cutter prepared to "make a haul" if any craft within his ken arouses suspicion as to fraudulent designs in the direction of smuggling,—until at last a suitable spot is reached, and we, too, make ready for a haul. The spot chosen is a roadstead between two rocky islands, through which the tide flows not too rapidly. but yet with strength enough to carry away all muddy sediment and to leave the bottom, plainly visible through the glossy water, of clear sand or gravel. Even from the surface, perhaps, big star-fishes may be seen here and there, or hungry pollock or the ugly sculpin gliding to and fro, all on the alert for prey. He who has any doubt as to the struggle for existence

and the "survival of the fittest" can get many an instructive lesson from the life of the water. while we are theorizing, our dredge has been cast over the stern, we have been "brought up with a round turn," as this has caught upon the bottom, and all our rope has run out, and now it is our turn to do a little For while here, as in so many other instances, facilis est descernsus, it is by no means so easy to recover what we have let go out of our hands. In the recovery all in the boat must join (except the skipper, who never leaves the helm, but has a merry twinkle in his eye as he watches the eagerness with which the others haul at the rope), and so the dredge. heavy even when empty, but now filled with contents indescribable, is gradually lifted off the bottom. The work is much like hauling in an anchor, and, as with the latter, is greatly assisted by a lusty chorus in which all join, whether their voices be musical or no. At last the heavy machine, looking something like a greatly magnified rat-trap, of the French pattern, reaches the surface, but unlike most rat-traps, which remain empty while the animals play gayly around and overthem, but rarely think of venturing within, there can be no doubt as to this having caught something. Lifted on to the deck it is opened, and out roll its contents. a mixture to which I have already applied the term indescribable. Pebbles, sand and mud we recognize readily enough, and one or two big stones now make us understand why the dredge was so heavy in lifting from the bottom; but mixed up with these materials are many things which are neither sand, nor mud, nor stones. One of the most common is a creature which in shape and size recalls a cucumber, and is actually known among naturalists as a sea-cucumber (Cucum-

aria), though in reality an animal, not a plant. Then there are star-fishes of many different sizes and patterns—some with five rays, some with only two, or one: some with the arms quite short, others long and snake-like (snake-stars or brittle-stars); some vellow. some pale pink or red; all wriggling about in a ludicrous way, investigating, and, as far as possible, accommodating themselves to their new environment. Squids, too, are here, their soft, leathery bodies of pinkish hue, thickly spotted with a darker tint, and having their queer heads cut up into a wreath of long tentacles, each covered with suckers much like a surgeon's cupping glass in structure and capable of taking quite as firm a hold. But strangest of all is the wonderful basket fish—a relative of the ordinary star-fishes, though, like them, not really a fish at all. unless we are willing to overlook all natural relationships and (as was once the custom) call everything by that name that lives in the sea. I say it is related to the ordinary star-fishes, and, like them, has a fiveangled disc at centre (why, by the way, are plants and animals both so commonly constructed upon the plan of five?) but the rays which start from the corners of this disc go but a little way before each divides into two, which makes ten in all. Then these ten, a little further out, similarly divide, and the ten becomes twenty. Still further the twenty becomes forty, the forty eighty, and so, without going perhaps farther than five or six inches from the centre. there may be ten successive bifurcations, and the whole number of arms become some thousands. Old Governor Winthrop, of Connecticut, who first brought this curious arrival to the notice of naturalists, and, in the year 1670, sent specimens of it to the Royal Society of London, himself counted the sub-divisions until

they reached 81,920, "beyond which," he says, "the further expanding of the fish could not be certainly traced."

But time and space alike forbid me to dwell longer upon these wonders of the deep. Besides, the tide is on the turn, and unless we wish to remain "outside" another six hours, we must turn with it. But even as we glide swiftly along, upon our homeward way, there is much to attract and interest us. There is, for instance, the sorting out the material we have gathered. and its transfer to bottles of spirits or to pails of water, according as we wish to preserve it for museum purposes or for later study in the living state. There is the sharp lookout for jelly-fishes as they go floating by, either the pale, transparent aurelia with its group of ovaries arranged like a St. Andrew's cross, or the far larger and more formidable but less common purple jelly-fish (Cyanea) with its broad umbrella-like disc and its forests of long snake-like tentacles streaming away for yards berind it. Perchance a porpoise may be seen rolling lazily over from side to side, careless of the approach of an Indian in his canoe, looking out for a shot. Or, upon some rocky ledge we may descry a seal or two "rolling," to use the quaint words of our forest provincial geologist, as applied to such a scene. "rolling their heads upon their oily hinges."

But we have reached the wharf at last, and with it the end of the chapter, for the present at least. We are tempted to enter upon another, descriptive of the wonderful things brought up from Ocean's greater depths by such expeditions as those of H. M. S. Challenger and others, and which have so greatly altered our notions as to the existence and nature of life in such situations. We cannot help thinking also

of how the geologist, hammer in hand, also goes on dredging expeditions, so to speak, into the muds of ocean-floors and draws therefrom, as may be done around these same shores of the Charlotte County coast, evidences of the life that once was, but has long since passed away. We are, I say, greatly tempted to dwell at further length upon these things, but Mr. Editor has doubtless other dishes to serve up and we must desist. Only, if any student, tired with his winter's poring over books, or oppressed by the heat of the July sun, wishes a little real rest, combined with amusement, instruction and all the conditions favorable to renewal of energy, let him seek Eastport, Grand Manan, Lepreau or some similar places upon the coast. and organize a dredging expedition. The writer has tried it and knows whereof he speaks.

L. W. BAILEY.



Memorials St. Paul's Church, Halifax, N. S.



AINT PAUL'S Church, being the oldest Church of England in Canada, founded by George II., in 1749, and built at the expense of government in 1750, it has much of historic interest for all Canadians. It numbered among its clergy

and laity some of the most notable names in the early history of Nova Scotia. The arduous task of making copies of all the inscriptions within its walls was cheerfully undertaken by a Halifax lady, to whom the editor of Acadiensis feels that he is deeply indebted for the kind assistance so freely and gratuitously given.

In the opinion of not a few of our readers such material may be considered as out of place in the pages of a magazine. This might be considered a correct view under ordinary conditions, but it must be remembered that this magazine is endeavoring to execute as far as space and money at command will permit, the work which is carried on by paid government officials in other parts of the world. Unless the work is carried out by some person we are liable to have other instances such as those of Trinity Church and Saint Andrew's Church, Saint John, where the memorials of which there is not even a correct list in existence today, were all destroyed by the fire of 1877.

This is probably the first attempt to copy the monumental inscriptions in old Saint Paul's, and the work is of a nature that is likely to be more appreciated at a later date than by readers of the present day.

Among the various escutcheons hanging upon the walls of the church are two, one of Governor Charles Lawrence; the other of Captain Richard Bulkeley.

The monument to Governor Lawrence appears to have disappeared from the church, but no one seems to know why or when it was removed.

On Sunday, the 4th of September, 1904, there was unveiled a very beautiful window which was placed in Saint Paul's Church by the late Robert Uniacke and Mrs. Uniacke as a memorial to their daughter, Mrs. Morris. At the base of the window is the following inscription:

"In loving memory of Grace Frederika Hardinge Morgan Morris, wife of Major Maurice Morgan Morris, R. A., and daughter of Robie and Frederika Uniacke, who died in London, January 1st, 1904. Erected by her father and mother in affectionate remembrance. Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God."

The unveiling of the window has a pathetic interest from the fact that since it was ordered, Mr. Uniacke has himself passed away.

In copying the monumental inscriptions the work was commenced at the chancel, thence to the east side, following around the building.

From Akins' History of Halifax City, pp. 225, et seq., quoted by Sir John Bourinot in his "Builders of Nova Scotia," p. 130, we learn that

"Charles Lawrence was a Major in Warburton's Regiment of Infantry. He was a member of the Council and sworn in Governor of the Province on the death of Governor Robson. He died unmarried, on the 11th October, 1759. He was greatly respected by the whole community, and the Legislative Assembly caused a monument to be erected to his memory in St.

Paul's Church, "from a grateful sense of the many important services which the Province had received from him during a continued course of zealous and indefatigable endeavours for the public good, and a wise, upright, and disinterested administration."

This monument has now disappeared from St. Paul's Church. His escutcheon remains in the east gallery.

Sir John Bourinot also tells us p. 132, that

"Mr. Bulkley was buried under St. Paul's Church. His escutcheon, with the bull's head crest hangs in the west gallery."

It is a matter of regret to the writer that photographs of some of the more important inscriptions could not accompany the present article. Possibly upon a later occasion they may be inserted with an historical sketch of the church and some of the men and women who have been connected with it.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

In the Chancel a mural tablet, surmounted by an urn.

To the Memory of

THE REVEREND ROBERT WILLIS, D. D.

Rector of the Parish of St. Paul, and Archdeacon of Nova Scotia,

This Monument is erected by his Parishioners in testimony of their

Affectionate regard for one who presided over this Parish For a Period of 40 years;

Gaining by his gentle, conciliatory spirit the affections
Of his people, and by his sympathy and open-hearted liberality
The Blessings of the Poor.

He died on the 21st of April 1865

In humble submission to the will of God, and with full trust
In the Merits of His Redeemer;

Aged 80 years.

J. H. Murphy, Sculp.

Beneath, surmounted by his crest is one

In Memory of Sir John Wentworth, Baronet,

Who administered the Government

Of this Province for nearly XVI years
From May MDCCXCII until April MDCCCVIII;
With what success, the public records

Of that Period

And His Majesty's Gracious Approbation will best testify.

His unshaken attachment to his Sovereign
And the British Constitution was conspicuous
Throughout his Long Life.

He died on the VIIIth day of April MDCCCXX In the LXXXIVth year of his age.

On the right hand side of the beautiful stained glass window, representing Christ bearing His Cross; the Resurrection and Ascension:

"To the Honour of God and in Memory of the late John W. Ritchie & Amelia, his wife, this window is erected A.D. MDCCCXCIII."

Surmounted by a mitre, is a tablet

To the Memory of
THE RIGHT REVEREND AND HONOURABLE CHARLES INGLIS, D. D.
(Third son of the Reverend Archibald Inglis of Glen

and Killcar in Ireland)
BISHOP OF NOVA SCOTIA AND ITS DEPENDENCIES

Whose sound learning and fervent piety
Directed by zeal according to knowledge,
And supported by fortitude, unshaken amidst peculiar trials
Eminently qualified him for the arduous labours of the

FIRST BISHOP

Appointed to a British Colony, This stone is raised by filial duty and affection, In grateful remembrance of every
PRIVATE VIRTUE

That could endear a Father and a Friend,
Of the ability, fidelity and success with which
He was enabled by the Divine Blessing to discharge all his
Public Duties

The general prosperity of the Church in his Diocese
The increase of his Clergy and of the provision for their support

Are the best

Obit anno salutis MDCCCXVI aetatis LXXXII.

THE RIGHT REVEREND JOHN INGLIS, D. D.

By whom the above Monument was erected Had followed his pious parent to the grave.

The inheritor of his virtue and his zeal In the cause of His Divine Master After a faithful service of many years

As Rector of this Parish,

He was consecrated, in the year of our Lord 1825

BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

Endued with talents of a high order,
He zealously devoted his whole life
To the diligent discharge of his sacred duties
As a minister of the Gospel of Christ.
He died on the 27th of October 1850,
In the 73rd year of his age,
And in the 26th of his Episcopacy.
In erecting this Monument
To their lamented Pastor and Bishop
The members of this Church have the melancholy satisfaction
Of uniting it with that
On which he himself has so feelingly recorded
The virtues of his father.

(Crest below, with the motto "Nisi dominus erustra.")

Following along the walls, under the right hand gallery are tablets:

In Memoriam
EDWARD ALBRO
Entered into rest January 1, 1895
Aged 86 years.
And his wife,
ELIZABETH MARY

February 11, 1895, aged 81 years.
During the whole of their long
And useful lives they were regular
And devout attendants
On the services of this Church.

To the memory of
MRS. MARY STANSER

(Wife of the Reverend Robert Stanser, D. D.,
Rector of this Parish)
Who departed this life
On the 7 day of June A. D. 1815,
In the 47th year of her age.
This Stone

Was erected by the parishioners
In affectionate remembrance of her
Amiable character and Christian virtues,
And as a mark of respect for
Their beloved Pastor.

Sacred to the Memory of
LIEUTENANT GENERAL, SIR JOHN HARVEY,
Knight, Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the
Bath

And of the Guelphic Order of Hanover,
Who, during a period of nearly 60 years
Extending from A. D. 1794 to A. D. 1852
Served his Sovereign and his Country
With Honour, Gallantry and Distinction,
In various high offices of trust and responsibility,
Military and Civil,

Having in time of war done his duty as a soldier
In Ireland, in India, in Egypt and in North America,
It was subsequently his lot in time of peace
To govern the British Colonies
Of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick,
Newfoundland and Nova Scotia;
Dying at Halifax, N. S.,

Whilst Lieut. Governor and Commander of the Forces there On 22 March 1852, aged 74.

A loyal Subject, a kindly Friend, a devout Husband, An affectionate parent, an honest man, a sincere Christian,

"I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith." 2 Tim. c. IV. v. 7.

SACRED

To the Memory of The Honourable

ELIZABETH, LADY HARVEY,

(Third daughter of the First Viscount Lake,
A distinguished General)
And wife of Lieut. General
Sir John Harvey, K. C. B., K. C. H.,
Lieut. Governor of Nova Scotia,
And Commander of the Troops in that Province
And its dependencies,
By whom this tablet was erected.
Born 6th October, 1777,
Died 10th April, 1851.

Sacred to the Memory of EDWARD WARWICK HARVEY,

Youngest son of Lieut. General Sir John And

The Honble. Elizabeth, Lady Harvey.

He died and was buried at Sea
Near Kingston in Jamaica,
On the XVth day of February,
MDCCCXLVI
Aged XXIII years.

Multis ille flebilis occidit.

In friendly remembrance of REVEREND RICHARD WARREN, M. D., Native of London, England, Appointed curate of St. Paul's Parish April, 1871,

Where he laboured with much acceptance.

Died December 3, 1874.

Aged 34 years.

Erected by the N. S. Institute of Natural Science Of which he was a Member.

A hand balancing the scales of Justice:

To the Memory of

THE HONQURABLE SIR BRENTON HALIBURTON.

Who for more than half a century adorned the Bench of The Supreme Court and for twenty seven years was

Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

Kind amiable loving and beloved

In every relation of life

He united to a cheerful disposition

And many private and social virtues

The graces of a truly christian character.

Long time a member and afterwards

President of the Legislative Council

He took a warm and active interest in the welfare of the Province

And the improvement of its laws and institutions.

On the Bench

He was dignified affable and courteous
A patient and laborious judge

A patient and laborious judge Of great legal and general intelligence

And a singular aptitude for the investigation of truth These with his knowledge uprightness and impartiality Obtained for him universal esteem.

Born Decr 3, 1775, he entered into rest July 16, 1860.

"I know whom I have believed and am persuaded that he is able to

"Keep that which I have committed unto him against that day."

Crest-A man's head on the lookout "Watch well."

Erected to the memory of
THE REVEREND WILLIAM COGSWELL, A. M.
Who departed this life on the 5th day of June A. D. 1847
Aged thirty seven years.

This faithful Minister of the Gospel was born
Baptized and confirmed and admitted to Holy Orders
In this Parish.

Educated in King's College Windsor he was Curate of St. Paul's Parish upwards of fourteen years The whole term of his ministry

And ever preached Jesus Christ and Him crucified
He was a most zealous laborer in the Lord's Vineyard
As the sole foundation of every sinner's hope
Of salvation as the only channel through which pardon
And grace could be extended to any of our fallen race
And by the eloquence of his preaching and the purity of his
life

He enforced and exemplified the doctrine and fruits of faith.

No monument is required to perpetuate his memory

In the minds of those who had the happiness to know and

The privilege to hear him

But the inhabitants of the parish feel it a duty to record
Their sense of the value of his services while living
And their grief of their loss by his death.

An open book and below it:

To the memory of Isabella Binney Cogswell

Daughter of the late Honourable Henry Hezekiah Cogswell
Who entered into her rest Decr 6th 1874. Aged 55 years.
Converted in early life under the ministry of her
Beloved brother, she devoted herself to the service
Of her Lord with remarkable zeal and cheerfulness.
In labours most abundant, there was scarcely a
Good work in connection with the Parish of St. Paul
Or with the City at large, in which she was not engaged.
The last act of her useful career was that of
Ministering for many nights to the sick and dying
When her overtasked strength yielded to the long

Continued strain, and she crossed the river.

"Safe in the arms of Jesus,"
"Safe on His gentle breast."

Leaving behind her the sweetest memories, And honoured and beloved not only by the Parishioners Of St. Paul's but by the whole community.

In memory of
HENRY ELLIS and MARY ELLIOTT

The beloved children of Henry H. and Isabella Cogswell;
Who were removed

In the flower of their days
From the affections of many who valued them.

To join

(As those who know them best believe) the countlessmultitude

Which is before the Throne of God and of the Lamb For ever and ever.

HENRY died

On the 5th day of November A. D. 1827.

MARY

On the 22nd day of October, A. D. 1839, Having respectively attained the age of Twenty one years.

"Thy son liveth."

"The Maid is not dead but sleepeth."

Surmounted by the Ritchie crest:

To the loved and honoured memory of John William Ritchie,

Judge in Equity
Of the Supreme Court
Of Nova Scotia
Born at Annapolis
March 26th 1808,
Died at Belmont, Dec'r 13th 1890.

His long and busy life
Was passed in such close
And happy communion
With His God
That the Spirit of his
Divine Master
Shone through his words and deeds.
All who knew him
Felt the strength and purity
Of his character:
Only his children know the depth
Of its tenderness.

The path of the just is a shining light

Shining more and more unto the perfect day.

To the loved and honoured memory of

AMELIA REBECCA RITCHIE. Daughter of The Honourable William Bruce Almon, M. D. Born July 20th 1817 Died at Belmont, February 28th 1890. For more than fifty years The loved and loving wife of John William Ritchie, She stretched out her hands To the needy She opened her mouth With wisdom And her tongue was the law Of kindness. Her children rise up And call her blessed;

And he praised her.

The path of the just is a shining light

Shining more and more unto the perfect day.

Her husband also

Sacred
To the memory of
MARY WILLIS

Wife of the Reverend Robert Willis, D.D. Rector of this Church

And

Archdeacon of Nova Scotia. Who departed this life 11th April, 1834, Aged 43 years.

The sign of Esculapius at the top of a tablet:

Sacred to the memory of the

HONOURABLE WILLIAM BRUCE ALMON, M. D.,

A

Member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia
And

Long an eminent physician In this town, Who departed this life

(From typhus fever contracted in the zealous discharge Of public duty)

On the 12th day of July A. D. 1840 In the 53rd year of his age.

In his dying hours
He testified his trust in the blood of his Redeemer:

During life

His active benevolence, his amiable disposition, His tender attentions to the sick and afflicted, His sympathy in sufferings and his unwearied efforts

To relieve them
Endeared him to all classes
Of this community.

His numerous friends have felt a melancholy satisfaction
In uniting to rear this stone,

In perpetuation of the memory of one

So warmly beloved And

So deeply lamented.

Concerning them which are asleep sorrow not even as otherswhich have not hope.

For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again even so Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.

I Thess. IV. c., 13, 14 v.

(Beneath is the good Samaritan succouring the wounded man, while the priest and Levite pass by).

Sacred to the memory of MARGARET

The wife of the
Honourable Brenton Haliburton
Chief Justice of Nova Scotia,
Who departed this life
On the 5th of July 1841,
Aged 66 years.

Early trained in the nurture
And admonition of the Lord
By her pious father,
The First Protestant Bishop
In the British Colonies
She was conspicuous
Throughout her life
For piety to God
And charity to the poor.
This tablet is reared
As a humble memorial
Of her virtues
By an affectionate husband.

"Blest are the dead which die in the Lord, Even so saith the Spirit? For they rest from their labours." Sacred
To the memory of
JANE FRANCES YOUNG,

Wife of George R. Young, Esqr.
And eldest daughter of
Thos H. Brooking, Esqr of London.
Who departed this life at Halifax,
28th December 1841, aged 26.
This memorial

Is erected in commemoration
Of the piety of the deceased and
Of her many virtues as a wife a mother and a friend.

Sacred to the memory of RICHARD JOHN UNIACKE

A Judge of the Supreme Court of the Province the third son Of Richard John Attorney General and Martha Maria Delesderniers.

He died of a short illness at Halifax on the twenty-first day of February 1834

Generally regretted leaving four children
His remains were deposited in a private burial place
Adjoining the churchyard of Sackville Church,
He was a kind father and friend an upright judge an
honourable man

This stone is erected by his eldest brother Norman Fitzgerald A tribute

To the memory of a beloved affectionate brother aged 44.

Uniacke crest below, with motto Audax et fidelis.

Sacred to the memory of Norman Fitzgerald Uniacke.

Eldest son of the late
Richard John Uniacke
And Martha Maria Delesderniers
His wife,
Of Mount Uniacke.

He was for many years Attorney General and afterwards Judge of The Supreme Court in Lower Canada. He died on the 11th day of December 1846

Aged 68 years.

His remains lie interred in the Churchyard at Sackville.

This tablet is erected as a testimony Of affection and in deep sorrow for the Loss of a kind and indulgent husband.

Uniacke crest below.

To the memory of ESTHER

wife of David Rowlands, M. D.,
Surgeon of H. M. Naval Hospital in this town
And daughter of Thomas Hassall Esqre.
Of Kilrue in the County of Pembroke
Who after a short illness ended a life of
Benevolence, piety, charity
And all that could render her
Beloved, esteemed and respected
On the 28th of February 1817.
Aged 40 years.

This humble tribute is paid by her disconsolate husband Who could best appreciate her inestimable worth.

"A woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.

Provs. 31st chap. 30 Verse.

Sacred to the memory of

LIEUTENANT COLONEL PETER WATERHOUSE

Late Major LXXXI Regiment

Who departed this life

XIX April MDCCCXXIII, aged XLIV years

Twenty two of which he served

In the above Regiment.

This testimony of regard

Was erected by his brother officers

As a memorial of his 'worth; and of their esteem and regard.

(Crest beneath, somewhat broken).

A tablet, with raised urn in wood, surrounded with etchings of flowers:

Sacred
To the memory of
SOPHIA ELIZA SAWYER
Second daughter
Of Rear Admiral
Herbert Sawyer
Born 11th March 1770
Died 31 January 1788.

In memory Of

EDWARD BINNEY

Born September 11th 1812,
Fell asleep in Jesus,
February 23rd 1878.
A Father to the Poor.
If we believe that Jesus died
And rose again, Even so them
Which sleep in Jesus shall God
Bring with Him. I. Thes. IV, 14
Even so, sleep my beloved until
Jesus come again in glory.

(This tablet has the long s's).

To the memory of George Wentworth Moody.

Of the Royal Navy,
Second son of Charles Moody, Esqre of London
Who was drowned while on duty near this place
In the sixteenth year of his age;
Novr 2nd 1810.

M. S. Of Eliza Ussher.

Wife of Commodore Sir Thomas Ussher, C. B., K. C.H... Who died at Halifax universally regretted And was interred in this churchyard with much public sympathy,
February
1835.
This tablet is erected by her bereaved
And affectionate family.

Then follow three brass tablets:

"In loving memory
Of
THOMAS AVERY

Brown

Who for more than
Fifty years
Was a faithful
And devout member
Of this Church.
Born October 8, 1810
Died August 20, 1880."

In loving memory of
HUGH HARTSHORNE
Who entered into rest on Easter Day, 1890.
Aged 85 years.
This tablet is erected by his affectionate daughters.

In affectionate memory
Of
PETER LYNCH
Who was churchwarden
Of this church
For many years.
Died May 22nd 1893.
Aged 76.
"The path of the just
Is as a shining light."
This tablet
Is placed here by
His loving daughter.

|Some long s's in this and small letters):

Sacred
To the memory of
CAPTN ROOM' THOS DOUGLAS
Commander of His Majesty's sloop
Sylph
Who died the 3rd of August 1813
Aged 31 years.

(The last tablet to be placed in position, sometime last year, is this to a member of the choir, who was killed in South Africa. The unveiling ceremony was solemn and simple):

In a Maple Leaf is the word "Canada."

"Sacred to the memory of E. STANLEY BANFIELD,

Trooper 2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles,
Who died at Elandsfontein, South Africa, June 5th, 1902,
Aged 23 years and 7 months.
This tablet is erected by
His brother Freemasons of the 2nd C. M. R.
And Canadian Field Hospital.

"The Spirit shall return to God who gave it."

Consecrated to the memory of LIEUTENANT JOHN JAMES SNODGRASS

An officer easily distinguished for gallantry in the field,
Talents in literature, and the virtues which adorn private life.
He commenced his military career in the year 1812;
Served in the Peninsula, France and Flanders with the 52nd
Regiment;

Was actively employed during the whole of the Burmese war On the staff of his father in law, Lieutenant General Sir Archd Campbell, Bart., G. C. B.

and subsequently held for six years
The office of Depy. Qr. Mr. Genl. in Nova Scotia:
While assiduously discharging with honour to himself
And benefit to his country, the duties of his public station
It pleased the Sovereign Disposer of all things

"To bring down his strength in his journey, and to shorten his days"

On the 14th of January, A. D. 1841, AE: 43.

He has left a widow and an only son to lament their Irreparable loss.

Over the eastern door, similar to that erected to the daughter of Rear Admiral Sawyer is one:

Sacred
To the memory of
MRS. SUSAN HARDY
Late wife of Captain Hardy
Of the Royal Navy
Who departed this life
On the 27th day of March,
1799
In the 30th year of
Her age,

To the memory of
JOHN GEORGE DEWARE, ESQRE.

Second son of the late James Deware Esqre.
Of Vogrie near Edinburgh,
Rear Captain of H. M. Ship of war Rose,
Who died 15th August 1830
When swimming across a creek
In the Island of St. Charles
Gulf of St. Lawrence.
Aged 32.
This Tablet

Is erected by his Mother to the Memory of a kind and affectionate Son.

Dedicated to the memory of
JARED INGERSOLL CHIPMAN

By a few early and attached friends
As a memorial

Of their affectionate remembrance
Of his many amiable qualities
And their regret
For the untimely loss of

An esteemed and beloved companion.
He died after a short illness
On the 20th of May A. D. 1839.
Aetat 20 years.

Under a weeping willow:

Sacred to the memory of
THOMAS NICKLESON JEFFERY, ESQRE.

Who closed his useful life
On the 21 of October 1847
In the 65th year of his age.
He was eldest son of
John Jeffery Esq of Sans Souci M. P.
For Poole Dorsetshire England.
In the year 1803 he was appointed
Collector of His Majesty's Customs
For this Province
Was member of the Council,
And for some time administered the Government
With the approbation of his Sovereign

And the satisfaction
Of the Legislature and people.
This monument
Is erected by his family
In affectionate remembrance of
His many virtues.

Below is the crest: Justum et tenacem propositi.

In memory of
Winckworth Allan Esque.
For many years
A much respected inhabitant
Of this town.

Born 21 November 1760;
Died in London 30 July 1834.

His remains

By his request

Are interred

In the new cemetery

Kensal Green.

This monument is erected as a testimony of affection, and gratitude.

In memory of Sarah Jessy Henrietta Mudge

Whose remains are interred under this church
She was a native of Lancaster England and wife of
John Mudge Esqre. of H. M. Ordnance Department here
It pleased God to remove her from this world on the
26th of November 1818 when she closed a virtuous life
In the 24th year of her age.

No studied Phrase thy virtues shall commend Or lengthened Epitaph thy praise extend But may thy name be registered in heaven And all thy venial trespasses forgiven.

Beneath the figures of a child weeping in its mother's lap:

To the memory of Amelia Anne,

The wife of His Excellency Major General George Stracey Symth, Lieut. Governor of New Brunswick

Who died on the 1st of July 1817, of a consumption, Aged 32 years.

And was buried near this monument.

Vain was a husband's wish, his tenderest care, And many an anxious friend's unceasing prayer, To save from death—her soul was early blest And called by Heaven's grace to endless rest. Ah useless here in tributary verse Her form her face her virtues to rehearse But fond remembrance ever loves to dwell And to the world in grateful lines to tell,
Those gifts so rare, by gracious Heaven design'd
To soften care and soouth the troubled mind.
Farewell blest shade thy piety and love
Will gain a sure reward in realms above.

Sacred to the memory of
RICHARD JOHN UNIACKE

FOURTH SON OF NORMAN UNIACKE

FOURTH SON OF Castledown
In the County of Cork, Ireland,
Many years member of

His Majesty's Council and Attorney General of this Province
He died at Mount Uniacke
October the 11th 1830
In the 77th year of his age.
His remains were removed
And deposited in a valut,
Beneath this church.

This monument is erected by his children
In gratitude to God
For the invaluable gift

And in sorrow for the loss of a good and affectionate parent The memory of the just is blessed. Proverbs chap. 10 ver 7th.

Sacred to the memory of
WILLIAM JAMES ALMON ESORE., M. D.,
Many years a benevolent and successful
Practitioner in this town
Beloved and respected by all who knew him.
He died at Bath, England,
On 5th February, 1817, aged 62.
And was buried under St. James Church
In that city.

Also In memory of REBECCA

Widow of William James Almon M. D. Who died June 5th 1853 Aged 90 years. This tablet is sacred to
THE HONBLE CHARLES FRANCIS NORTON
(Brother to Fletcher Baron Grantly)
Captain in His Majesty's 52nd Light Infantry

And Military Secretary to His Excellency Major General Sir
Colin Campbell, K. C. B.,

Those officers of the Garrison of Halifax
Who knew him long and well
Fully appreciating
The many high and sterling qualities
Which won their esteem and affection
Pay this last melancholy tribute
To the memory of
One whose untimely loss they deplore

And whom as a comrade and friend
They never can cease to regret.
He died after a short illness
On the 20th of October 1835.
Aged 28 years.

Crest-coloured-Motto: Avi numerantur avo.)

In memory of
Lieut John Binney, R. N.

Second son of the Honourable Hibbert N. Binney
And Commander of
His Majesty's Packet Star
Who was lost at sea
On his passage from Falmouth to Halifax
In a gale of wind
24th November 1835.
The packet was thrown on her beam ends
And dismasted and he with
Eleven seamen

Washed overboard and drowned. (Crest beneath).

Consecrated to the memory of THE HONBLE. WILLIAM CROFTON Brother of Baron Crofton and Lieut in H. M. 85th Infantry His brother officers who best knew his worth
Have erected this last memorial
Of their esteem and affection for one
whose early loss
They deeply and sincerely deplore;
He died after a very short illness
At Halifax
While on his way to join his regiment
Stationed in Canada.
On the 16th of April A. D. 1838.
AEtat 24.

(Crest beneath).

Beneath a crest with the motto "Deus non ego." (Printed in small letters).

Sacred to the memory of
The Honourable
HENRY NEWTON

The first Collector of His Majesty's Customs
In Nova Scotia
At Halifax.

Which appointment he held
For Fifty Years,
With signal Honour to himself
And advantage to the public
His father HIBBERT NEWTON, Esqre
Filled the same office at Annapolis
Forty Years.

He was a member of
His Majesty's Council for this Province
Forty two years

And invested with other offices of
Distinction and Trust
Greatly beloved and respected
For his many virtues and chiefly for his exemplary
Christian character and conduct
Consistently sustained through a long life

In an age of great laxity, And religious indifference; He died universally lamented
On the 20th January 1802
Aged 70 years.
This monument is erected by his son
EDWARD AUGUSTUS NEWTON

As a memorial of his father's exalted worth
And in fervent gratitude
For his pious teaching and example.

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

(Beneath a large female figure, upright):

In memory of

HONOURABLE SAMPSON SALTER BLOWERS

For five and thirty years President of H. M. Council Chief Justice of Nova Scotia.

A learned, grave and impartial Judge
An able and faithful servant of the Crown
And a true friend to this Province

Of a strong, discriminating mind and sound judgment
Amiable and benevolent in manners and disposition
Exemplary in conduct and of the strictest integrity.

After a long career of labour and usefulness Honoured and esteemed by all

He resigned his office

And passed the decline of life in peaceful retirement
And died on the 20th day of October A. D. 1842
At the age of one hundred years.

(Under an urn-in old fashioned type, with long s's):

Here lye the remains of
The Right Honourable
LORD CHARLES GREVILLE MONTAGE

Second son of Robert Duke of Manchester
His Lordship after having served His
Majesty with Honour in various Countries

And gone through great Fatigues Fell a sacrifice to his public zeal through the Inclemency of a severe winter in Nova Scotia
where he was employed to
settle a brave Corps of Carolinians
whom he had commanded during the late
war between Great Britain and Spain.
He died much regretted
On the Third day of February 1784, aged 45.

Vir bonus fortis et Patriae fidelia fuit.

(Old fashioned lettering):

Erected to the memory of
CAPTAIN HENRY FRANCIS EVANS.
Commander of His Majesty's
Ship the Charlestown.
Who was slain on the 25 of July 1781
In defending a Convoy against
A superior Force and in testimony
Of his voluntary, generous and
Successful exertions in protecting
The Coast and Commerce
Of this Province.
Crata Civitas posuit.
(Crest, three boars heads).

Consecrated to the memory Of Martha Maria Uniacke

Whose
Remains lie interred beneath this Monument
She was born the III day of December MDCCLXII
And was married to

Richard John Uniacke, Esqre, His Majesty's Attorney
General for this Province
On the III day of May MDCCLXXV.

She was the mother of six sons and six daughters, eleven of whom

With their father were left to mourn their sad loss

This excellent woman during her short life
Fulfilled every duty with the most religious exactness.
And left an example to her family never to be forgotten.
It pleased God to remove her to a better world
On the IX day of February MDCCCIII
When she closed her innocent and virtuous life,
After a tedious and painful illness
Which she supported
With true christian patience and resignation.

(The Uniacke crest, then immediately below):

Consecrated
To the Memory of
MARY MITCHELL

(Widow of The late Sir Andrew Mitchell Knight of the Bath

And eldest daughter of Richard John Uniacke Esqre.)
Who died on the 25th of October 1825
Aged 43 years.

A Brass Tablet:

I. H. S.

In loving memory of Andrew John Uniacke

Youngest son of Richard John Uniacke of Mount Uniacke Nova Scotia

And grandson of Norman Uniacke of Castletown Co. Cork, Ireland

Who died at Dover, England, on the 26 July 1895 aged 86.

Also of Elizabeth his devoted wife

Who died in London 6th June 1886.

"Lord thou hast been our refuge from one generation to another."

This finishes the tablets in the main part of the building. The Royal arms appear on the gallery of the old organ loft. In the galleries themselves hang several hatchments, emblazoned in their heraldic

colours, but with nothing to inform us whose they are. Some of their mottoes are: "Fide et fortitudini vivo." Another, with a crest of three calves' heads and open compasses: "Nec temere ne timide."

A lion rampart—the first word of the motto blurred beyond recognition:——et generosus."

Several others, too dim to be read in the light in which they now hang.

As you enter the church by the north door, in the vestibule over the main entrance, is a hatchment with the motto "Quanius sera tandem veriet."

On either side of this are wooden notices:

"This Church was built At the expense of Government In the year of Our Lord 1750."

DONATIONS TO THIS CHURCH. £ d. 1760 Conrad Musher 100 1801 John Stealing 1811 Honble A. Belcher..... 1812 A Stranger.......... 5 1816 Sir J. C. Sherbrooke..... 100 Honourable C. Hill 1825 1828 John Rees 50 1842 Honble H. N. Binney..... 50 1842 George Clark 1844 Mrs. Isabella Hill 50 1846 Judge Norman F. Uniacke..... 50

On the stairway, leading to the left hand gallery, a wooden hatchment (old fashioned lettering):

In memory of
FRANTZ CARL ERDMAN
Baron de Seitz
Colonel in Chief of a Regiment of Hessian
foot and Knight of the Order pour la
Vertu militaire
Departed this life the 19th decbr. 1782
In the 65th year of his age.

On the right hand stairway a stone tablet:

To the Much Regretted
Memory of Brigd'r. Gen'l.
Francis McLean a Gallant
Officer and an Honest Man
this humble tribute is inscribed
By the hand of a Sincere
*Lamented Friend Major
Gen'l. James Patterson
his successor.
Anno Domini 1782.

Book Reviews.

The Barclays of New York: Who they are and who they are not,—and some other Barclays, by R. Burnnam Moffat, 474 pp., large 8vo., cloth. Published by Robert Greer Cooke, 307 Fifth Avenue, New York. Price, \$5.00.

This work, which is dedicated to Alexander Barclay, Esq., of St. Paul, Minn., is a splendid example of careful compilation, good paper and printing, and careful and thorough indexing, all very essential features in a book, where accuracy

and ready reference are of prime importance.

Mr. Moffat explains in a brief preface, that the work has grown out of the author's search for the ancestry of his great grandfather, Thomas Barclay, of St. Mary's County, Maryland. The interesting matter, that came to his notice during the course of that search, invited frequent digressions from his own line, until his notes were charged with a variety of material which he felt should be preserved in some permanent form. He, accordingly, determined to print privately and at his own expense the work as it now appears, but so many requests were made for copies of the work that he decided to place it upon the market at less than cost, and thus make it accessible to all who care for it.

The portion of the work more particularly of interest to the Acadian genealogist is Part VII, which shows the line of descent from Rev. Thomas Barclay, the first rector of St. Peter's Church at Albany. Pages 99-218 are devoted to his descendants.

Among the allied families dealt with, wholly or in part, are the following, namely, Bayley, Betts, Biddle, Cunard, Lispenard, Morris, Beverley-Robinson, Scovil Ward, Webb, and de Lancey.

The Rev. Thomas Barclay, it will be remembered, had four sons, the second of whom, Henry Barclay, was the second rector of Trinity Church, New York. Rev. Henry Barclay was in turn the father of five children, the youngest of whom, Anna Dorothea, married on 21st January, 1778, Lieut. Col. Beverley Robinson, son of the senior Beverley Robinson.

"At the evacuation of New York, Lieut. Col. Beverley Robinson was placed at the head of a large number of Loyalists who embarked for Shelbourne, Nova Scotia, and who laid out that place in a very handsome and judicious manner, in the hope of its becoming a town of consequence and business."

From Lieut. Col. Beverley Robinson many of the name who have been prominent in the history of the Maritime Provinces of Canada are descended, and by reference to the work under review much valuable data concerning them may be obtained.

All the public libraries in the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia should contain a copy of this work, which is invaluable for reference, and no private collection of genealogical works can be considered complete without one.

Types of Canadian Women and of Women who are or who have been Connected with Canada, edited by Henry James Morgan, LL. D., F. R. S. N. A., etc. Vol. I. 4to., 382 pp., boards. William Briggs, Toronto, publisher.

The result of four years of almost uninterrupted labor, we are informed in the preface, this first volume of what will without doubt develop into a series, has been given to the public. Each page presents a portrait, finished in the best style known to the photographer and the process engraver, of a Canadian woman, accompanied by a short biographical sketch.

Unlike many books heretofore professedly Canadian, but which have really been limited in their scope chiefly to portions of Quebec and Ontario, the work under review will be found, upon examination, to be strictly what the author claims for it—a Canadian work representative of all Canada.

Commencing with Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyle, there follow portraits of women who have been prominent in all walks of life, in the literary and social circle, as leaders in benevolent undertakings, and in various other ways.

Among those more particularly noticeable on account of their connection with the Acadian Provinces may be mentioned Miss Margaret Anglin, eldest daughter of the late Hon. T. W. Anglin; Mrs. Charles Archibald, Vice-president for Nova Scotia of the National Council of Women; Mrs. Bowring, nee Isabel Maclean Jarvis, of St. John, N. B., now of "Beechwood," Aighurth, Liverpool, England; Mrs. Craske,

wife of Capt. John Craske, Prince of Wales Leinster Regiment; Mrs. Cunard, third daughter of Hon. T. C. Haliburton: Lady Daly, daughter of the late Sir Edmund Kenny, Halifax, N. S.; Madame de St. Laurent; Lady Fane, sister to Lady Daly, before mentioned; May Agnes Fleming, writer, of St. John, N. B.; Mrs. Gilpin, wife of the Very Rev. Dean Gilpin. of Halifax, N. S.; Mrs. George H. Hart, daughter of Nehemiah Beckwith, of Fredericton, N. B., and writer of "St. Ursula's Convent," which is believed to have been the first Canadian novel in the English language issued from the native press; Lady Love, daughter of Thomas Heaviside, of St. John, N. B., who married Major James Frederick Love. 52nd Regiment, a distinguished officer; Lady Love, daughter of Stephen de Lancey, a well-known Loyalist; Mrs. J. C. Mackintosh, of Halifax, N. S., who was the first President of the local Council of Women. There are many others, probably equally as well known as those which have been enumerated. but, unfortunately, lack of space prevents the publication of a more complete list. The volume is well worthy of perusal and preservation.

The New Brunswick Magazine has again made its appearance, five years having elapsed since the date of its previous publication, Mr. John A. Bowes, of St. John, N. B., being the Editor and Manager. Three numbers have been received, dated September, October and November, 1904.

The principal contents of the various numbers are as follows:

September—Discovery of the St. John, 24th June, 1604, by Charles Campbell; Tercentenary of St. John, and an Historical Review, both unsigned; The Champlain Memorial, being an address delivered by the Rev. W. O. Raymond,; LaTour's Bequest, a serial story by James Hannay, D. C. L.

October—St. John's Merchants, by Clarence Ward; The City's Finances, by John A. Bowes; Civic Ownership.

November—A Great Indian Chief, by Rev. W. C. Gaynor; Tears of the Sea Bird, a story by Judith Tempest; St. John's Merchants, continued, by Clarence Ward; A Ride with a Madman, a story by H. C. Armstrong, is not new to the reading public.

Genealogical Sketch of some of the Descendants of Robert Savory, of Newbury, 1656, compiled by Fred. W. Lamb, a descendant, 16 pp., paper, price 50 cents.

Genealogical sketch of the Lamb Family, compiled by Fred. W. Lamb, a descendant, 7 pp., paper, price 50 cents.

In the first mentioned sketch the compiler acknowledges his indebtedness to Judge A. W. Savery, of Annapolis, N. S., from whose book, "The Savery and Severy, Savory and Savary Genealogies" it has been taken. It has, however, been supplemented by a great deal of work by the compiler, who also acknowledges his indebtedness to Mrs. Sarah F. Johnson, of West Newton, Mass.

The second sketch gives in a very condensed form the descendants of Isaac Lamb, who was said to have been a soldier in Cromweil's army, and to have bought land near New London, Conn., about 1695 or 1696.

The Roberts Family, by Frank Baird, is an article giving a sketch of the family of Rev. Canon Roberts, LL. D., five in number, chief among whom is of course the well known poet and writer of "nature stories," Charles G. D. Roberts. Other members of the family who are known in the world of letters are Theodore Roberts, Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts MacDonald, William Carman Roberts and Lloyd Roberts, 'the nineteen-year-old son of Charles Roberts. Portraits of all of the members of the family mentioned, including Mrs. (Emma Wetmore) Roberts, wife of Canon Roberts, are given in the Westminster.

Old Pewter.

Mr. John H. Buck, whose excellent work on "Old Plate," published by the Gorham Company, has been more than once referred to in the pages of Acadiensis, is engaged on the history of "Old Pewter." He would be glad of descriptions of vessels with rubbings or impressions of marks on Canadian, American, or other pewter from collectors or others interested. Mr. Buck's address is 49 North 8th Ave., Mount Vernon, N. Y.

7 ...New... Publications

7

INTERCOLONIAL "FISHING AND HUNTING."

INTERCOLONIAL "TOURS TO SUMMER HAUNTS."

INTERCOLONIAL "SALMON FISHING."

INTERCOLONIAL "MOOSE OF THE MIRAMICHI."

VIA

INTERCOLONIAL FOR "A WEEK IN THE CANAAN WOODS."

INTERCOLONIAL "TIME TABLE WITH DESCRIPTIVE NOTES."

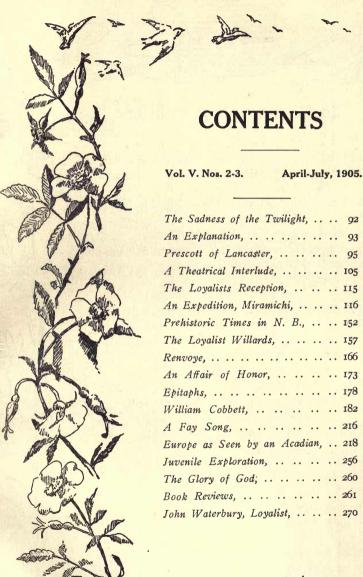
INTERCOLONIAL "FOREST STREAM AND SEASHORE."



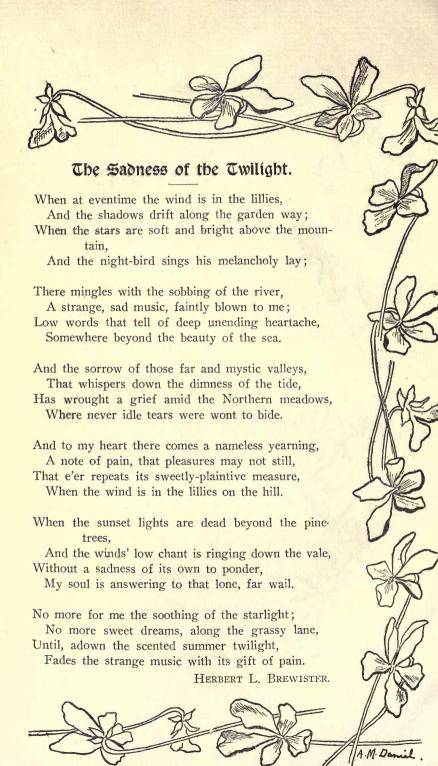
... WRITE...

GENERAL PASSENGER DEPARTMENT,
MONCTON, N. B.

For Free Copies.







ACADIENSIS.

VOL. V.

APRIL-JULY, 1905.

No. 2-3.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - HONORARY EDITOR.

An Explanation.



HEN, on the twentyeighth of November
last, the editor of
ACADIENSIS, having
previously seen the
January magazine safely off the press, left
St. John for Europe,
he fully expected that

his return to Canada would be in ample time to prepare the April issue for publication. This anticipation, however, was not realized.

Matters of private business which should have been disposed of in two weeks required his attention in London until the middle of January. When finally he felt free to resume his itinerary, the time remaining at his disposal was all too short for his purpose, as subsequent experience proved.

A number of letters written by the way have appeared in the Saint John Daily Telegraph. There was so much encountered that was new and interesting, particularly so to a Canadian visiting Russia at such a critical time in the history of that unhappy country, and such kindly criticisms were bestowed upon the writer upon his return, coupled with a generally expressed wish for further information along the same lines, that he has decided, possibly against

the dictates of his own better judgment, to insert in this issue an article touching upon some of the places visited, illustrated by photographs largely taken with his own camera.

As this journey did not constitute by any means his first visit to Europe, or even to Russia, he cannot be considered entirely as one who sees with the eyes of a novice. He sincerely hopes that what has been prepared may prove of general interest to the readers of Acadiensis.

Upon his return to St. John on the twenty-second day of April, the editor found numerous letters awaiting his arrival containing enquiries as to whether Acadiensis had suspended publication, or whether the enquirer has been overlooked in the mailing list. Fortunately neither of these surmises were correct.

It being then too late to prepare the April issue, a double number, to appear at the regular midsummer date, was determined upon. The success of this issue is a matter concerning which each reader must be his own judge.

It is hoped that this explanation and apology will be accepted in a kindly spirit, the editor pledging himself that such a thing will not occur again, at least not for some time to come.



Prescott of Lancaster.



HE Prescotts of the County of Lancaster, England, sent forth a Prescott who founded the township of Lancaster in Massachusetts, which, in turn, sent out a Loyalist son who founded the

parish of Lancaster in New Brunswick.

Among the New England forefathers whose descendants have spread far and wide over America, and include a large proportion of the people of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.* was John Prescott. a noteworthy pioneer man, and founder of an American family which has had many distinguished repre-The commonly-accepted pedigree traces sentatives. his line of descent from James Prescott, of Standish, in Lancashire, in Queen Elizabeth's time. According to this pedigree, John Prescott was baptized in the parish of Standish in 1604-5. He married, in 1629, Mary Platts, alias Gawkroger, of Yorkshire, and settled at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, where he lived for some seven years.

In the large emigration from England in the troublous time of 1638, John Prescott, worker in iron, went forth, with his wife and family. He did not

^{*}The percentage of New England blood in the population of the Maritime Provinces of Canada is probably greater than in New England itself. In the State of Massachusetts nearly three-fourths (62.3 per cent in 1900) of the present population are of foreign birth or parentage. The old Bay State has become foreignized by immigration, while in large sections of Canada the original British-New England strain still predominates.

follow the main body of this emigration to the Massachusetts Bay colony. Showing, apparently, that aversion to Puritanism which distinguished him in later years, he went to the island of Barbados. There he became a landowner and lived for two years, but, not finding climatic and other conditions agreeable in the West Indies, he sailed northward for the Massachusetts Bay, and, in 1640, landed at Boston. He took up his abode, where so many of the New England pioneers first pitched, at Watertown. There he had grants of land and lived five years. In 1643 he became associated with Thomas King, of Watertown, Henry Simonds, of Boston, and others* in the purchase from the Indian Sachem Sholan of a tract of land on the Nashaway (Nashua) river, eighty square miles in extent. Here a settlement was formed. of which for near forty years John Prescott was the mainstay. He permanently settled on these lands in 1645, losing, in transit, a portion of his effects and narrowly escaping drowning, with his family, in the Sudbury river. This settlement was then a frontier post in the unbroken forest, though only thirty-five miles west of Boston. Governor Winthrop, in his journal (II, 306), regards this accident, with the pious superstition of that time, as brought about by "a special providence of God," on account of Prescott's association with Dr. Robert Child, who was one of the grantees of these lands, and some other men of broader views than the Puritans, in refusing to bow the knee to what Parkman calls "one of the most detestable theocracies on record." (Old Regime, p.

^{*}Among the grantees of these lands was Stephen Day, who, in 1639, set up at Cambridge the first printing press in America north of Mexico. He printed that famous old curiosity known as the Bay Psalm Book.

21). The Puritan scales on good Governor Winthrop's eyes prevented him from seeing the real interposition of Providence shown in the remarkable preservation of Prescott and his family from a watery grave.

In 1652, when there were nine families settled on the Nashaway, a petition was sent in to the House of Deputies, asking for incorporation as a town, and requesting that it be given the name of "Prescott," which was acceded to. Later on, however, the Puritan deputies, having discovered that John Prescott had never taken the church covenants and was not a "freeman," rescinded this order and called the settlement "West Town." Still later, in 1653, by way of compromise, they changed the name to "Lancaster," after John Prescott's native county in England. The name is perpetuated to the present day, though, from the territory included in the original purchase from the Indians, several "towns" have been carved.*

John Prescott built the first grist-mills in Lancaster and the adjoining town of Groton. He was not only yeoman and blacksmith, but a miller and millwright, a trader, a hunter, a surveyor—besides being a doughty Indian fighter and resister of Puritan oppression.

In 1669, when about sixty-five years of age, John Prescott became a "freeman" and a voter. Charles II. had then been on the throne for some years, and

^{*}The counties of Massachusetts are divided into sections called "towns," which, to British ideas, would represent "townships" or "parishes."

If the name originally given the town of Lancaster had been adhered to, there would probably now be a parish of Prescott instead of a parish of Lancaster in St. John county.

the old Puritan "freeman's oath" had been modified by orders from the British government, so that those not church members could become "freemen" and voters. For thirty years "Goodman Prescott" had lived in the Massachusetts colony and declined to take the original oath, remaining all that time without a vote and not eligible for any official place, not even to serve on a jury. He made a brave and notable stand for liberty.

In 1676, during King Philip's war, the town of Lancaster was wiped off the face of the earth by Indians, and many of the inhabitants killed and carried captive. For over three years grass grew where the settlers' homes had been, and all was wilderness again. John Prescott and his family were among those who escaped, and in 1679 he returned and rebuilt his house and mills. Their sites are marked by memorial tablets in what is now the town of Clinton, where the land in the central portion of the town was formerly owned by Prescott.

In December, 1681, the earthly career of John Prescott came to an end. In his will, drawn up in 1673, he exhorts his family "to preserve love and unitie among themselves and the upholding of Church and Commonwealth." His body was interred, as instructed in his will, in "the common burying place here in Lancaster." His grave was marked by a rude fragment of slate rock, upon which might be discovered the words, faintly incised: "John Prescott, deceased."

For 222 years this was the monument of John Prescott. In 1903, when Lancaster celebrated its 250th anniversary, this was replaced by a more suitable memorial stone, erected by Mrs. Roger Walcott (nee Edith Prescott), widow of the late Governor of Massachusetts, and a granddaughter of the historian Pres-

cott. It bears the following inscription, written by the late United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Worcester, who was a Prescott descendant:

Here, with his children about him, lies

JOHN PRESCOTT,

Founder of Lancaster, and first settler of Worcester County.

Born at Standish, Lancashire, Eng., died at Lancashire, Massachusetts, December, 1681.

Inspired by the love of liberty and the fear of God, this stout-hearted pioneer, forsaking the pleasant vales of England, took up his abode in the unbroken forest, and encountered wild beast and savage to secure freedom for himself and his posterity. His faith and virtues have been inherited by many descendants, who in every generation have well served the state in war, in literature, at the bar, in the pulpit, in public life and in Christian homes.

John Prescott is said to have brought with him to America a suit of armor which had doubtless been worn by him or some of his ancestors in the British army. In this he used sometimes to array himself, greatly to the terror of the Indians. The common statement—in the Prescott genealogy as well as about all other accounts—that John Prescott was an "officer," or saw military service "under Cromwell," must be classed among the fictions. A brief glance at dates shows that Cromwell himself did not see any military service until the outbreak of civil war in England in 1642—four years after the emigration of John Prescott!

In Eastern Canada the name of Prescott is not a common one, though there are many people in the Maritime Provinces who are descended from John Prescott through the distaff lines. Some of John Prescott's descendants have intermarried with St. Stephen, N. B., families, but the New Brunswick

Prescott family is descended from James Prescott who settled in New Hampshire in 1665. He was born some forty years later than John, and is thought to have been a connection. The pedigree given in Prescott genealogy* makes their grandfathers brothers. From these two emigrant-ancestors most of the people of this name in America are descended. Jesse Prescott, the New Brunswick progenitor, who settled in Charlotte County, N. B., in 1812, was of the sixth generation from James, and a great-grandson of Capt. Jonathan Prescott, of the New Hampshire regiment, who died at Louisburg in 1746.

John Prescott had eight children who reached maturity. One of his daughters -Lydia-married Ionas Fairbank, ancestor of the presnt vice-President of the United States. In 1652 Jonas Fairbank "was fined for wearing great boots before he was worth £200." (Fairbanks genealogy). Among descendants of John Prescott may be mentioned Dr. Ionathan Prescott, of Halifax, the progenitor of the Nova Scotia branch of the family (see ACADIENsis, IV, 8), who was of the fifth generation from John. Benjamin Prescott, killed at Louisburg in 1745, and Capt. Peter Prescott, one of the early settlers of Granville, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia, were brothers-uncles of Dr. Jonathan, of Halifax. The "young Dr. Prescott," told of by Paul Revere, who happened to be returning from a visit to his sweetheart, Miss Mulliken, of Lexington, and assisted Revere in his famous "midnight ride" of April 18-19, 1775, was Samuel Prescott, of Concord—cousin to Dr. Ionathan, of Halifax. He escaped by jumping his horse over a wall when Revere was taken by the British patrol, subsequently served on board a priva-

^{* &}quot;The Prescott Memorial," by Wm. Prescott, M. D., 1870

teer, was captured, carried into Halifax, N. S., and died in prison there.

Sarah, a daughter of Jonas, youngest child of John Prescott, married in 1705 John Longley, of Groton, whose son, William, was an early settler of Granville, N. S., and the progenitor of the Nova Scotia family of this name.

Hon. Benjamin Prescott, son of Jonas, was the father of Col. William Prescott, who led the Colonial forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1755 he served as lieutenant in the expedition to Nova Scotia which removed the French Acadians. A monument to him stands on Bunker Hill and another at Groton — the place of his birth. His son, the Hon. Wm. Prescott, was the father of William H. Prescott, the historian. Col. William Prescott's sister, Elizabeth, was the first wife of Col. Abijah Willard, one of the Loyalist founders of New Brunswick.

GILBERT O. BENT.



A Theatrical Interlude a Hundred Pears Ago.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts."

—As You Like It.



MONG the miscellaneous characters that found a temporary residence in the City of the Loyalists in the year of grace 1798, was a gentleman whose accomplishments must have been a wonder to the staunch defenders of the British constitution who formed the

bulk of the population in those early years, strange and adventurous as the careers of many of these old worthies had been.

It was a memorable year in British history that was drawing to a close. The glorious news of Nelson's victory, "off the mouth of the Nile," had been received four months after the great battle, and had "been productive of general joy throughout the infant city."*

The columns of the two city journals were filled with the names and contributions of the loyal men of those days to the "national fund" for prosecuting the war to a victorious close, and details of the conflicts in which England was then engaged on land and sea were

^{*}In the early newspapers of St. John this expression will often be met.

eagerly looked for and as eagerly read. In the midst of this enthusiasm the hero of our story appeared—in the advertising columns of the city newspapers.

"Mr. Marriott," (in this respectful style the gentleman referred to introduced himself to the people of St. John) had come apparently unheralded—but that was a matter of small account—he had no intention of hiding his light, or rather his accomplishments, under a bushel; in fact they were his means of subsistence, and like a wise man he attempted to make the most of them.

We can easily follow Mr. Marriott's short business and theatrical career in St. John a hundred years ago as he advertised—if we are allowed to use the term—extensively in the Gazette and Weekly Advertiser, one of the small newspapers printed in the city, a fyle of which has been preserved in good condition, and is now in possession of the Rev. W. O. Raymond; and he seems likewise to have enjoyed the confidence of Mr. John Ryan, the editor and printer of that valuable journal. What tide of fortune cast him on our rock-bound shores at that early period must remain a mystery, even his christian name escaped the notice of the printer.*

Mr. Marriott's advertisements bear the marks of originality, and prove him to have been a man who had seen the world and buffeted with fortune; in fact they are the only attractive advertisements to be found in the series, covering, as they do, a period of nearly four years. A glance at these old times, and the reproduction of some of Mr. Marriott's advertise-

^{*}From the Roll of Freemen of the City of St. John, we learn that in the year 1798, Fuller Francis Marriott, who is described as a laborer, was made a freeman of the city.

ments, may be of interest in this age of prodigious advertising, and from them learn the important lesson, that the names of the men who advertise will live in history. The first and introductory advertisement is copied entire:

Mr. Marriott

Begs leave to inform the Public of St. John, that he sells Soups, Broths, Beef and Mutton Steaks, at the lowest prices, at a minute's warning.—Dinners dressed and sent out at an hour's notice.—Suppers, &c.—Turtles dressed in the English mode.—Mock ditto—made by one day's notice.—Mutton, Pork and Beef Sausages.—Partridges, Ducks, Geese, &c. Spirits, Brandies, Gin, Purl. Wines, &c., &c., at the sign of the Red Cross, King Street.

Mr. Marriott humbly hopes that his assiduity to deserve success will meet the countenance of a generous Public.
N. B.—Also, Shaving, Hair-Dressing, &c., on the Most reasonable terms.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 28th, 1798.

That first winter in our rigorous climate must have been an anxious and weary season for the stranger, and doubtless Mr. Marriott found business at "the Sign of the Red Cross" dull, for in the issue of the *Gasette* of February 15, 1799, he had an announcement which indicates he was of a literary bent, as well as the possessor of a fund of general knowledge that he was willing to impart for a consideration:

MR. MARRIOTT

Respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John and vicinity, that he intends opening a

SCHOOL

on Monday, the 6th of March, to teach the English Grammar with exact precision in an entire new mode, and conformable to the instructions of our modern authors.

Mr. Marriott will also undertake to teach young Gentlemen to read and speak emphatically in order to complete an UNFINISHED EDUCATION during his evening avocation, in private either at home or abroad. WRITING and CYPHERING included. — DRAWING — FENCING, if required, on advanced prices.

Mr. Marriott, from a thorough knowledge of the English Tongue, flatters himself with the idea of accomplishing his Pupils in a short time with those rudiments necessary for education.

Also.— Lilley's Grammar, coercive with Dilworth's.—LATIN, &c., if required.

TERMS.—One Dollar entrance, and Three Dollars per Quarter each, for Reading, Writing and Cyphering.

Drawing.—One Dollar entrance, and Six Dollars per Quarter. Fencing, ditto.

To preside over a cooking, drinking and provision store, and a school with many difficult branches to be taught in the evenings, seemed ample to furnish intellectual employment for one man, but Mr. Marriott was also what that generation named in irony, a play-actor. The same issue of the *Gazette* con-

tains a longer and more important advertisement, which exhibited his wonderful versatility, and is copied in full:

BY PERMISSION. At Mr. Jarvis's Store.

MR. MARRIOTT

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Saint John, that being assisted by a Lady and Gentleman of this City, he is enabled to get up a Whole PLAY. And a Concert of Instrumental Music—which will be performed on Monday Evening, the 25th instant.—

A Celebrated Tragedy

CALLED

DOUGLASS:

The Noble Scotch Shepherd.

A BENGAL LIGHT, by which the audience will be able to discern 2,000 faces and persons in the *dark*, and the place appear as light as day.

A Scots Song, called
"To the Green Wood Gang Wi Me,"
By a Lady of St. John.
The whole to conclude with a grand

Artificial FIRE WORK!

N. B.—As the scenery will be entirely new and adapted for the Play, and every decoration necessary fitted for the purpose, equal to a Theatre, it is humbly requested the generous inhabitants of St. John will patronize Mr. Marriott in his undertaking.

Boxes 2s. 6d. — Pit 1s. 3d.

**T No money taken at the Door.—
The Door will be opened at Five o'clock and the Performance to begin at Six.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Ryan.

Several Gentlemen have kindly promised to form a Band of Music.

It would appear from a postscript to the same advertisement in the next issue of the Gazette, that "on account of the uncertainty of gaining a commodious place, and a wish to represent the play with all its perfections," it was postponed until the 27th February, when the performance would be held in the Exchange Coffee House.

This was the first attempt to perform the "celebrated tragedy" of Douglass in St. John. It was written in 1756 by John Home, a Scotch clergyman, who incurred rigorous censure from the elders of the kirk for adorning the stage with this pathetic and interesting composition.* The play became a favorite with the various companies of local amateur players, who afterwards essayed its production at Drury Lane and Hopley's Theatres. Many incidents, some of an exceedingly comic character, used to be related of the players who took part in these performances.

On the 24th of March the tragedy of Douglass was again performed, by desire, at the Coffee House, with

^{*}The British Drama, Vol. I, p. 156. The writer is indebted to Mr. James Coll, the best authority on dramatic subjects in St. John, for the use of the volume.

Congreve's famous old farce, "Love for Love," as an afterpiece. An epilogue of thanks was to be spoken by Mr. Marriott at the close. Tckets to the performance were sold only by Mr. Rogers at the Coffee House.*

It would be interesting now to have the names of the players who assisted Mr. and Mrs. Marriott at these performances. Mr. Ryan, the printer of the Gazette, has given no account of them in his newspaper. But they must have been successful, as the play was repeated for the third time for Mr. Marriott's benefit, who, in his appeal to the ladies and gentlemen of St. John, humbly requested "the honour of their countenances" on that occasion.

With true theatrical precedence Mrs. Marriott was also entitled to a benefit, but the play chosen would hardly be supposed acceptable for a lady's benefit—"George Barnwell, or the London Prentice." It was announced that in the course of the evening Mr. Marriott would endeavor to please the audience with a variety of prologues, and the whole to conclude with a pantomimic interlude called "Jack in Distress," with a country dance in characters.

The next enterprise to engage Mr. Marriott was the "Thespian Hotel," and in connection with it a Spouting Club. In a half column advertisement in the *Gazette* of April 17, he stated his scheme, and the benefits to be derived from the club:

^{*}The Coffee House, which stood at the corner of King and Prince William Streets, was the meeting place for the town residents in those early years, and was the scene of many events in the history of St. John.

THESPIAN HOTEL.

MR. MARRIOTT having removed to a House lately occupied by Mr. Duffy, in Tyng Street* next door to Mr. WATERBURY'S, respectfully informs his friends, that having a commodious Room for the purpose, he intends opening a SPOUTING CLUB, on Monday, 22nd April, for the amusement of such gentlemen who shall honor him with their support during the Summer Season.

Open at 7 o'clock and close at 10. The Club will be continued weekly, on each succeeding Monday.

Terms for subscribers, Is. 3d. each; Is. to be spent in any refreshments required; 3d. each for candles, &c.

"Any gentleman professing himself a candidate for this liberal institution, may perfect himself in a prologue, epilogue or speech for the entertainment of his friends. By this means," Mr. Marriott assured the public, "the manners will be more polished, the expression more dignified, the address easified, and the voice meliorated."

There is a touch of sadness in the appeal Mr. Marriott made in this advertisement, that "having attempted every mode to gain a winter subsistence with the worthy inhabitants of St. John, humbly hopes his summer endeavors will not prove fruitless."

The club Mr. Marriott desired to establish, and to which he gave the strenuous name of Spouting Club, would be known in after years as a free-and-easy. No doubt the meetings were very jolly as long as

^{*}Tyng Street was the eastern portion of Princess Street, from Charlotte Street to Courtney Bay; the western portion from Charlotte Street to the harbour was named "George Street."

they continued, but whether the club fulfilled all Mr. Marriott claimed, we have no means of knowing. Success does not appear to have crowned any of Mr. Marriott's schemes.

On the 1st of May Mr. Marriott announced to the ladies and gentlemen of St. John, that he had fitted up a theatre, "in so commodious a stile as to render it universally agreeable; and flatters himself with a hope of meriting and gaining their support." "This theatre was to be opened positively in the course of the following week, "if fair weather." "The Citizen," a comedy in two acts, and "The Millar of Mansfield," were the plays chosen for the opening performance, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott taking, of course, the leading characters. Mr. Marriott, who was also a poet, was to recite a prologue, written by himself, "on the late happy preservation of the American ship Sally in Hampton Roads by His Majesty's ship Hinde."

I have not been able to ascertain where this theatre was located, it was the first attempt to establish a theatre, with regular performances, such as they were, in St. John. "Tickets were sold, and an exact line drawn of the situation of the seats at Mr. Toole's." All the performances were not advertised in the newspapers, probably on account of the expense.

Notwithstanding his limited resources, Mr. Marriott was very ambitious in his selection of plays, and desired to offer the most popular. Rowe's tragedy, "Jane Shore," was to be played, but on account of the difficulty in procuring a book containing the play it was unavoidably postponed, and Bickerstaff's comedy, "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Citizen," a farce, were performed instead.

In the Gazette's issue of June 4th Mr. Marriott in-

formed "his friends and the public at large, that a variety of Fresh amusements, neat as imported, will be ready for their price, as will be expressed in handbills." Also "an aditional prologue from the latest calculations," whatever that would mean. It was the custom in those days to open theatrical performances with a prologue and close with an epilogue, and as Mr. Marriott composed and recited for his performances, a copy of his verses would no doubt cast light on the difficulties of an early theatrical manager.

The population of St. John, then about six thousand, was too small to support even as modest a theatre as Mr. Marriott attempted to conduct, and the end came. On the 31st July, 1799, a benefit was given Mrs. Marriott, when Garrick's farce, "The Lying Valet" and "The Citizen" were performed; "each piece filled with performers equal to the task," the announcement stated. This was the last appearance of the Marriotts. For a brief period, probably six or eight months in all, they played their roles, attracted public attention, and furnished gossip for the town gallants-birds of passage, they disappeared, and sought other lands, where, let us hope, they found more pleasure and profit for their talents than in St. John, for life in those early years was a round of toil and disappointments, endured heroically, with little amusement to enliven the struggle for existence.

The plays the Marriotts offered were all well known tragedies and comedies that have held a very high place on the English stage; the setting in which they were presented no doubt was crude, and the players who assisted often awkward, but they taught serious lessons of life, and assisted to create a fondness for the legitimate drama that still exists.

The year following the disappearance of the Mar-

riotts (1800), as I learn from a paper prepared by my friend, Mr. Clarence Ward, and read before the New Brunswick Historical Society, William Botsford, William Simonds, George Leonard and Charles I. Peters petitioned the Common Council of St. John, praying on behalf of themselves and other young gentlemen, leave to fit up the City Hall for the purpose of a theatre; and the prayer of the petitioners was granted.

This organization was the earliest club or society of amateur players formed in St. John. The members were all connected with the leading families of the city, and their entertainments were probably as good as amateur performances usually are. No actors of reputation had then visited St. John, and the critics were the few who had attended theatres in London and other large cities. The members were ambitious and the selections good, and the efforts of the players, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," must have been appreciated.

The first record of the public appearance of the organization represented by Messieurs Botsford, Simonds and associates, was the following advertisement, that appeared in the issue of the *Royal Gazette* of February 3, 1801:

ST. JOHN THEATRE.

[BY DESIRE.]

On Friday Evening, the 6th February, will be presented

THE NATURAL SON,

A Comedy in Five Acts.

To which will be added the favorite

FARCE OF CROSS PURPOSES.

Between the PLAY and FARCE will be Sung the celebrated Song, "The Lakes of Killarney."

The Play will conclude with a Dance by the Performers in Character.

TICKETS may be had of the Managers at the Coffee House.

**Performance to begin precisely at Six.

The Ladies are requested to appear in very low head-dresses, otherwise the sight of the rear boxes will be obstructed.

N. B.—In case there is not a sufficient number of Tickets sold in time to defray the expenses of the night, the Tickets may be returned and the money will be refunded.

Vivant Britannicorum Rex et Regina.

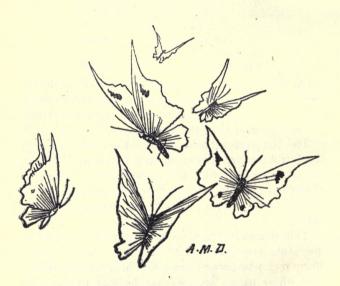
On the evening of February 20, another performance was given in the same place, when Sher dan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," with the farce, "The Mayor of Garrett," were played.

The last performance of the season, advertised in the Royal Gazette, was given on the evening of March 13, 1801, when Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and the farce, "Three Weeks After Marriage," were played, no doubt to appreciative audiences.

This dramatic organization continued in existence for some years, and numbered among its members many men who became prominent in provincial affairs, and whose names are even yet familiar to the older residents of St. John. The City Hall, in which the performances were held, stood on the centre of Market Square, opposite King Street. A picture of the building is given in the late J. W. Lawrence's book, "Foot Prints."

It could not be expected that the drama would receive the support it merited in those early years. The struggle in which England was then engaged appealed to the patriotism of the people, and aroused their loyal and poetic feelings; but the drama had to wait for another generation, and more talented artists, to reveal the beauties of the mimic stage.

JONAS HOWE.



The Loyalists' Reception.

Broad stream, mighty stream!
Stream of an ageless past!
Slow gliding down as in a dream,
Bade welcome to these shores, at last
With sails all furled, and anchors cast,
Those noble hardy pioneers—
The Loyalists of old.

Tall trees, stately trees!
Trees of an ageless wood!
Low bending in the gentle breeze,
You kissed the stream from whence you stood,
And homage paid the true and good,
Those noble hardy pioneers—
The Loyalists of old.

Fair lands, golden lands!
Lands of the ageless race!
With open arms and stretched out hands,
Received into your warm embrace,
And sheltered with a kindly grace,
Those noble hardy pioneers—
The Loyalists of old.

H. A. CODY.

Greenwich, N. B.

An Expedition to the Beadwaters of the Little South-West Miramichi.

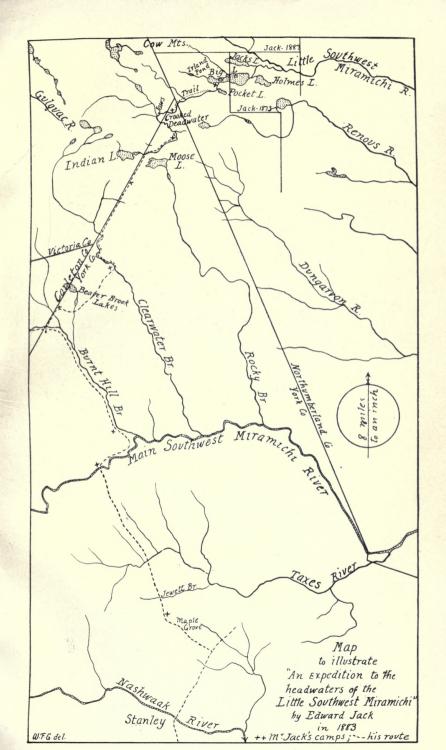
[By EDWARD JACK.]

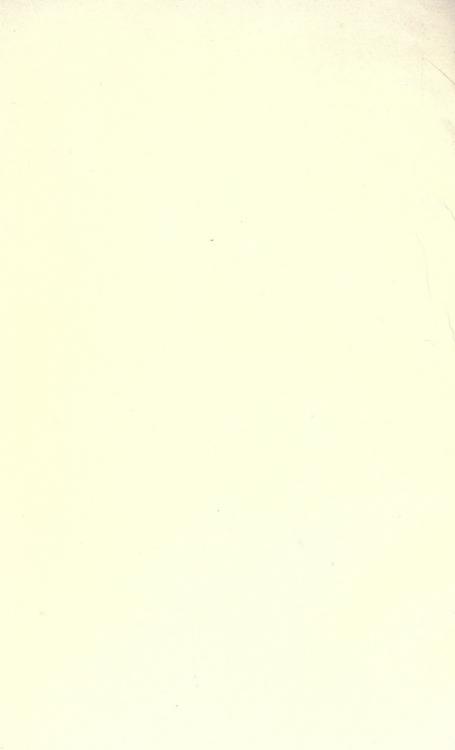
EDITED AND ANNOTATED BY W. F. GANONG.

PREFACE.

The late Edward Tack, as result of a long career as surveyor, lumber cruiser. Crown Lands official, and devoted student of New Brunswick affairs, knew this Frovince more intimately than had any other man up to his time. He was also an amateur naturalist and geologist of considerable attainment. He had a fondness for writing, but, as facilities for publication in permanent form were very poor in this Province in his day, most of his productions, some of which have a permanent value, either appeared in the newspapers or else remain still in manuscript, in either case being inaccessible, and little better than lost. Copies of most, perhaps all, of his newspaper articles, together with his manuscripts, are now in possession of his nephew, Mr. D. R. Jack, the editor of this journal, with whose co-operation I propose to re-print, from time to time, in Acadiensis the more valuable of these writings. The first is the accompanying narrative of an expedition to the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi, herewith presented. It is printed from a manuscript, and apparently is now for the first time published.

Among Mr. Jack's papers are two complete accounts of this expedition. One is more specific as to names, localities, etc., and was apparently written out as a lecture for a New Brunswick audience; the other is





of a more general character, giving fewer specific details, but fuller accounts of the New Brunswick woods and life in them, seemingly written to be delivered as a lecture some where at a distance from the Province. The former is much the more interesting and important to us, and is here closely followed, with an occasional footnote from the "other copy." It is verbatim et litteratim, except that I have given abbreviations in full, made divisions into paragraphs, corrected an occasional slip in the hastily and closely written manuscript, and omitted occasional catchwords, obviously intended simply for guidance of the lecturer.

The region described by Mr. Jack is nearly as wild to-day as when he was there in 1883. More lumbering has been carried on, additional timber lines have been run, sportsmen visit it in considerable numbers under the guidance of the same Mr. Braithwaite who was with Mr. Jack, but otherwise it is still a wilderness. I have myself been privileged to make some scientific and topographical study of it, the results of which have been published in full, with illustrative maps, in the Bulletins of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, in No. XX, page 461, 1902, and in No. XXIII, page 320, 1905.

The present article of Mr. Jack's has an especial interest as a part of a distinctive New Brunswick literature, a literature of which there is already much, though scattered and little accessible, and of which there will be more in the future. It is a literature of out-door life in New Brunswick, followed for exploration, for sport, for scientific research, or simply for love of the free life of the open. Much of it is poor from a literary standpoint, but it has this great and lasting merit, that it is genuine, trustworthy, and

full of the actual spirit of the life of the woods. In all these respects it contrasts greatly with a more recent literature of our woods and their animal inhabitants, which, while well nigh faultless from a literary standpoint, is otherwise pretentious, artificial and insincere. Each much choose the kind he likes best, but I venture the belief that sincerity will outlast polish, and truth will outlive pretense.

Mr. Jack's Narrative.

On Tuesday the 17th of September, [1883], our party left Fredericton for the purpose of making a survey of some Crown lands on the head of the little South West, a branch of the North West Miramichi River, whose western waters take their rise from the sides and base of a range of hills near the head of the Tobique and Nepisiguit, and which separate the streams tributary to the River St. John from those which flow into the Bay of Chaleur. This country is covered by the original forest, and has been visited only by some adventurous lumberman in search of pine timber or by the solitary hunter, whose blazes and traps one occasionally meets with in his journeyings through its dark and secret recesses.

The day on which we left was bright and warm, and the country bordering on the shores of the Nashuaak River, up which the first of our route lead, looked very pretty beneath the mellowing influence of an early autumn day. The leaves were rapidly changing color. Some of those of the maple were of the most ensanguined crimson, while in the broad leaves of the dogwood dark red and bright green were contending for the mastery. Here and there among the verdant beeches which overshadowed our way we

could see the yellowish tint deepening into the golden one which presages the fall of their leaves. Nashuaak, which here runs through the grey sandstones of the coal measures, has, during the lapse of ages, worn out a valley a mile or two in width, in the centre of which this pretty stream, free from rock or boulders, meanders, sparkling and bright over a clear gravelly bottom, rippling around grey sandbars with a scarcely audible murmur. On either bank were alluvial lands of considerable fertility. In some places these were extensive, and among them one could trace the course of a river by the elms and maples which grew on its banks. On these intervales the people were harvesting their grain, and everything bore the appearance of comfort and decent sufficiency. little village of Nashuaak, a cluster of houses through which we passed, about eight miles distant from Fredericton, has set the surrounding country an example of neatness which it would do well to follow. The half a dozen white cottages with green blinds and pretty shrubbery about them, evince a taste which is far too rare in New Brunswick, many of whose farmers, even on some of the richest and most fertile intervales on the St. John below Fredericton, are quite contented to live in dirty looking unpainted cottages, which are not only a disgrace to their owners, but a blot upon the landscape which adorns the shores of that beautiful river which the Abenaquis were wont, in their admiration of it, to call the "Wollestook," the River, as if it excelled all others of which they possessed any knowledge.

At a distance of sixteen miles from Fredericton we left the Main Nashuaak for a time, turning up one of its branches, the Tay. This is a charming spot. At its mouth the stream wanders through a broad

and luxuriant intervale: on either side are high hills. those to the west being for the greater part still covered by the original growth of beech, birch and maple. On one of the hills which form the eastern side of the valley, and overlooking the Nashuaak, there stands a lonely grave, that of Lieutenant Patrick* Campbell, who had fought through the Revolutionary War in a Highland regiment, and whose dust here reposes on soil once his own, but which has long since passed into the hands of strangers to his name and race. Among the first settlers on the lower Nashuaak were some companies of the famous Black Watch which were disbanded here, where are still to be found such typical [Scotch] names as McPherson, McLean, Mc-Leod. Fraser, Forbes, and Ross. They are a hardy race, and many of them yet retain more than a trace of the fire of old Gaul. It was only last season that one of the Ross's, who had emigrated to the far west, having in his charge as express agent of a railway train a large sum of money, when attacked by some six or seven robbers, fought them off, and although twice wounded, succeeded in keeping them at bay for such a length of time that assistance arrived and the money was saved. His mother was still living on 'he Nashuaak early in the present year.

Ascending the Tay for about half a mile, we turned to the right, where, for some five or six miles, we passed over high, poor, and uninteresting looking hills until we came again to the hills which border the Nashuaak overlooking Stanley, where the rocks of the coal measures are underlaid by lower carboniferous or silurian, a fact which is at once apparent to the eye in increased fertility.

^{*}In the other copy he is called, and correctly, Dugald Campbell.

Stanley, which is situated on the west bank of the Nashuaak on the side and at the bottom of a steep hill, comprises a small collection of houses and three nearly new churches, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian, the two latter having neat parsonages connected with them. Stanley was formerly the headquarters of a settlement commenced by an English company some forty years ago, which, officered by gentlemen newly arrived from Great Britain, without the least experience in the country or people, proved, as might have ben expected, a failure financially.* Much of its land was well timbered with spruce, and when Mr. Gibson, the leading capitalist of New Brunswick, bought the mills at the mouth of Nashuaak, he purchased much of it, which he has turned to the most profitable account, thus showing that the right man in the right place can do more than can be done by vast sums of misdirected capital.** The original grant to the Company from the Crown exceeded 500,-000 acres. The greater part of this has since been sold by them to farmers and lumbermen. vicinity of Stanley, especially on the narrow belt of lower carboniferous rocks which crosses the Nashuaak close to Stanley, and which extends to the Bay of Chaleur at or near Bathurst, the soil is of exceptionally good quality; indeed, some wheat grown by Mrs. Taylor at Red Rock took the premium at the great exhibition in London in [blank in MSS.]. A yearly

^{*}This was the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company. Its history is sketched in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Vol. X, 1904, Section ii, 81.

^{**}A full account of Mr. Gibson's connection with this property is given by Mr. Jack in the St. John Sun (weekly), March 20, 1895, in an article which will probably appear later in this journal.

agricultural exhibition is held in this village in the month of October. This is looked forward to months ahead. There is always a good show of grain and roots, and in the evening a grand supper is given at the Stanley Arms, where Mrs. Logan does the honors in a creditable manner. The ball which succeeds is held in the Temperance Hall, where the young men and ladies of the neighborhood enjoy themselves in a manner unknown to the formalists of city life.

Mr. Patchell, a well to do farmer residing close to the village, formed one of our party, and in the evening over the camp fire described to the party the splendid eating capacities of one of Stanley's farmers and lumbermen, who, at 12 o'clock at night, said to him, "Mr. Patchell, I do not care much about pie (of which he had already eaten ten heaping plates full), I would like a little fowl (he had then finished about three), just another piece of chicken, Mr. Patchell, for I am not going to eat much pie." Mr. Patchell could not exactly say just how much of the bountiful supply of liquors present were required to wash down this supply of fowl, but from his description it must have been something enormous.

Crossing the river by a good bridge, we ascended a hill on the east about a mile long through fertile lands.* We followed the Cross Creek road for about four miles, thence, turning to the north, took the road through Maple Grove, a new settlement about four miles in length, where the soil is of superior quality. We reached the last house in it, that of Mr. James Flynn, where we concluded to remain for the night.

^{*}From this point onward the reader may follow Mr. Jack's route on the accompanying map. The course he followed is shown by the dotted line, and his camping-places by the crosses.

I know of no better upland in New Brunswick than that which is found here, unless it may be that of the County of Carleton, or some spots such as Butternut Ridge. All around Mr. Flynn's clearing stood a luxuriant growth of rock maple and birch, and just opposite his house, Mr. W. Richards, who here owns a tract of 4,000 acres, had about twenty in oats. This land had been carefully cleared, and the fire had not been allowed to run into the magnificent forest by which it was bounded. Three years ago Mr. Flynn came to this lot. There was then not a tree cut upon it. He had a large family of young children and was without means. Now he has a log house, a good frame barn, and an extensive clearing. This season he cut about fourteen or fifteen tons of excellent hav. All of his work was done without hired help, and he may now be considered an independent man. All of the supplies which he grows he can sell to the lumbermen for cash at his door, as the main road to one of the chief lumber districts on the S. W. Miramichi, which we were to follow, passes his door. This lot Mr. Flynn has purchased on time, and had already paid a considerable part of the purchase money by the result of his labors upon it, thus showing that a person desirous of farming had better pay a fair price for his land than to have the inferior soil which is given away to too many settlers under our ridiculous free grant and labor Acts, on condition of their settling upon it, and perhaps also of the government making them a road. Hundreds of settlers have, under these acts, settled upon land upon which settlers should never have been placed, and where their labor, instead of enriching the country, has tended to its impoverishment through the fires which are so destructive to our pine, spruce, and hemlock forests. These Acts have not only caused great injury to the country at home, but what must people abroad think of the value of a country which not only gives away its land but also makes roads to it, more especially when much of this land is within sight of one of our best railways? It is high time that the Crown lands of New Brunswick should have some outside supervision given them, and that there should be a competent officer appointed who should be required to say where settlements should and should not be made, as well as to examine into and to report upon the character and quality of our timber lands, and in what manner they can best be conserved and utilized, among which investigations that of protection from forest fires should obtain a prominent place.*

But, to return from this digression, the next morning we were astir bright and early, and, bidding Mr. Flynn and civilization good-bye for a month, we entered the forest, taking the portage, which was excellent and free from stone or mire holes. The forest through which we passed was composed largely of maple and birch so free from underbrush that you could see their tall stately trunks for some distance on either side of you, while their overarching boughs, often meeting above our heads, afforded us a refreshing shelter against the rays of the sun.

The little brook which ran past Mr. Flynn's lot was a tributary of the St. John. One mile brought us to Jewett Brook, a branch of the Miramichi, so that we had here crossed the watershed between the Bays of Fundy and Chaleur. The land along the portage was excellent farming land, but there were no settlers.

^{*}The policy of the Province in these matters remains exactly where it was when Mr. Jack wrote.

At a distance of six miles, we came to the Taxes, a branch of the Miramichi, and a large stream which we crossed by a good bridge built by the lumbermen. About a mile beyond this, a little way from our portage, we found the camp of Mr. Henry Turnbull, where a party of men were making birch timber for Messrs, Bevan & Co. Our portage continued about the same course across a large tract of land owned by this Company. Along the road which we took the land was excellent and free from stone. A short distance after we had left it, however, when within about two miles of the S. W. Miramichi, the road became very rocky and the soil unfit for cultivation. Growing spruce were however abundant upon it. At what is called by the lumbermen the Bevan Hill, on Guy Bevan & Co.'s tract, I noticed purple slates similar to those which accompany the iron ore deposits of Woodstock, and there were numerous evidences of a deposit of that mineral in the vicinity. It is possible that there may be here an outcrop of the upper silurian which occurs at Woodstock. This would account for the fertility of the soil.

As afternoon drew on we passed down the eastern slope of the high ridge which divides Taxes from the South West Miramichi. The incline was steep and the way rocky, and our tired horses, for we had two pair dragging wooden-shod sleds, appreciated the easy descent. Looking to the east and north I could see steep ridges covered by hard wood, among which, notwithstanding all the cutting that had been done for years, there stood many thrifty looking spruce. We were coming down to a point on the S. West opposite the mouth of the McLean Brook, once the best spruce land on that side of the Miramichi, but which had been more injured by the spruce disease than any land

which I had ever seen. Mr. W. Richards, who logged there a few years since, told me than on one of his brows, where there were browed 100 spruce logs, he could find but ten which had been cut from living trees. Whatever may have been the cause of this forest destruction, the damage done to the country and individuals is enormous. The trees which had been cut among before this pest took place were but little injured. It was only the thick bodies of uncut spruce which suffered. The evil seems to be passed, or nearly so, as I could see few or no red-topped trees on the sides of the ridges which we passed.*

Before nightfall we reached a little depot camp on the banks of the South West, which I had visited a month previously in company with Mr. Henry Braithwaite, who now formed one of our party. time of my first visit the river had been fairly high, and Mr. Braithwaite went out with his canoe and he and his companion brought back some six grilse. Now the water was very low, so much so, indeed, that it was hard work to cross in a canoe. We had walked this day sixteen miles, so that all of us were ready after supper to take our places on the fir boughs. As the camp was small and not too clean, we pitched a tent which we had with us near the bank of the river, whose noisy murmurs soon lulled us to sleep. next morning shortly after sunrise we rose and ate breakfast, sending back one of our teams for more supplies, as they were going to work on Burnt Hill, [Brook], where dams were to be built and rocks blown for the purpose of improving the driving capacities of one of the branches of this stream. We were detained so long the next day by various circumstances

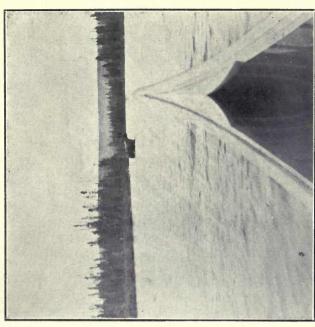
^{*} Nothing, apparently, has been heard of it since this time.

that we made but four miles, pitching our tents by the side of an old burnt depot. This day's walk had been through good spruce land which had been a good deal cut among, but which will yet yield a good deal of timber. We had got some partridges during the day, which made us an acceptable evening meal. next day we travelled across various branches of Burnt Hill to the depot camp on the south branch, a distance of twelve miles. It was nearly all through spruce land, which will yet produce much money if the fire is kept out of it. It also had been a good deal worked among. After leaving the Bevan block, we had met no land fit for settlement. The last slates which we saw were about two miles S. W., then followed granite. As we came near the depot we found that the white spruce had taken the place of the black, and, as the former grows in a more scattering manner than the latter, the land, for timber purposes, was becoming of less value.

The little camp at the depot which we occupied was the headquarters of Mr. Braithwaite, who, without doubt, is the best hunter in New Brunswick,* and who also possesses the best knowledge of the timber lands on the Miramichi River. It was situated about a mile east of the south branch of Burnt Hill, where was also a large store house where provisions which had been hauled from Kent Station on the N. B. R. R. during the previous winter were stored. There was also a large lumber camp here with the accom-

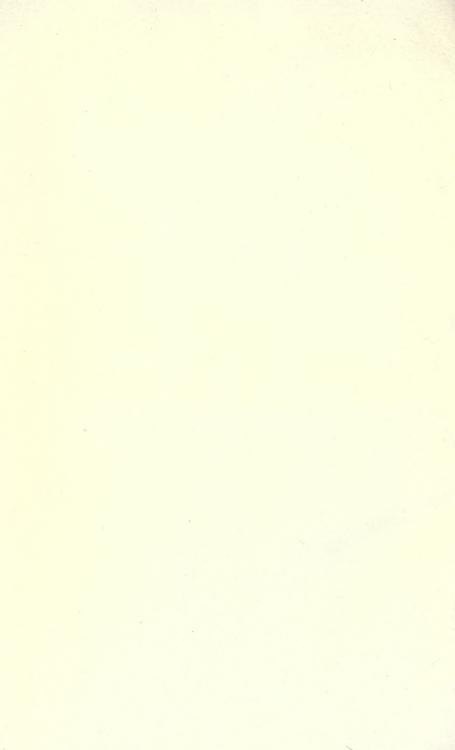
^{*}This reputation Mr. Braithwaite still possesses. He is now the most popular and successful of New Brunswick guides, and every year takes several sportsmen to the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi. He is not only the most expert of woodsmen and hunters, but a courteous gentleman as well.

panying hovel. About three acres of land had been cleared, in the centre of which stood our residence, which was a camp 12 x 15 ft, in dimensions, Patchell, who had been occupying it alone during the season, had killed four bears. In it were a small cooking stove, a table, and a rude bed on which we placed some fresh gathered fir boughs. stood about three feet from the stove. Two bunks were placed against the logs on the opposite side. Everything gave evidence of a hunter's residence. In one corner stood a rifle; cartridges and empty shells occupied a shelf, kettles or pans were lying or hanging around; in one corner stood the flour and pork barrels, while just above the door, on a shelf in close proximity to the flour, were papers containing arsenic and bottles of strychnia. Knives and scabbards were visible in several places; a shelf with a tin wash basin stood on the left hand of the door; two little windows about 18 in, high admitted a little light into this chamber, which was parlor, store-room, bedroom and all. There was one little bench. When at meals the side of the bed was occupied as a seat. Over the door was inscribed in mystic word, "Puer Oreando," which one of the men said had been put there by some of the lumber scalers during the previous winter, who also had made this place their headquarters. To the north was a little hill somewhat higher than the eminence on which our camp stood, while to the south there was a higher ridge covered by dark green spruce. The moose birds were flittering about the doors, occasionally gathering up a morsel of meat which had been thrown out by the cook, while a party of cross bills twittered from the top of a high birch near by. which they occasionally left to peck at a piece of pork which lay in a barrel in the old camp. These pretty



Mr. Braithwaite's old hunting camp at the foot of the Crooked Deadwater, Typ

Typical view on the Crooked Deadwater, looking west from above the Jaws. In the water is a large bull moose.



and hardy little creatures, who lay their eggs in the month of February, are very fond of pork, which they greedily devour. Later in the season they are frequently accompanied by a tiny bird well known in Russia as the siskin, with whom they appear to be on very fair terms.

The moose bird, who is a little larger than our robin, is of a dark color, with a white ring around his neck. He becomes so tame that he will take a piece of pork out of your hand. Indeed, we caught one flying away with one of our spoons which had been left out with a little pork fat in it. He is a great mimic, imitating the cries of other birds. So soon as you light a fire and the moose bird sees, or probably smells, the smoke, he at once makes you a visit, hovering around, eveing you with his sharp bright eyes, turning his head from side to side in the most comical manner until he sees a chance of picking up some scrap of food, with which he flies off, and, after hiding the meat he does not require for food, he flies back to make you another visit. At this season, when trout are spawning, he follows along the shores to pick up the spawn, of which he is very fond. They are great thieves. The cook cannot leave a piece of soap lying out of doors, and I have often seen the moose birds fly away with small pieces thus left out.

Our first business when arriving at camp was to make some bread. The cook had unfortunately forgotten his yeast, but, full of resources, as all true woodsmen are, he remedied the defect by a resort to the forest. There is a broadleafed parasitic which clings to the sides of the maple commonly called lungwort. This is gathered and steeped in warm water for a couple of hours. One-half pint of the decoction and one-half pint of water are mixed to-

gether; into this sufficient flour is placed so that you can beat it up with a spoon. The mixture is now placed where it would be warm and left over night, when it will be ready for baking in the morning. The second use of the leaven makes it perfect.*

On Sunday morning, as we had a good stock of partridges which we had shot along the road, we had a sumptuous breakfast. On Monday we went about 1½ miles north east of the camp to one of the Beaver Brook lakes, accompanied by Mr. Braithwaite, and there secured three fine black ducks. Mr. Braithwaite had one day got eighteen of these fine birds here. The previous day Mr. Braithwaite and two others of the company had been at MeKeel brook lake, where they had fired from an old canoe at a caribou, which they had missed. They got some partridges, one black duck, and a pretty little grebe, which they had cooked and eaten without salt, having been short of provisions. The grebe is a tiny little duck which frequents the seaboard. It is about the size of the teal, and a Fredericton young man who was along told a Grand [Lake] one who was in the company that it was a teal. The Grand Lake gentleman partook of it as such, although he said that he had never seen a teal before whose legs stuck out behind like a loon's. The grebe I have heard called the Devil Diver. can remember when I was a boy having shot one and having had it cooked in the most approved manner. I tried to eat it, but it was so rank and fishy that even the hunger of youth did not afford sufficient sauce to make the attempt successful.

^{*}This plant appears to be the lichen, Sticta pulmonaria, commonly called lungwort, but no property to explain its power of bread-raising seems known to botanists.

On Tuesday we took a pair of horses, on which we loaded our supplies in bags laid on their backs, and followed Turnbull's portage to his camp on the Clearwater, three miles below where the line between the counties of York and Victoria crosses it. At this camp, in which were two cooking stoves, we passed a comfortable night. Just as we were entering the doorway Mr. Braithwaite pointed out to us one of Bruin's freaks. He had taken a paraffine lamp out of the camp and had rolled himself over on the ground between the body of the lamp and the chimney which had fallen off and lay there unharmed. appears to have a great fondness for paraffine oil, as I have seen a spot where it was spilled two years previously at the root of a tree, where the bears had been scratching and tearing around a few days before the date of my visit.

Clearwater, at this place the highest point from which logs had been driven, is four or five rods wide. It is a bright rapid stream running over beds of sand and gravel. It has a steep and rapid descent. Canocs can be easily poled during fair water up to the Turnbull camp, and when it is high, some miles further. It is bounded by high hardwood covered hills, on which there is usually but little spruce, whatever there is growing rather in valleys or ravines between the lofty elevations which constitute the great part of this country, the range extending from Nictau on Tobique to Rocky Brook being by far the most lofty in New Brunswick.* During our journey, after the leaves had fallen, I stood on the summit of one of the high-

^{*}This is correct if one makes the range curve around between Tobique waters and those of the Miramichi and Nepisiguit. But the highest part is that from Dunn (or Logan) Lake to Nictor Lake.

est of these. Its ascent, which was quite steep, measured from base to summit more than half a mile. Looking around me from this lofty elevation, all that I could see was immense round, or rather semi-oval shaped hills, covered with hard woods to their very summits, while to the north Clearwater mountain towered far above his fellows. These mountains were so regular that they looked like the high waves of some tumultuous sea. How vast must have been the struggles of Mother Earth when her heaving bosom solidified into these grand old forms so regular and so true in their outlines. Here are no jagged peaks, no craggy rocks. Each hill is rounded off nearly similarly to his neighbors. The rock was feldspathic, approaching granite, and must at one time, prior to its solidification, have been in a pasty state. Was there a time when the sea-lashed sides and tops of these lofty hills constituted all that is now New Brunswick, or did they rear their heads suddenly into day from the eternal night of their dark Plutonian caves, where fire and water, solids, fluids, and gases in one chaotic whirl strive and struggle for the mastery? What shall I say of the solemn calmness, the eternal grandeur of these silent awe inspiring forests? Here, and perhaps here alone, as mountain after mountain meets the view, man acknowledges his nothingness. Amid the pomp and vanities of courts, the allurement and flatteries of society, the human animal estimates his value at far higher rate than when travelling amid this solitary scene, and where the works of man give place to those of the Creator alone.

The next morning we waded the clear, cold waters of the Clearwater for a distance of three miles, until we came to where Mr. Braithwaite's hunting line

crossed the stream.* Here we took our packs off the horses' backs and sent them back. Here we found a little hunting camp made of poles and birch bark; and here we ate our dinner and made up our packs in order to follow the hunting line which was to lead us to the foot of the Deadwater on the Little S. West. Our supplies consisted of pork, tea, sugar, and flour. We had tin plates and cups, two frying pans, one tin baker, a wash dish and soap, and towels, two tents, and sufficient blankets to cover the whole party. Up the steep hills of the Clearwater we mounted, until, at a distance of four miles, we came to another hunter's camp built of logs. It was situated at the foot of a high hill among a forest of large maple and birch, upon the only decent soil that we had seen since leaving the west side of the S. W. Miramichi. Here we got some pork, beans, and flour, which Mr. Braithwaite had left the past winter. They were in a good state of preservation and perfectly good. The plan which he took to preserve them from the bears and the effects of damp weather was to cut down a small tree; the articles were then placed in a barrel which was wrapped about with birch bark bound with wire. This was then attached by wire to the end of a long pole which was run out over the top of the stump, so as to project a considerable distance beyond it, in the same manner as a bucket is suspended at the end of the old-fashioned wellpole that one occasionally sees

^{*}Obviously this hunting line followed the county line between Victoria and York, which had been run and marked in 1873. It is rather usual for trappers to take advantage of county lines and timber lines in setting their traps, hunting, etc., for not only are such lines well marked by blazes, but they are more or less brushed out, making travel easier than elsewhere.

in our country districts. The short end of the pole was weighted down, leaving the barrel suspended in the air. Bruin did not know how to trip this, while the squirrels can neither climb the wire or gnaw it off as they might if the same had been replaced by rope. We gathered some fresh fir boughs and here made our bed for the night.

The next morning we again took our packs and ascended a hill more than half a mile long, which divides the waters of Clearwater from those of the Little South West. From this elevation two lakes were visible, one to our left, a mile long,* being the head of this branch of the Little S. West, the other, to our right,** the head of Rocky Brook, two miles long. Neither of these are shown on our Province plans. Both, especially Dungarvon,° Lake, abound in trout.

Following the Little S. West through a tangled forest of spruce and fir encumbered by windfalls and underbrush, as evening drew on we pitched our tents ½ of a mile from the head of a deadwater on the Little S. West, which is three miles long.°° Where we camped there appeared to be no soil,—nothing but rocks covered with moss, which soon burnt off, leaving the bare stones in view. As the deadwater was

^{*} Now called Indian Lake, a very charming and elevated lake.

^{**} Moose, or Rocky Brook, Lake; also very pleasing, and the most elevated lake of any size in New Brunswick (1,673 feet above the sea).

[°]Apparently an alternative name for Moose Lake, perhaps given when it was supposed to empty into Dungarvon River, which is very near.

^{°°}This is the Crooked Deadwater, a great hunting ground. It is mapped (for the first time) in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XXIII, 323.

navigable for canoes, and as we could with some difficulty paddle, pole, and carry one down the stream which ran from it to the S. W. Lake, we concluded that we would make one. So next morning Mr. Braithwaite started out to find a pine fit for such a purpose. The one which he knew of proving unfit when cut down, he found another at a distance of about twenty rods, which, on cutting down, turned out to be a good tree. He. Mr. Flinn, and the cook set out to work, although it rained hard, and, with their axes, spokeshave, crooked knife, and an old adze or grub hoe which we had found in Turnbull's camp, the next day had made and carried on their backs to the head of the deadwater. 1/4 of a mile distant, one of the prettiest log canoes that I ever had seen. It was christened Molly in honor of a fair Abenaguis whom our Indian boy, Frank Sapier, was said to admire. Some of our party went down the deadwater for a short distance in it and came back with three black ducks and one golden eye. On their return they had seen near the head of the deadwater a couple of beavers feeding, but had failed to get a shot at them. These animals abound here. The next day as I was walking through the hardhacks and heaths which border the shore of the deadwater I saw several of their houses, which looked as if some one had piled up a lot of sticks cross wise over one another, in this case to the height of three or four feet. Indeed the exterior was but a confused mass of these.

"Molly," which was capable of carrying five men in still water, took two men and our supplies, and myself and one of the other men followed the shore of the deadwater. The travelling around it was very treacherous owing to the holes made by the otter, which, together with his slides, were very numerous.

When about a mile from the foot of the deadwater we met the "Molly" returning, and were ferried across at a singular place called the jaws,* where the deadwater is joined by another large stream which heads about two miles south of Gulquac Lake. This has several lakes on it. Neither it or the lakes are shown on any plan. At the jaws there is a singular horseback, probably of rock,** which runs across the barren for some miles. Its elevation above the surface is but a few feet. The jaws are at the point where it is intersected by the deadwater, thus rendering that stream very narrow. It is at this point that the Loupcerviers cross. As the trees are close down to the water's edge, and as the animals hate to show themselves on the heath, Mr. Braithwaite, taking advantage of this fact, set his Loupcervier traps winter before last, and caught here thirty-five of the animals, and last winter the further number of sixteen. pile of bones whitening in the autumn sun testified to the success of his operations.

As otter signs were plenty, Mr. Braithwaite placed a trap near the jaws, in which, on our return, was a splendid male hard and fast.

At the foot of the deadwater we found another hunting camp built of logs and birch bark, where we camped for the night. Here we were joined by Mr. Patchell and his son, Archie, who had remained be-

^{*}The accompanying photographs of the Jaws, of the Crooked Deadwater, of Mr. Braithwaite's camp and of the Trout Pool were taken by Professor A. H. Pierce, my companion on my trip to these places in August, 1904. The photograph of Big Lake was taken by Mr. M. I. Furbish, my companion on another trip to this lake in 1901.

^{**}It is really of glacial materials, boulders, gravel, etc.



The trout pool at the inlet is Little Southwest (Blg, or Tuadook Lake), one of the best trout pools in New Brunswick.



THE JAWS (seen from the West).



hind. When Archie was coming out at the Eastern Beaver Brook Lake, on the Turnbull portage, a very large male caribou had had the audacity to run up to one of the grey horses that the teamster was driving before him with packs on their backs. When at a distance of seventy feet, Archie fired at him with a partridge load, and Risteen, the teamster, followed up the charge with an axe, when the beast tossed his head, snorted, and ran off. Some years ago on Nashuaak a caribou did the same thing, ran up to a grey horse, evidently desirous of making his acquaintance.

We were in a game country. Even before we had crossed the Clearwater we saw plenty of fresh moose and caribou tracks. These are easily distinguished by the practiced eye, the form of their hoofs being very different. As Mr. Braithwaite had no hunting line from the foot of the deadwater to the Little S. West Lake, a distance of four miles, and as the brush was very thick, we commenced to bush a line to carry on.* In one of Mr. Braithwaite's sable traps I noticed the bones of an owl which had been caught in it.

On the 30th of September snow had fallen which remained until the next day. On the 2d of October kettles of water brought from the brook remained only a few minutes until they were skimmed over by ice. On the 3d of the same month we had snow again, indeed, snow squalls were very frequent. By the 4th of October we had bushed a trail and carried our supplies, tents and blankets to the head of the lower deadwater, which has to the east a gloomy lake** 34

^{*}This trail is still open, and used by hunters.

^{**} Pocket Lake, dominated by a mountain, Braithwaite's Mountain, to the eastward.

of a mile long, connected to it with a deep wide channel. This lake is shown also on no plan. While two of our men poled and dragged the canoe down the river, over falls, jams, and beaver dams, the country through which we travelled was covered by a thick tangled growth of underbrush and by a great quantity of fallen trees. We kept near the stream nearly all the way to avoid the round hills which surrounded us, and of which we obtained occasional glimpses each time that we came down the river, here from three to four rods wide, and which here presented trout pools whose surface had never been disturbed by other than natural flies. The hills were covered by fir and spruce, largely the white, whose slender and pointed tops rose high above the summits of its less lofty companion.

The second deadwater of which I have spoken is about a mile long. Its gloomy shores are fringed on either side by barrens, and its banks overhung by low densely growing shrubs. Beavers were here numerous, and we noticed where they had eaten the leaves of the water lily and saw the sticks which covered several of their houses. On arriving at the head of the deadwater, at which our canoe was arrived already, we deposited our burdens, while the rest of the company went back on the trail to bring up the balance of our bed clothes. Fortunately our trail had struck one of Homes* old pine timber roads cut fifty years ago, and thus we had saved a good deal of labor. Having gone away a few rods from the head of the deadwater, which is a splendid fishing point for sea trout, just at the junction of the rapid stream

^{*}For whom Holmes Lake was named. All this region was lumbered for pine long before the spruce became of any value.

with the still waters below, on my return to the shore a strange scene met my view. One of the company was hurrying up the shore with Mr. Braithwaite's rifle in his hand, while Frank Sapier, our Indian boy of seventeen, unemotional as all of his race, silently pointed over the stream into the thicket on the other side. The northern shore at this point was low and flat, while the other bank was steep and covered by a thick mass of evergreens. Frank stood on the gravelly shore of the brook. As I neared him he whispered, "Moose, moose." Peering into the dark forest in the direction indicated by Frank's finger, at at distance of 150 feet, I saw as in a vignette, spruce surrounded, the head and antlers of a huge bull moose. It was perfectly motionless. He was apparently contemplating our party with astonishment and evident hate and terror. At this time of year their wonted timidity deserts them, and these then lords of the forest will sometimes approach and even charge upon him who disturbs their ancient domain. By this time my companion advanced, took aim with his rifle, and fired. As soon as the smoke cleared away I again saw that grim head and those demonic horns motionless as before. Surely, I said to myself, we must all have been mistaken. These horns must be the twisted and tangled limbs of some ancient cedar which imagination has formed into horns, and that head so motionless must be the part of some dead tree which the bark has left grey in the winter of its decay. Was our imagination reviewing the freaks of childhood and dressing wonted objects in unwonted guise? Again the rifle was raised, and again those everlasting hills from their undisturbed solitudes reverberated its sound. When the smoke again cleared away the head and horns had vanished, and the crashing of the

branches witnessed to the reality of the appearance which I had seen. Frank and my companion followed the animal's trail for some distance without finding any evidence that it had been wounded, though they discovered a few drops of blood in or near its tracks. The game was gone, and we were left in mute astonishment. I imagine the animal contemplated a charge, and, that, if we had not attacked him, he would have done so to us. The moose is an awkward animal, and in order to have avoided him it would only have been necessary to have stepped behind a tree which one could easily dodge around.

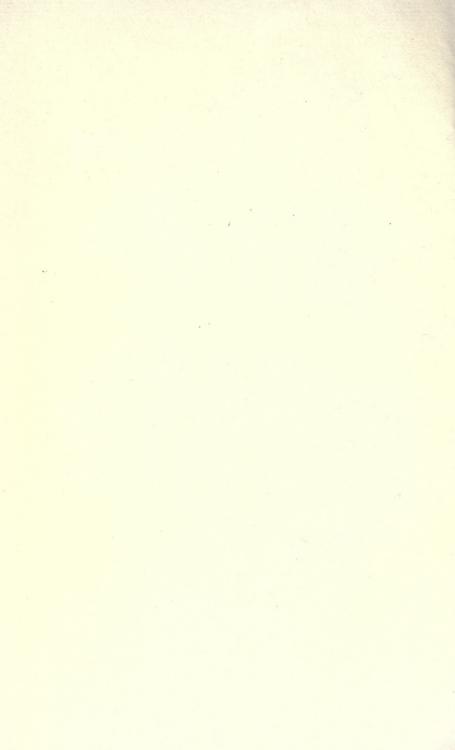
Three of us descended the deadwater with the baggage in the canoe, while the others made their way through the woods. At about a mile's distance we came to a series of rapids, where the brook is full of granite boulders, among which it rushes down a deep descent for about 1/4 of a mile, where it joins the Little South West Lake,** which is about 3 or 4 miles long. Our canoe and baggage was carried from the foot of this deadwater to the shore of the lake, where we found the last of Mr. Braithwaite's hunting camps, the roof and sides of which had fallen in. This we set about repairing as best we could with birch bark, which Mr. Braithwaite succeeded in pulling from a tree down the lake. After dinner Mr. Braithwaite, in company with another person, took the canoe and baggage down to the foot of the lake, while a party of men walked around the shore of the lake to join him in order to find the boundary tree,* from which

^{*} Also called Big, or Tuadook, Lake.

^{**}Apparently on a north and south line run a year or two earlier by Freeze, as shown on the accompanying map. No doubt the reason for this expedition, to run only a single line, was that lumbering for spruce was about to be commenced, and it was necessary to mark off the timber limits for revenue purposes.



A view eastward along Little Southwest (Big or Tuadook) Lake from its western end. In the middle background is Braithwaite's Mountain,



we were to start our line, which was distant from our camp about seven miles, as there were no other lines in the vicinity. The head of the Little South West Lake was about 3/4 of a mile from the camp. This end of it was very shoal and full of grass and weeds, among which we could see flocks of black ducks feeding. Close to our camp, at the entrance of the inlet into the lake, was a famous trout pool, where we could stand on granite boulders and cast a fly without any danger of entangling our lines in overhanging trees. Out of this we took a number of trout, some of a pound in weight; one weighed 23/4 lbs., but, as they were not in season and did not taste very well, we did not trouble this spot much.*

The shores of the lake here are usually low and fringed with sapling pine, whose light green tops waved beneath the wind, murmuring softly to the cold wind which was blowing among their boughs. The ice was making in the lake every night and snow squalls were frequent for some days. The land just at the head of the lake was low, but at the distance of a mile or so the Cow Mountains, a range of hills thus named by the lumbermen, which extended north

^{*}In the other copy, Mr. Jack adds at this point: "I had been once before at this spot. The month was July. I cut a common pole, and with a line of salmon twine, to which was attached a mackerel hook covered with red flannel for bait, in a few minutes two of us caught more than we wanted. I have known a trout weighing 6½ lbs. to be caught here." He refers to his visit here in 1873, when he ran a line from surveys further south, to and across, the lake, as shown on the map. The late R. H. Lyle, who was here a year later running other lines to the northward, wrote me that he had caught two trout weigling together 13 pounds in this pool. As to Mr. Jack's surveys of 1873 and 1883, his original plans of both are in the Crown Land office at Fredericton.

apparently until they joined the range of mountains on the head of Nepisiguit. A large flat country extended east from their base, while their sides seemed to be well clothed with spruce. A small brook running out of another little lake* empties into the head of the Little S. West, and here we found a motley collections of catarmarans and canoes. The logs of the catamarans were of cedar, pointed at the forward part so as to enable the navigator to propel them more easily through the water. These were held together by cross pieces which were firmly fastened each to the other by cross pieces having holes cut in them, through which wedges were driven. Of the canoes, one was a log canoe of immense size, which had been cut in two, leaving a square end on which pieces of board were nailed. These were calked so as to ex-Here also was one made from clude the water. spruce bark.** The gunwale was made from two round poles. Outside, or rather beneath these, were narrow strips of wood pressed against the upper edge of the bark. These pieces compressing the edge of the bark were tied to the gunwale by means of the inner bark of the cedar, which is very tough, so much so that the Indians nearly always use it instead of straps in carrying their loads, which they do largely by means of the forehead, across which the cedar bark

^{*}Irland Pond, named for the well-known sportsman-writer who has been several times in this region with Henry Braithwaite. The reader may find this lake and surroundings mapped in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XX, 1901, 461.

^{**} Hind, the geologist, crossed the portage from Long Lake to this place in 1864, and his Indians made a spruce bark canoe in which they went to the outlet of the lake. (Report on Geology of N. B., 1865, page 152).

is placed. A round pole was tied to the gunwales across the centre of this strange craft, and the bow and stern, which showed the only seams were sewed up. A piece of wood on either side compressed the bark together. The tops of the gunwales at stem and stern were strongly tied together by bands of cedar bark, some hoops answering the purpose of ribs, while some twenty pieces of cedar served for floor boards. In the centre the gunwales were tied together by pieces of cedar bark well sewed. At one of the ends the fastening was made by means of a piece of codline and a leather thong. The model was good. spruce bark canoes are built and shape given them by driving stakes in the ground, just as the Indians do when building their birch bark canoes. canoe had been built by some solitary hunter, as it was capable of carrying but one person. Coming to the old blazes or spots which marked the Indian portage, we followed them for a mile, when we came to a spot where a party had camped some years before. We noticed, not far from this, in pencil on a tree, the words, "John Cameron, T. Paul, June 16th, 1869." Beneath were some words in Indian. The camping ground had probably been that of Capt. Maunsel's party, including two ladies, who some years since ascended the Tobique to its source, and thence by this portage descended the Little S. West to Newcastle. The ladies must have possessed great courage, since the descent of the Little S. West, a very rough and rapid river, would be sufficient to make any men feel uneasy, to say nothing about ladies.*

^{*}The reader may find a description of this rough river in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XX, 1901, 54.

As I have mentioned our Abenequis boy. Frank. and he was a character, I may here say a few words of him. Frank was always good-natured laughing at the big loads which he had to carry from day to day. We had brought some coffee with us, and one morning the cook made us a good kettle of it. When Frank put his to his mouth and tasted the liquid, he said in a most surprised manner, "Wha, what sort of tea is that?" meanwhile expressing the utmost surprise. He had never tasted coffee before. possessed an insatiable desire of acquiring knowledge. When we camped the first night I heard him asking some of the men how some word was spelled. When they told him, he repeated the letters after them. On questioning him, I found that he could spell a number of words. He said that he had learned this much from the men on the Burnt Hill drive last spring. Having with me a copy of the New Testament, I made Frank a present of it, and it was a strange and pleasing sight to watch his swarthy face and bright intelligent eye as he sat by our flickering camp fire spelling over the words of our blessed Lord's prayer. He said that he had spent two days at the Indian school opposite Fredericton, which was started only a short time since by the Government of the Dominion. It is very strange that these poor people have been so long neglected. With all due thanks to the present Government of the Dominion for this just act, one cannot but regret that it had not been done sooner, as no doubt there are many of the Abenequis, who, like Frank, have thirsted after knowledge if they had known where to obtain it. There is another Indian school also started by the present government of the Dominion. It is at the mouth of the Tobique. Miss Hartt, of Grand Falls, is the teacher. She has already

done wonders in the way of teaching the young Indians whom she finds especially ready at figures.

Sunday, 7th of October. Summer has returned. As I sit alone in our little wigwam, the flies buzz around my head while the warm wind sighs among the trees breathing its softest tones as it waves the topmost boughs of the lofty pine. The bright sun is shining through the pointed spiry top of a tall white spruce to the west of the camp, making its leaves appear as of silver spray, while the blue waters of the lake glimmer through the dark foliage of the evergreen trees. I listen, but there is no voice, no sound, save the murmur of the wind or the voice of the water as it splashes lazily against the shore or descends the rapids among the boulders in the brook. The leaves of the few white birches which stand about the camp are of a sickly yellowing green, while others more exposed are brown. The leaves of a cluster of mountain ash trees are of a brownish red, harmonizing well with the ensanguined hue of its bitter berries, whose brilliant color has attracted more than one partridge to its fate at our hands.

On the morning of the 8th how changed was the scene. The centre of the lake opposite our camp was all ice. The night had been very cold and calm. The only living object visible was a solitary little grebe, who seemed to revel in the unwonted coldness of its waters. The black ducks had left for a warmer climate. Thenceforth we could only expect the presence of sea ducks and wild geese, some of whom had already begun to make their appearance.

On the 9th the party sent to bring up the line returned with a great load of caribou meat. They had found the boundary tree of which they had been in search. Just at the moment that Mr. Braithwaite

had discovered this, with a spring beside it, of which also the party had been in search, as water was scarce among the rocks, a splendid cow caribou walked up to the party, looking enquiringly at them. Mr. Braithwaite took the cover off of his gun, put in a couple of charges of buck shot, and killed her at the first fire. This meat came in good play, as they were short of food, and would have had a poor time without it. Mr. Braithwaite, on leaving us in the canoe, said to one of the men, "Take a good supply of cream of tartar and but little soda." So well had they complied with his request, that, on my asking Frank, on his return, how they had fared for bread, he said, "Just right, we had bread that would make good moccasin skins." So, soon as he had found the corner or boundary tree, Mr. Braithwaite started a line west towards the S. West lakes,* leaving one man behind to cure the caribou meat, which is done as follows: The meat is carefully cut in strips from the bones, a small smoke is made upon the ground, around this four stakes are driven,, and upon them is placed a framework of fir, which gives no taste to the meat, which is placed upon it, where it is subjected to the action of smoke for a sufficient time to cure it, being turned from time to time so as to enable the smoke to act completely upon it. the weather become moist, the meat can be protected by a covering of birch bark. When cured this way, meat will keep good for months without the addition of salt.

Beavers were plentiful about the lake, and Mr.

^{*}It is shown on the accompanying map. Recently I asked Mr. Braithwaite in a letter whether he remembered this trip, and he told me he did, and gave me further facts about it.

Braithwaite on his way down had set a trap, which he found sprung on his return, with a beaver's paw in it.

The line started by Mr. Braithwaite crossed the head of the main S. West, here a stream as large as the Nashuaak at Stanley. It is shown on no plan. Near the crossing place Mr. Braithwaite noticed what he thought were salmon. On going down he found that the fish were sea trout on their spawning beds. How far this river extends to the north, I cannot sav. but it must be for ten or fifteen miles from the glimpses that I got from a high hill, which showed me an extensive valley extending up to the mountains on the head of the Nepisiguit, apparently a lumber country. I could distinguish pine tops among the spruce. This is but one specimen of our ignorance of our own country. We rely on our timber lands to pay our debts, and here is a country of which we absolutely know nothing.*

The line which ran true west for more than ten miles, until it connected with the county line between Northumberland and Victoria for at least one-third of the distance, is through first class black spruce land, the best, Mr. Braithwaite said, that he knew of on the Miramichi.** He climeed [trees] several times, and said that from what he could see, he believed that this first class black spruce country extended for a very considerable distance to the north. He also said that to the north and east he saw the fog rising from what appeared to be a large lake.° We had

^{*}The country of which he speaks has recently been studied and mapped; a full account is in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XXIII, 1905.

^{**} It has since been extensively lumbered.

[&]quot;No doubt Gover Lake, where now he has a hunting camp

certainly found a large body of black spruce and pine, and ascertained the fact that a very considerable portion of the main Little S. West, and numerous lakes, had found no place on the plan of the province.

As there was very little soil in this country, and as it had been subjected to high winds, it was very difficult to run lines in, owing to the great quantity of blown down firs, by which it was in places covered. Our work completed here, we took our canoe to the head of the lower deadwater and hauled it out, and shouldered our packs for Burnt Hill. At the upper deadwater Mr. Braithwaite found a splendid otter in one of his traps, and a beaver's paw in another, which he had set for a beaver, and not for otter. Just as we were returning to our old camping ground where we made the canoe, Mr. Flinn and Frank were ahead of me, when a hugh bear rushed past Mr. Flinn, who called out to Frank, who had the rifle in his hand. It was, however, unloaded, and Bruin escaped.

The rest of the party made their way to Clearwater, while Mr. Braithwaite and Frank went into the forest for three days by themselves to connect the Jewett survey with one of the mile trees on the county line, so as to establish the accuracy of our survey, which differed a mile from those brought up by others from the mouth of the Little S. West.* On this trip Mr. Braithwaite saw on the head of Rocky Brook two moose and the numerous tracks of others.

We could have loaded teams with the products of the chase. And just here an idea strikes me. The time and place remind me that this is that centennial year which we have looked forward to as the time in

^{*} He probably refers here to the Berton survey of this river made in 1838.

which to do honor to the memories of the departed heroes who first laid the corner stone of our Country. Memorial halls and monuments have been suggested, but would it not be in better keeping with the subject if we should endeavor to perpetuate their remembrance by setting apart a portion of the county which they came to occupy, retaining it as they found it, as a park, in which the moose, caribou, and beaver, who were the sole residents of the country when the Loyalists first landed,* might be preserved for future generations.

In the heart of New Brunswick there is a forest covered country, whose soil is stones, if I may be allowed to use such an expression. But I can convey in no better manner its utter worthlessness for agricultural purposes. It comprises the territory of the head waters of the S. West Miramichi, Nepisiguit, and Tobique. It may be described as follows: Beginning at the northwest angle of Northumberland, thence running southerly 57 miles along the line of this county; thence easterly parallel with the line between Restigouche and Northumberland 33 miles; thence northerly parallel to the first mentioned line of Northumberland 57 miles to the line between Restigouche and Northumberland; then westward along the same to the place of beginning, comprising 1881 sq. miles. By this no injury would be done to settlements, since it includes no settling land, and the forest rangers who would look after the game, would also serve as fire protectors of the forest, and moose, caribou, and beaver would soon become abundant. When sufficiently plenty, hunting permits might be

^{*} A statement much more striking than accurate.

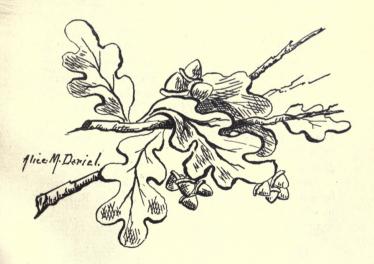
given, which would be a resource for the maintenance of the park.*

The protection of the woods from destruction by fire is especially desirable. We have been, and are yet, doing our best to destroy our timber lands by means of our Free Grants and Labor Acts, \$6,000 being voted last session to be expended in this form. as if our farming lands were of so little value that we had to pay people to become settlers upon them, thus bringing our country into contempt abroad. only a few weeks since I was shown by Dr. Kingdon a work issued last year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, giving directions to emigrants. In describing New Brunswick, it says under the heading "Free Grants," in large letters, "Anyone can get 100 acres of land in New Brunswick by settling on it and paying \$20, or by performing that amount of work on the roads and bridges." The damage to our timber by these silly and wicked Acts can be counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars. instance I have now in my view. The Kouchibouguac, which would have yielded a constant revenue to the Province of \$4,000 a year, has been so burnt up and destroyed by the location of settlers under these Acts on timber lands unfitted for settlement, that it will soon be nearly valueless for any purpose.

It is about time that the Province of New Brunswisk should awake to the necessity of preserving its timber.

^{*}This proposal has been revived, independently, within recent years, under the auspices of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, and in 1901 the House of Assembly passed a bill authorizing the Governor-in-Council to set aside such a park of not over 900 square miles in extent. But no steps have been taken to carry it into effect.

To return from this digression to the proposed memorial park-two of the side lines of this being county lines, are already surveyed, leaving two others to be completed. The best man to survey these lines and to take charge of this park would be my friend, Mr. Henry Braithwaite, the best hunter in New Brunswick, one who is well acquainted with this county, and who also knows all of the hunting ways, as well as the habits of all the animals which frequent our forests. He says that this can be done at a cost of \$2,000 per year, and that large sums of money can be obtained from hunting licenses, enough to pay all expenses. I propose to meet this \$2,000 by abolishing bear bounties, which are utterly useless, injurious to the trade of the country, and an encouragement to idleness, and appropriating the money so saved to the protection of game in Centennial Park from extinction and the forest trees standing there from fire.



Prehistoric Times in New Brunswick.

N the beginning of the last century Wordsworth said:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers; Little we see in nature that is ours."

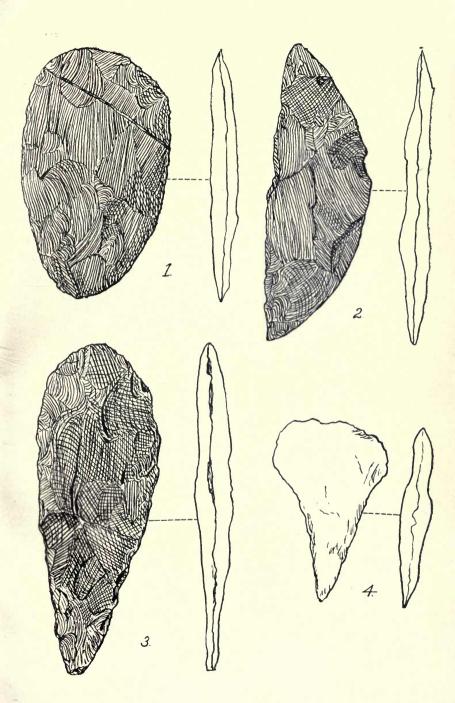
These words apply even with more force to our own time, when the present seems to crowd out contemplation of the past and leaves little time for thought of the future. There will always be found a number, however, for whom a view of the early history of man will have attractions, and for such in our midst I write these few notes.

Investigators are agreed that early man was a savage with no local habitation and no religion; he was a hunter and a fisher. Among the various agencies which lifted man from his lowly state to his present position, the use of tools occupies a prominent place.

In another journal* I have described some of the implements made by the early inhabitants of this province, and in the present article I wish to draw attention to a few of the specimens that have been added recently to the collection of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick. The archæological collections of this society are steadily growing, and now afford very valuable material for students and investigators.

The drawings from which the illustrations have been made were executed by Mr. Charles F. B. Rowe, to whom I wish to express my thanks.

^{*}Bulletin N. H. S. of N. B.





STONE KNIVES.

Savage man needed a knife, and in this region he made it of stone. Two excellent specimens have been presented to the museum by Mr. Duncan London, of Lakeville Corner, Sunbury Co. No doubt many specimens of so-called arrowheads and spearheads were fitted with wooden handles and used as knives, but these implements would appear to have been specially made for cutting purposes. Figure I represents a very interesting specimen of an aboriginal knife. Mr. London found the larger part of it in the spring of 1889 on the southwest shore of Maquapit Lake. In the following year, while carefully examining the same ground, he found the smaller part, and united them with cement. The fracture is shown in the drawing. Many of the anticles found on this shore are broken, and I think in most cases this has been done by pasturing cattle, who frequent this locality and cut up the soil with their hoofs. material is a very dark red felsite, it is very nicely chipped, and is oval in shape. It has a slight "wind." The illustration (actual size) shows two views this specimen.

The specimen shown in Figure 2 was also found on the southwest shore of Maquapit Lake by Mr. London in 1902, and is the only one of its kind in our collections. The material is petrosilex, a substance well suited for the purpose of the aboriginal workman. Petrosilex is a hard silicious rock of volcanic origin, but not so glass-like as obsidian. This knife does not show much evidence of use. It is three and a half inches long, and probably a wooden handle was fitted on the straight side, which is chipped to an edge for that purpose. Thus hafted, this implement

was probably used by the women to remove the fat from the skins of animals. It reminds me very much of the Ulu or woman's knife in use among the Eskimo women for this purpose, and is of about the same size as some figured by Dr. Thos. Wilson in Report Smithsonian Institute, 1897, U. S. National Museum, page 950, pl. 44.

SPEARHEAD.

The spear is a weapon of high antiquity, and students hold that it long antedates the arrow. In prehistoric times spearheads of stone were attached to shafts of wood, probably measuring from six to ten feet in length. With these weapons the early inhabitants of this region could strike down large game or contend with their savage neighbors.

Figure 3 shows one of these spearheads found on the shores of Maquapit Lake. It has been chipped from a piece of dark greenish grey petrosilex, and is quite smooth with wear.

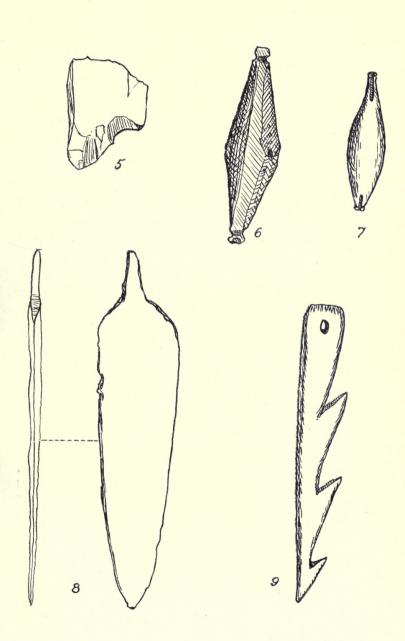
BORER.

Among the tools that pre-historic man brought into use at about the same time that he learned the use of the arrow, we find implements classed as borers or perforators.

So far as I know, very few of these have been found in New Brunswick, and the only specimen in the collection of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick was found on the shore of Maquapit Lake.

It is made of white quartz, a very durable and attractive material. Two views of this tool are shown in Fig. 4.

It is not always possible to distinguish clearly be-





tween a borer and an arrowhead, as no doubt the same implement could be used for either purpose.

ARROW-SHAFT SCRAPER.

The invention of the bow and arrow has been assigned to Neolithic times, and Dr. Thomas Wilson considers that it marks an epoch in man's history equal to the discovery of gunpowder in the historic period.

The bows and arrows of the old inhabitants decayed long ago, but the stone arrow-heads may still be found in many parts of the province.

In the making of arrow shafts, stone scrapers were used, and one of these implements made of chalcedony was found in 1901 at Maquapit Lake. An illustration is shown in Fig. 5 (actual size). So far as I know, this is the only specimen of this kind yet recorded in this province.

SINKERS.

Figs. 6 and 7 represent objects unlike anything heretofore in the collections. The larger specimen (6) was found in 1903 on French Island, in French Lake. It is made from hard red shale, and, as will be seen by the drawing, has a notch at both ends. The smaller specimen is made of a greenish grey argillite. It is spindle shaped and somewhat flattened on both sides.

At each extremity it is finely notched, and on one side, at both ends, a grove extends for about one-quarter of an inch. This object was probably used for a sinker, but if such was the case, the line upon which it was fastened must have been very fine.

IRON LANCEHEADS.

The savages inhabiting this region when it was discovered by Europeans lived almost wholly by the chase. When European traders came this way the natives were quick to see the superiority of iron to stone, and it would seem that traders made articles required from stone patterns received here.

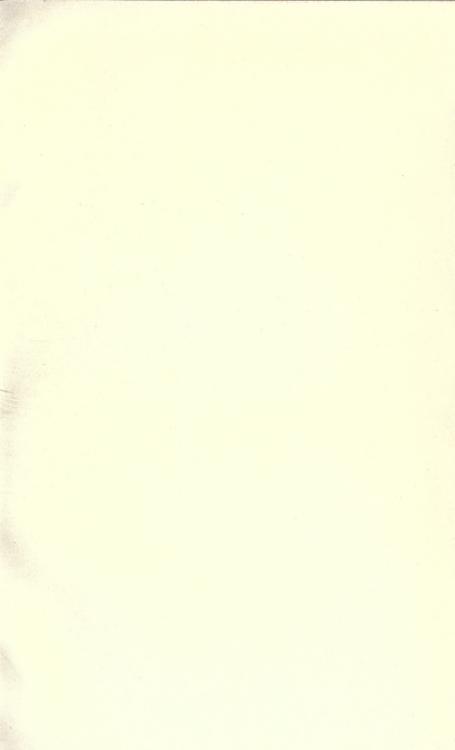
Fig. 8 shows an iron lancehead (actual size). The tang is short, and in this respect, as well as in the length of the blade, it is very like a type of stone lancehead described by Dr. G. F. Matthew from the village site of Bocabec.

IRON HARPOONS.

Before the arrival of Europeans the natives used bone harpoons in fishing, a good specimen of which has been found here. The iron harpoon shown in Fig. 9 is three barbed on one side, and has an oval hole in head for attachment to a thong. Directly over the eyehole the head of the harpoon slopes to a thin edge, evidently to facilitate insertion in a wooden shaft.

Similar harpoons have been found in other parts of America as well as in Europe, and it is possible that harpoons of this kind have been made in France from bone specimens brought from those shores by some voyageurs.

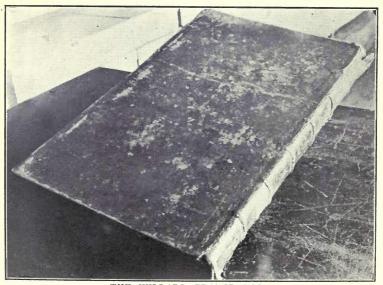
S. W. KAIN.





SAMUEL WILLARD.

Loyalist pensioner, died at Lancaster, Massachusetts,
January 1, 1856, aged 96 years.



THE WILLARD PRAYER BOOK.

Che Loyalist Willards.



T the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the Willards were the most prominent and well-to-do residents of the town of Lancaster, Massachusetts. They were descendants of Major Simon Willard, the vet-

eran leader of troopers in King Philip's war, and father of seventeen children—fourteen of whom arrived at

maturity and had issue.*

Nahum, Abijah, Levi and Abel were sons of Col. Samuel Willard, who commanded the Worcester County regiment at the capture of Louisburg in 1745. These four brothers were Loyalists, and all suffered severely for their adherence to the royal cause. Dr. Nahum Willard lost practice and prosperity by his "Toryism," removed to Uxbridge, Mass., and there died. April 26, 1792. Lieutenant-Colonel Levi Willard served as ensign in his father's regiment at Louisburg in 1745, at the age of eighteen years. He was of the extensive mercantile firm of Willard & Ward. He died at Lancaster, July 11, 1775. Abel Willard was a lawyer. He took refuge in Boston, and, at the evacuation, sailed for Nova Scotia. Thence he went to England, in 1776, and died in London. November 19, 1781.

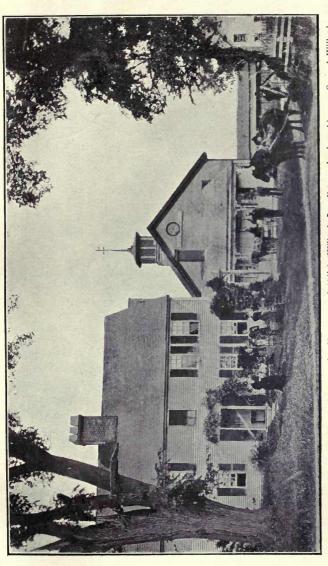
Abijah Willard — gentleman, soldier, landed proprietor, man of affairs—was born at Lancaster, July 27, 1724. The house where he was born, built

^{*&}quot; Willard Memoir," by Joseph Willard, 1858.

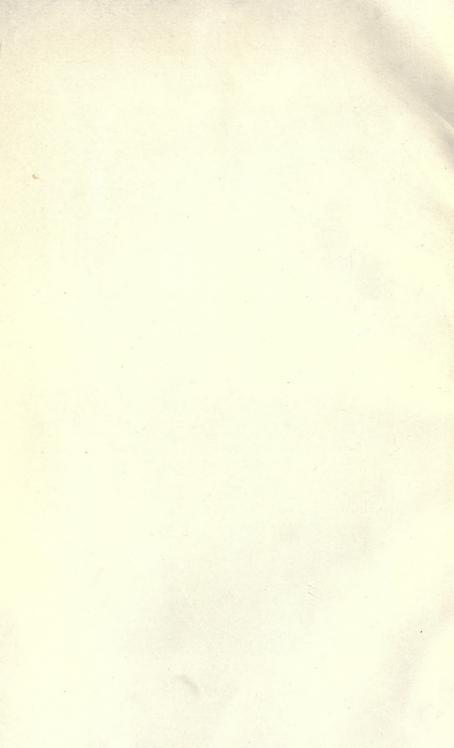
in 1687, is still standing-now in the town of Harvard.* He married (1) December 2, 1747, Elizabeth, daughter of Hon, Benjamin Prescott, of Groton; (2) in 1752, Anna, daughter of John Prentice, of Lancaster; (3) in 1772, Mary, widow of John McKown. of Boston. Abijah Willard was made captain or captain-lieutenant in his father's regiment, before Louisburg, in 1745, at the age of twenty-one. 1755 he commanded a company, composed principally of Lancastrians, in the expedition against the French in Nova Scotia. His orderly book and journal of this campaign are preserved in family archives. transcript, "verbatim literatim et punctuatim," made in 1885 by the Hon. Henry S. Nourse, historian of Lancaster, Mass., who died in 1903, is in the town library of Lancaster. The Journal begins April 9, when his company marched forth from Lancaster, and ends abruptly on January 6, 1756. His command sailed from Boston, May 22, on the sloop "Victory," with the fleet organized for this expedition, arrived off Annapolis May 26, and, later, took part in the Capture of Fort Beausejour. August 6, under sealed orders from Col. Monckton, he started for Baie Verte. There were some thrilling experiences with Fundy's world-beating tides. August 9, the whole command had a narrow escape from being engulfed by the roaring and inrushing waters on the precipitous shores of the Basin of Minas. The journal says, regarding this incident:

The men being frightened, travelled as fast as possible. We was obliged to travel two miles before we could escape

^{*}An account of this ancient house, with illustration, is given in Nourse's "History of the Town of Harvard, Mass.," p. 82. Abijah Willard's family removed to the house known as "The Willard Mansion," in Lancaster, Mass., when Abijah was an infant of some two years.



Willard Mansion, Lancaster, Mass., the home for fifty years of Abijah Willard, Loyalist, and where his son Samuel Willard, Loyalist, died in 1856. From a photograph taken in 1879. Copy furnished by J. C. L. Clark. Esq. Some changes in the appearance of the house have since been made.



the tide and before we got to the upland, where we could get up the banks, was obliged to wade in the rear up to their middles, and just escaped being washed away. * * * * At this place by the be't observation the tides rise 80 foot.

Under date of August 13, the journal relates:

* * * * met Capt. Lewis with his party, and then I opened my orders, which was surprising to me, for my orders was to burn all the houses that I found on the road to the Bay of Verts against the Island of Saint John's [Prince Edward Island.]

He proceeded to burn houses and vessels, barns and crops, and generally to devastate the country, marching the French men, whom he could collect, to Fort Cumberland (as Beausejour had been re-named in honor of the Duke of Cumberland). He relates his experiences at Shepody, Petitcodiac, etc., etc., and regarding his operations at one of the principal settlements, after showing that the Frenchmen "chose to leave their families," he says:

* * * * this afternoon I ordered the whole to be drawed up in a body, and bid the French men march off and sott fire to their buildings, and left the women and children to take care of themselves with great lamentation, which I must confess it seemed to be something shocking.

Abijah Willard received the rank of colonel after this expedition, and, in 1759 and 1760, commanded a regiment in the campaigns of Amherst against the French in old Canada. His orderly book, above referred to, contains the regimental orders for June and July, 1759.

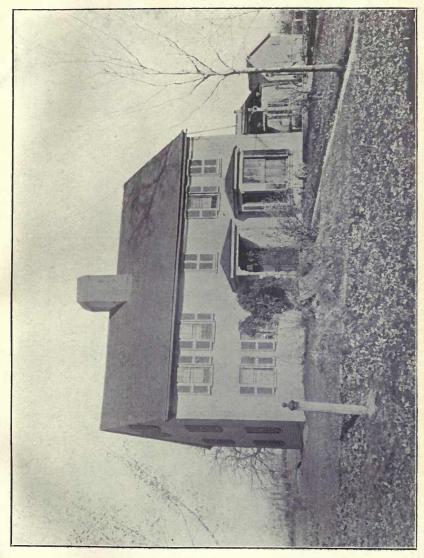
After the capture of Quebec and Montreal, and the ending of French rule in Canada, war alarms ceased for a time, and Col. Willard was enabled, while performing various duties of good citizenship, to attend to the improvement of his estates, etc. But trouble was brewing, and the contest between the Whigs and Tories becoming acute. In 1774 Col. Willard was

one of the thirty-six councillors for the Province of Massachusetts, appointed by royal writ of mandamus. These appointments greatly raised the wrath of the Whigs, or Patriots. Col. Willard, while paying a visit to an estate which he owned in Connecticut, was seized by the mob, taken some six miles towards the nearest jail, and only released upon signing a document, August 25, 1774, agreeing not to serve as a Mandamus Councillor.

On the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, Col. Willard, who was the wealthiest citizen of Lancaster, took a horse from his stables, and filling his saddlebags with seeds, started to ride to Beverley, with the intention of spending a few days in superintending planting and sowing on a large farm which he owned there. He did not sow his seeds at Beverley, but on that eventful day seeds of another sort were sown, which bore, and are still bearing, a great and wonderful harvest. On his way he came upon the minute-men thronging to Concord and Lexingtonand the fight was on. Col. Willard kept on riding. He rode as far as Boston and joined Governor Gage and the British. He never saw the pleasant vales of Lancaster or his paternal estates again. He was among those who were proscribed and banished and their estates confiscated.

Col. Willard was appointed by Gen. Gage captain of the first company of "Loyal American Associates" of Boston.

On the morning of June 17, 1775, Gen. Gage and some of his officers stood on an eminence in Boston watching the operations of the Colonial troops, who were fortifying Breed's Hill. Col. Willard recognized, through a field glass, the tall form of his brother-in-law, Col. Prescott, directing operations.





Gen. Gage questioned him regarding Prescott, and asked, "Will he fight?" Col. Willard had campaigned in Nova Scotia with Prescott twenty years previously and knew something of his quality. He replied, "Aye, sir; he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins." "The works must be carried," said Gage,-and that day Bunker Hill was fought.* The works were carried after three assaults, and when, it is said, Prescott's ammunition gave out. When Boston became untenable and the evacuation took place. Col. Willard accompanied the British troops, with a thousand other loyal refugees, who went to Nova Scotia. As one of the British officers put it, using a phrase of that period, "Neither 'Hell, Hull nor Halifax' can afford worse shelter than Boston."**

Col. Willard later served as commissary at Long Island. Sabine's "Loyalists" states that he could have had a commission as colonel in the royal service if he had desired, but he would not bear arms against his countrymen. In 1779 he went to England from New York, and remained there some two years, returning to New York in 1781. At the close of the war, in 1783, he, with fifty-four others, formed "the fifty-five" petitioners for grants of land in Nova Scotia. He probably went to England the same year, and appears to have been in London in February, 1784. This name frequently appears in the pamphlets published in London in 1784, signed "Viator" and "Consistent Loyalist," — the former criticising his conduct and the latter upholding him. He was

** Frothingham, p. 312.

°° Winslow Papers, p. 165.

^{*} Frothingham, "History of the Siege of Boston," p. 126.

o Joseph Willard, note in Willard orderly book.

among the grantees of Carleton of 1783, and upon his return to New York from England in 1784, he proceeded to his new home in New Brunswick.*

He was sworn in as one of His Majesty's councillors for the new province of New Brunswick, and St. John, November 22, 1784. He "chose a residence

Abijah Willard Town Clerk

on the coast of New Brunswick, near St. John, which he named Lancaster, in remembrance of his beloved birthplace."** His years at the new Lancaster were but few. He died in May, 1789, in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Nourse writes: "As thousands of French Neutrals, from Georgia to Massachusetts Bay, sighed away their lives with grieving for their lost Acadia, so we know Abijah Willard, so long as he lived, looked westward with yearning heart toward that elm-shaded home so familiar to all Lancastrians."

In personal appearance, Col. Willard is described as "large and portly," of "stately presence and dignified manner."

Some time — probably fifteen of twenty years — after his death, his son, Samuel, who was also a Loyalist settler in New Brunswick, returned to Massachusetts, and the family took up its abode at the old homestead in Lancaster, which

** Nourse, "The Military Annals of Lancaster, Mass." p. 197. Hence the parish of Lancaster.

^{*}Aug. 9, 1784, Col. Willard, with a thousand refugees, I hear, is embarking for Nova Scotia.—Diary of Justice Peter Oliver, in England.

formed a portion of the one-third interest in his estate which the confiscation acts allowed the wife of an absentee Loyalist "to the end of her life, or her residence in any of the United States of America." Abijah Willard's property was all seized under the Massachusetts Act, passed April 30, 1779, "to confiscate the estates of certain notorious conspirators." Among the numerous original documents cencerning his estate, at the Worcester County probate records, is a full inventory of the confiscated property—many parcels of real estate, personal property, household effects, plate, books, pamphlets, farm stock, etc., and even "one-fifth part of a pew in Lancaster meeting-house," valued at fifteen dollars.

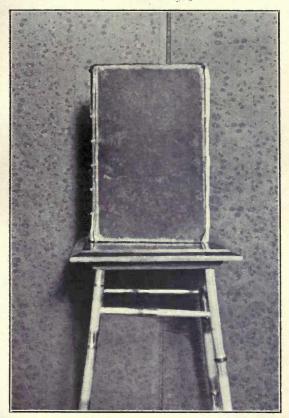
Col. Willard's widow died December 16, 1807, at Lancaster Mass., where her gravestone is standing in "the middle cemetery." His son, Samuel, died at Lancaster, Mass., January 1, 1856, ae. 96, and his daughter, Anna, widow of Hon, Benjamin Goodhue, of Salem, August 2, 1858, ae. 95. Says Mr. Nourse: "Memories of their wholly pleasant and beneficent lives, abounding in social amenities and Christian graces, still linger about the old mansion." two children received, to the end of their days, small pensions (£20 per annum) from the British government, as "American Lovalists." Some of the youchers are still extant at Lancaster. Col. Willard had one other child who survived him-Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Wales-who died at Lancaster, Mass., in 1822.

Thus it will be seen that the days of Abijah Willard, Loyalist founder and member of the first council of New Brunswick, were few in the new province, and that none of his posterity there remained. The parish of Lancaster is his memorial.

While this paper was being prepared, the Lancaster, Mass., town library came into possession, through a great-granddaughter of Col. Willard, of a once magnificent prayer-book, which is believed to have formerly belonged to Col. Willard. Its battered covers (161/4 by 101/4 inches) bear upon them, in faded gilt, the crowned monogram of King George fifteen times. The book was given by Col. Willard's son, Samuel, to the latter's daughter, Mrs. Jeremiah Lyon, who died at Lancaster, Mass., in 1884, ae. 85 years, the record of her death stating that she was born in New Brunswick. It bears imprint, Oxford, 1783, "cum privilegio." One fly-leaf has been cut out. What is the story of this interesting old prayerbook? Was it a royal gift to the member of the newly-formed government of New Brunswick? Perhaps someone can throw light upon the subject.

The old home of "the Loyalist Willards," the beautiful town of Lancaster-on-the-Nashua, as at present constituted, comprises an area of twenty-eight square miles, and has a population of 2,478 souls. There modern culture and liberality eminently hold sway, and ancient and unfortunate feuds between Patriot and Loyalist no longer disturb. Its name-sake by the Bay of Fundy, adjoining the city and seaport of St. John, is now the parish of Lancaster—protegee of Abijah Willard. It is a fine agricultural, residential and manufacturing territory, and includes a rapidly-growing seaside resort. Its area (the census district of Lancaster) is forty-six square miles, and population 5,278.

When, in 1900, Massachusetts law obliged towns to have an official seal, the town of Lancaster adopted the ancient Lancashire arms as the design for its seal. There had previously been in use for many years on



THE WILLARD PRAYER BOOK.



the book-plate of its town library an adaptation of the arms of the English town of Lancaster, with the legend Ad Alaunam; Ad Nashuam, referring to the Lancasters "on the Lune" and "on the Nashua." For the use of the third generation of this line of Lancasters—the Lancaster "on the Bay"—the legend might be further extended.

GILBERT O. BENT.

Lancaster, the county town [of Lancashire] is the chester [town] on the Lune, formerly the Alauna, whence the name Ad Alaunam, as the Roman station at Lancaster was called.

—Taylor's Names and their Histories.

NOTE.—Acknowledgment is due John C. L. Clark, Esq., the town clerk and historical authority of Lancaster, Mass., for valuable aid, including photographs, kindly furnished in the preparation of above article.



Renvoyé.

By Mary Mellish, M. L. A. 67.

(Read at a public meeting of the Mount Allison Alumni and Alumnæ Soci eties, Sackville, N. B., May 26, 1873. Reprinted from "Allisonia.")

"If only good that can bestow
The pow'r approved at last to stand,
How poor is all the pageant grand
By names of good that mortals know.

For when the mighty hand of time Bore to the goal of mortal state The laurelled army of the great In noble deed and thought sublime;

Their latest hour we vainly deemed,
Would prove their virtue more than name,
And crown the glory of their fame
With good as lasting as it seemed.

But vanished all the might that bound A myriad list'ners to their breath; No warders at the gates of death For them an easier entrance found.

And yet we seek the envied boon
We wrestle for it in the strife
We crave the sun to cheer our life
That chance, will set before its noon."
166





'Twas thus I spoke, as half alone,
And half to her who with me rov'd
Thro' many a glade and gloom we lov'd,
And made each others thoughts our own.

(My childhood friend—what mem'ries thrill, My Widow'd heart where thou hast been! E'en tho' the green earth grows between I feel thy presence with me still).

Then in reply to what I said,
She breathed her deep-life thought to me,
And shamed my low philosophy,
As thus she taught her faith instead:

"When I was a child, with a nature as wild,
As the winds in their frolicsome glee,
My pulses were stirred with the joy of a bird,
As I roved by the shores of the sea;
And I thought no song out of heaven so sweet,
As the song that the waves brought to me.

So daily I trod on the summer-green sod,
On the banks where the tide rose and fell;
And wrote on the sand in a mystical hand,
Which the art of a sage might not tell.
Aye, there in the sand wrote my four-letter name,
On the shore where I loved best to dwell.

Each wavelet was bright, with its jewel of light,
One fair morn as I stood by the sea,
And over it came in a halo of flame
A bright gem that was wafted to me:
O never a gem, thought my rapturous heart,
Half as fair as this treasure, could be.

So jealous my care, of my jewel so rare,
That I hid it in fondness from view;
Far dearer to me was my gift from the sea,
Than the rest of the world ever knew;
And I hid it away in the depths of my heart,
And around it my heart's tendrils grew.

It filled all my days with sweet magical lays,
Like the stars sang one morning of yore;
It wrought in my dreams with the mystical beams,
Fairest visions of joys yet in store;
And the years in their flight wrought no change in
my heart

But the change that I loved it the more.

But nevera rose did its beauties disclose,
But to fade e'er the summer was o'er;
And never a star rose in glory afar
But at morn was a beacon no more;
And long lost to me is my gift from the sea,
That I found when a child by the shore.

Yet daily I stray, in my own childish way,
To my haunt by the broad ocean's side,
And over its breast where the sky seems to rest,
Long I watch for a sal on the tide;
I watch for the sail of a boatman pale,
Who will bear me away as his bride.

And patient I wait, for he'll not tarry late,
Soon his sail will appear in the west;
And this well I know, for my heart tells me so,
When I pray for a season of rest.
My child-world was bright, but 'tis all changed
to-night,
And I think that to go will be best.

But when I shall stand, with the glorified band,
By the river that flows by the throne,
I know there will glide, o'er its clear crystal tide,
A bright gem, in its glory, alone.
And come to my hand, far more radiant and grand,
My dear treasure—forever my own,—

A part of my joy to become evermore, As I tread on the banks of the heavenly shore. Yes, the future I know, will bring back to me The gem that I found when a child by the sea."

We parted then; full well she taught, Good may be lost, but not for aye; Its worth, unknown in meaner thought, Disclosed in never ending day.

Then rose before my faith's clear sight, A garden clad in Eden's flowers, All bathed in hues of nameless light, Entwined in amaranthine bowers.

Some bore a semblance to my own,

That perished in the blighting frost,
And tho' in beauty far outgrown,

I knew they were what I had lost.

And Knowledge spreads its path of light, Which winding o'er a plain began, Then circling up in mountain height, Far lost in giddy distance ran.

And toilers thronged the path along,
Some old, some launching on life's tide;
A few had pass'd the common throng,
And climb'd far up the mountain side.

And there were they of old renown, Who oft had roved the stars among, And back from day's majestic crown, The settled clouds of ages flung.

But ever thus—must loss reveal
The treasured boon that is in store?
Can mortal never trust in weal
To find what he has lost before?

And what is good, and what is ill?
Who knows the import of the twain?
Not always good what suits the will;
Not always ill the source of pain.

A light breaks o'er life's leaden skies;
Some glad events, presaging joy
Bring hopeful tears from hopeless eyes;
And blissful thoughts sad hearts employ.

And they forget their painful lot;
Aye more—the gain once understood
Of suff'ring here, is all forgot,
And good is lost in seeming good.

No joy of time, no wish den'ed; Life but a cloudless summer day; The spirit cries, "not satisfied," Wrapt in the body's pamper'd clay.

But sudden comes a direful change, His lot reversed; perchance he will Be richer far in heav'n's estate, And good evolve from seeming ill. Then, must I seek the murky night, And shun the sunlit golden day? Cast off my jewels clear and bright, And wear the ashes of the clay?

Count saddest scenes and deepest woe
Meet heritage to mortals given,
To wean the soul from scenes below,
To seek its solace but in heaven?

- "Ah no!" Kind wisdom's voice replies, It is not thine to seek the pain, That final good may thence arise; Loss is no precedent of gain.
- "Nought can they estimate, who see
 No sunshine thro' their prison bars,
 Who knows of good and ill to be,
 Must often peer beyond the stars.
- "Not all require refining fire;
 Perchance the dross in some is less,
 Or, his estate in glory higher,
 Who wears the crown 'mid deep distress.
- "And the short day in human lot,
 Of gall and wormwood pow'r the most,
 Linked to the time that faileth not,
 Is in the endless ages lost."
 - O knowledge rare! on all bestow'd Who haply learn to trust and wait, And patient tread the rugged road, That leads beyond the golden gate.

O weary feet, too sore to climb!
O tired eyes that watch in vain!
Bruised hearts that beat the walls of time,
But short the record of your pain.

O silent songs, and broken lyres!
O faded bays, and trampled crown!
Bright lives that lit your own death fires,
Ye may not tell of lost renown;

If ye proclaimed a worthy fame;
Leucadian skies no more may weep,
But warm the clay, with gladder flame
Where Sappho's treasured relics sleep.

Else, science charms no more our eyes,
The oracles of wisdom dumb,
If all we prize, beneath the skies,
Be lost in ages yet to come.

The boon bestowed, or higher set,

To tempt our eager steps to climb,
Tells of a grace unfathom'd yet,

The herald of a nobler time.



An Affair of Honor.



HE writer is indebted to Mr. J. Douglas Hazen for a copy of the following statement which was prepared and signed by Mr. Anderson, containing a somewhat detailed account of the earliest duel which took place in the province of New Brunswick, of which we have any record.

The principals in the affair

were Messrs John Murray Bliss and Samuel Denny Street, the seconds being Capt. Stair Agnew for Mr. Bliss and Mr. Anderson for Mr. Street.

Mr. John Murray Bliss was born in 1771; came to what was then the Province of Nova Scotia as a Loyalist in 1783, was Solicitor General of New Brunswick in 1809, and was appointed to the bench of the province in 1816, succeeding Mr. Edward Winslow. He died in 1834.

Like Mr. Street, Mr. Bliss was prominent in provincial life, and his remains lie buried in the old Loyalist graveyard in the centre of the city of Fredericton. He was a generous and perhaps an impulsive man, one who was much admired by his contemporaries. He was the owner of Belmont, one of a number of beautiful estates which fronted on the St. John river near Fredericton. Among other donations for public purposes was the gift of a block of land in the Parish of Lincoln, in Sunbury County, fronting on the main highway between Fredericton and Oromocto, which he presented for the purpose of a graveyard.

Mr. Samuel Denny Street was a man of small size, about five feet seven inches in height, and a contemporary has described him as "a regular game-cock," one who would brook no slight from any man. It is said that he had been a midshipman in the British navy, and the writer is informed that he bore the marks of combat in many places about his person. He had been an officer upon the British side during the War of the American Revolution, and in 1781 was in active service at Fort Howe, at the mouth of the River St. John. At the organization of the New Brunswick courts in 1785 he was admitted to the bar, and settled in Sunbury County.

Mr. Street was the father of John Ambrose Street, Denny Lee Street, George Frederick Street, and of William Henry Street, senior partner in the old firm of Street & Ranney of St. John.

George Frederick Street was a principal in a later duel between himself and George Ludlow Wetmore, in which the latter was killed.*

Samuel Denny Street died on the 11th of December, 1830, in his seventy-ninth year.

Captain Stair Agnew, formerly of the Queen's Rangers, was a leading man in the early history of New Brunswick.

Benjamin Marston gives an interesting account of Captain Agnew and his family connection in his letter to Edward Winslow, from London, England, dated the seventeenth of March, 1790. He says:

I felicitate you on such an acquisition to the country as the Agnew family. I believe I have some small merit in derecting their course to N. B. Their original plan, after they had determined for America, was to go to Canada, but the many conversations which I used to have with them on the subject they thought it might be as well, when the Doct'r came out

^{*} See "Footprints," by J. W. Lawrence, pp. 57-8.

to explore the country, to take a look at N. B. in his way. I was well assured in my own mind when they so determined what would be the event. I find I was not mistaken. Capt. Agnew, the son, will be the bearer of this. He brings over all the family, his mother and wife. He comes with a vast predilection for New Brunswick, which I hope no circumstance nor accident will lessen. He has a laudable undertaking in view. To lay the foundation for a large patrimonial landed estate and to raise up a family to inherit it. He is a Gentleman who has had a good early education in Britain, has rather superior abilities and has missed no opportunities of acquiring information as he has come on in life. With such talents and so improved, joined to an active disposition, he will be a very valuable member of society, which I am confident he will ever be ambitious to serve. He was a Captain in the Queen's Rangers, was wounded at Brandy-wine by which he was I think (for some time at least) rendered unfit for field service. His Lady is an English woman of a family which has good connections here. She is a well-bred accomplished woman and of a very amiable disposition-she will be a real acquisition to your Lady folks. The old Lady (as is Capt. Agnew also) is a native of Virginia and practises all the good old customs of that once hospitable country. I am sure her goodness of disposition wont fail to engage the esteem of all who shall be so happy as to form an acquaintance with her. I know her tea table has offered me many a comfortable dish of tea.*

The writer regrets that he is at present unable to identify Mr. Anderson, who acted as second for Mr. Street. There were two of the name who were particularly prominent in York County about the date of the duel. The first was John Anderson, a pre-loyalist settler and magistrate, from whom Rev. John Agnew, D. D., and his son Captain Stair Agnew, on January 30th, 1790, purchased a tract of land containing about 1,000 acres, at the mouth of the Nashwaak river, the price paid being £540. The second was **Peter Anderson, who was in 1782 a "Loyalist Associator" at New York

^{*}Winslow Papers, p. 376.

^{**}Sabines' Loyalists of the American Revolution, Vol. I., p. 164.

to settle at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in the following year. He went to St. John, New Brunswick and was a grantee of that city. He died at Fredericton in 1828 at the age of ninety-five.

The following is Mr. Anderson's account of the duel:

(Copy.)

An Affair of Honor.

Thursday, 16th January, 1800, at half past five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Street sent a message by Mr. Anderson to Mr. John Murray Bliss to meet the next morning at the Artillery Barracks gate at seven o'clock, to proceed to the grounds for adjusting a difference. Capt. Stair Agnew waited on Mr. Street with Mr. Bliss' answer, that he would rather meet him in an hour as he had business which would call him elsewhere in the morning. Mr. Street replied in half an hour if he pleased, it was then fixed that we should retire to dinner and should afterwards proceed from Vanderbecks. About eight o'clock in the evening Capt. Agnew called on Mr. Anderson and proposed that Mr. Street should alter his message which was in such strong and direct terms that it left Mr. Bliss no alternative. Mr. Anderson replied that he should not consent to the alteration nor make the proposal to Mr. Street as he was confident Mr. Street would not alter it, but told Capt. Agnew he might call on Mr. Street in person and propose it. He did so and Mr. Street positively refused.

We accordingly proceeded to the Court House, the place of meeting, the pistols were loaded by Capt. Agnew, who then proposed that the parties should submit themselves wholly to their seconds throughout the business, and that if the first shot took no effect that the business should then terminate. To this Mr. Street refused assent, saying the seconds had no right to measure out satisfaction to him, nor to prescribe anything but the mode of proceeding.

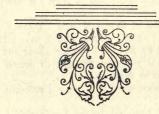
The seconds then adjusted the distance, nine paces. The principals then took their stations. After an objection made by Mr. Street, to the apparent greatness of the distance, being over-ruled received the word and fired nearly together—but without effect. Mr. Street urged a reloading of the pistols. Mr. Bliss said he was ready to go on. Capt. Agnew and my-

self interfered and insisted the business should go no further. Mr. Street insisted in strong terms he would have an apology or the blood of his adversary-some altercations ensued, in which the principals were desired to leave the room, and when wanted should be called in. We agreed Mr. Street should not nor had a right to renew hostilities. Upon my giving Mr. Street an assurance on honor I would agree to nothing short of an apology he waived his demand for another shot. I was induced from the first to believe from Capt. Agnew that Mr. Bliss would apologize but a mistaken point of etiquette prevented him. I proposed to Mr. Bliss with the consent of Capt. Agnew that if he did not mean anything personal to Mr. Street he should say so. Mr. Bliss very handsomely acceded, upon which I informed Mr. Street Mr. Bliss would apologize to him, which he immediately did by saying that he did not mean to offend him or to convey the least personal insult, nor to charge Mr. Street personally with the utterance of any falsehood to the jury on the cause they had tried that day, and every matter being adjusted the gentlemen parted apparently good friends.

(Sgd.)

ANDERSON.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



Epitaphs.

Old Burying Ground, St. Andrews.

Transcribed by D. R. Jack. Continued from Vol. 4, p. 49.

Sacred | to the Memory of | Mary Ann | Infant Daughter of | A. L. Street, Esq. |of this town | Obt. 7th Sept. 1831 | Aged 9 months.

In memory of | Saml. D. Street | who died | Mar 29, 1837 | AEt. 22.

In memory of | Arthur Owen Street | who departed this life | 14th September, 1854 | aged 19 years. | Alfred Walter Street | who died 22nd Octr. 1833 | aged 1 year, 8 months, | And Saml Denny Street, | who died 20 Octr. 1845 | aged 2 years, 9 months.

Robert Aubrey | son of | George D. & S. Street, | Died | Oct. 6, 1848, | AE. 3 yrs. & 5 mos. | Suffer little children to come | unto me, and forbid them not, | for of such is the Kingdom of God.

In memory of | Walter D. | Second son of George | and Susan Street, | Who died at sea | 22nd June, 1858, | Aged 17 years. | What I do thou knowest not now, | but thou shall know hereafter.

Sacred | To | The memory of | Margaret | wife of | Peter Stubs | Esquire. | Born at Liverpool, G. B. | May 7th, 1782, | Died January 5th, 1831.

In memory of | an infant | son of John | & Mary Strang, | 1820.

Henry Jesper | son of Benjn M. and | Eleanor Stymest | Died May 9, 1816, | aged 1 month and 1 day. | Happy the child who privileged by fate | To shorter labour and to lighter weight | Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath | Order'd to-morrow to return to death.

Percy Charles Thompson | Sep. xxix | mdcccliv | AEt. iv ms.

Gertrude Jane Thompson | July v | mdccclvii | AEt. xxv yrs.

Sacred | to the memory of | Dugold Thomson | who died | Oct. 17, 1812, | AEt. 63, | Also | Experience | his wife | who died | Jan. 15, 1846, | AEt. 80.

In Memory of | Dougald Thomson | Who departed this | life Oct. 17th, 1812. | Aged 63 years.

Sacred | to the memory of | Alex. Thomson | who departed this life | April 20th, 1830, | Aged 44 years.

Sacred | to the Memory of | Mr. Thomas Tompkins, | who departed this life | on Sunday, the 30th | day of March, 1817, | Aged 78 years.

Sacred | to the Memory of | Mrs. Elizabeth | Margaret Tompkins, wife of Mr. Thomas Tomkins, | who departed this life | on Wednesday, the 2nd day of April, 1817, | Aged 81 years.

In | Memory of Fanny | Dan of John D. | & Catherine | Wilson | died | 21st Oct. 1850, | Aged 8 years 1 mo & 9 days. | Suffer little children to | come unto me, and forbid | them not, for of such is | the Kingdom of Heaven.

In Memory of | Elizabeth Wren, wife | of William Wren, who | Departed this life Sept. 30th, | 1829, Aged 25 years.

In memory of | John Wren, | who died Oct. 18, 1827, | aged 30 years, | Also | Fenwick Wren | his son | who died Aug. 3, 1837, | aged 1 year 4 mos. | Decay ye tenements of dust | Pillars of earthly pride decay | A nobler mansion waits the just | And Jesus has prepared the way.

In memory of | Mary Ann, | who died | Dec. 20, 1853, | aged 18 yrs. | Eliza | died Jan. 19, 1853, | aged 2 yrs. | daughters of Wm. & | Julia Ann Wren.

Mary | wife of | Thomas Wren, | Died | Nov. 11, 1843, | AEt. 30, | Elizabeth F. | their daughter, | died Aug. 15, 1840, | AEt. 6 weeks. | Think not cold grave that we resign | This treasure to be always thine; | We only ask for it to stay, | 'Till Heaven unfolds eternal day.

In memory of | Sarah | wife of | Joseph Walton | who died | Sept. 18th, 1857, | Aged 86 years.

Edward | son of Robert and | Hannah Walton, | Born May 18, 1846, | Died June 18, 1847, | aged 13 months.

The next stone broken and lying on ground, the written part entirely destroyed. Gathered up enough pieces to find that it was in memory of Joseph Wilson.—D. R. J.

Sacred | to the memory of | Robert B. Watts | who died | Oct. 9, 1842, | Aged 19 years. | Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish, | O'er the grave of those you love; | Pain and death and night and anguish | Enter not the world above.

Erected | In memory of | Phebe Ann A. | wife of | John Waycott, | who died | Jan. 4th, 1857, | aged 27 years. | May her soul rest in peace.

In memory of | George Albert | Son of John | & Susan Waycott, | who died | 30 Nov. 1859, | Aged 17 years, | & 4 months.

In memory of | John | Son of Capt. John & | Phebe A. A. Waycott, | who was lost by the fall of the | mast of the Schr. Julia Clinch, | Sept. 25, 1867, | Aged 17 years. | Also George A. | Died Oct. 25, 1863, | aged 3 years. | And Maria A. | Died Aug. 1, 1863, | aged 21 days, | Children of Capt. John & | Agnes A. Waycott. | Weep not for us parents dear, | We are not dead, but sleeping here, | As we are now, so must you be, | Prepare for death and follow we.

(On reverse of stone):

Ye blistering winds and lofty waves | Has tossed me to and fro, | But now by God's decree | I'm in harbor here below. | At anchor now I safely ride, | For here I rest and sleep, | Once more again I must set sail | Our Saviour Christ to meet.

Sacred | to the memory of | Jane Whitlock, | relict of the late | Wm. Whitlock, Esq. | who died | Feby 3, 1838, | Aged 68 years. | I know that my Redeemer liveth | and that he shall stand at the lat- | ter day upon the earth, and though | after my skin worms destroy this | body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, | whom I shall see for myself and mi- | ne eyes shall behold and not another's.

In memory of | William F. | Died 2nd Sept. 1858, | Aged 9½ months, | Eliza | died 21st Oct. 1863, | Aged 8 years, | Julia | died 30 Oct. 1863, | Aged 5 months, | Annie | Died 6 Nov. 1863, | Aged 2 years | & 4 mos. | Children of Henry & | Agnes Whittaker.

In memory of | Thomas Wyer, Esq. | who died | Feb. 24, 1824, | AEt. 79 years 8 mos. | Jesus thy blood and righteousness, | My beauty are, my glorious dress; | Midst flaming worlds in these array'd | With joy shall I lift up my head! | When from the dust of death I rise, | To claim my mansion in the skies; | Ev'n then shall this be all my plea, | "Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

In memory of | Mrs. Mary Wyer, | wife of Mr. Thomas Wyer, | who died Oct. 26, 1801, | AEt. 37. | Teach us submission, to they awful doom, | To view they mercies thro affections gloom, | Yet still remembering that the parting sigh | Appoints the Just, to slumber not to die, | The starting tear will check and kill the rod, | And not to earth resign thee, but to God.

In | Memory of | Jeremiah Pote Wyer, | who | departed this Life | at Martha Brae, Jamaica, | 25 December, 1794, | Aged | 18 years & 7 months. | Mourn not for friends, that we could meet no more, | And let your unavailing sorrows cease, | With me the bitterness of Death is o'er, | And all that is to come is joy and Peace.

In memory of | Mr. David Wyer, | who died | Jan. 23, 1828, | AEt. 32 years. | "Jesus saith I am the resurrection | and the life, he that believeth in me, | though he were dead, yet shall he | live, and whosoever liveth | and believeth in me shall never die."

In memory of | Thomas, | infant son of Thomas | and Sarah Wyer, | who departed this life | Oct. 3, 1815.

In | Memory of | Honorable Thomas Wyer, | who died | Dec. 23rd, 1848, | Aged 68 years. | Jesus said, I am the resurrection | and the life; he that believeth in | me, though he were dead, yet | shall he live.

Sarah, | Relict of | Hon. T. Wyer, | Died | September 29, | 1865, | Aged 85 years. | "Come unto me all ye that | labor and are heavy laden | and I will give you rest."

In memory of | Mira, | infant daughter of | Thomas & Sarah Wyer, | who departed this life | Sept. 5, 1818.



William Cobbett.



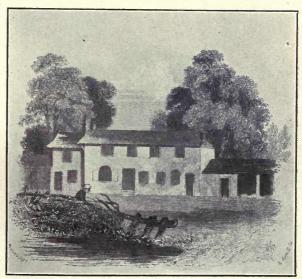
MONG eminent men who have lived in this province, I do not think there is another who has obtained and exercised so great an influence on the life and thought of his time, and on the history of England, as William Cobbett.

Though his public service was rendered, and his public offences, if we choose to call them such, were committed after he left the province, it was here that he trained himself for his great life work. It will be seen that the remarkable versatility of knowledge and of sympathy, the extraordinary energy, industry and capacity, the fury with which he pursued his enemies, the power of concentration and expansion, the almost superhuman self-esteem, the rugged horse sense and adaptiveness, which he displayed in the wider circles, whereof London and Philadelphia were the centres, were developed and exhibited here in the barracks of St. John and Fredericton.

It is not my present purpose to discuss Cobbett's place in history, or to describe any part of his extraordinary career—as royalist in democratic America, and democrat in royalist England; as the political comrade and sworn foe of Pitt; as the friend of the royal family dined and wined at Halifax by the Duke of Kent, and afterwards charging the Duke of York with the sale of promotions in the army for the maintenance of his mistress; the man who took up the fight of Queen Caroline against George the Fourth,



WILLIAM COBBETT.



COBBETT'S FARM.

K. Meadows, Delr.



and who wrote for that picturesque female the pathetic letter to her husband which moved the nation to tears by its touching confession of a mother's foul affection and a wife's tender devotion.

This much may be said now, that Cobbett, whom the common people heard gladly, was in his way the greatest of pamphleteers inasmuch as he could get a glad hearing, whether he denounced Paine or Pitt, paper money or potatoes; whether he condemned the use of tea or commended small beer; whether he discussed the political issues of the day or the Protestant Reformation: advocated the introduction of Indian corn or manhood suffrage; whether he maligned the Methodist church, the bishops or vaccination; whether he scoffed at the plays of Shakespeare, exposed the bad English of Addison, or used the speeches from the throne as sentences to be corrected in grammar. Writing from his mean lodgings in some back street, from a fine house in London, from his £40,000 farm at Botley, from his seat in parliament, from Newgate prison, or from country taverns on his rural rides, he wrote for the crowd, and the crowd heard him. Sometimes his income as an author was \$50,000 a year, sometimes it was only libel suits, bankruptcy, prison and exile. But he never lost his audience.

This Cobbett, reformer, radical, or royalist, was always and everywhere a preacher. It is not too much to say that the rise of the modern democracy in England, which has made that country's government more responsive to independent and original public opinion than any other on the continent, is due more to William Cobbett than to any other man.

This paper, however, does not deal with Cobbett as a public man, either in England or the United States,

but the events connected with his I fe as a soldier in this Province.

One would expect that whatever dispute might arise about Cobbett's various and picturesque moods and political re-adjustments, there could be in the case of a man so remarkable for precision and so fond of discussing his own career, no question of the year of his birth. More especially should this be expected since Cobbett himself makes so much of the claim that he was a good soldier at seventeen, a corporal at eighteen, and that he was "at an age under twenty years raised from corporal to sergeant major at once over the heads of thirty sergeants."

Now Cobbett joined the army in 1784. He was a non-commissioned officer in 1795, and sergeant major in 1796. This appears from the recommendation for his discharge given by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as follows:

"By the Right Hon. Major Lord Fitzgerald, commanding His Majesty's 54th Regiment of Foot, whereof Lieut.-Gen. Frederick is colonel. These are to certify, that the bearer hereof, William Cobbett, sergeant major in the aforesaid regiment, has served honestly and faithfully for eight years, nearly seven of which he has been a non-commissioned officer, and of that time he has been five years sergeant major to the regiment, but having very earnestly applied for his discharge, he, in consideration of his good behaviour and the service he has rendered to the regiment, is hereby discharged.

Given under my hand and the seal of the regiment, at Portsmouth, this 19th day of December, 1791.

EDWARD FITZGERALD."*

General Frederick endorsed this action, added his thanks to those of Lord Edward, though as an ornamental colonel he probably knew little about Cobbett's services. In fact Lord Edward himself must have

^{*}Political Register, June, 1809.

known little more, except from hearsay, as he was not with the regiment more than six months, and probably a greater part of that time he was roaming about the New Brunswick woods, as was his romantic habit.

If Cobbett were right in the statement of his age, he would have been born in 1766, and in several places in his writing he gives that year as the date of his birth. He excuses one of his love affairs and many of his political utterances on the ground of his youth, representing himself always to be four years younger than he really was. To add to the confusion, Henry Morley, in his introduction to one of Cobbett's books, says that he was born in 1762, but makes him only twenty-eight years old in 1794, and the Encyclopedia Brittanica gives 1766 instead of 1762 as the date of his birth. The whole matter is settled by the register at Farnham, by which it appears that he was christened with a younger brother in April, 1763, and the inscription on his coffin, which gives the correct date of his birth, March, 9, 1762.

This weakens the pleasing tradition of Cobbett's precocity. He was not sixteen or eighteen, but twenty-two when he joined the army, not seventeen, but twenty-three, when he came to New Brunswick, not eighteen, but twenty-three, when he became corporal, and his promotion to sergeant major occurred when he was twenty-five, instead of nineteen or twenty. When he saw his girl at the spring on the hill where Rockland Road is now, he was twenty-five or more, and when he met the other girl at the Nashwaak he was twenty-seven. He was married at thirty.

We do not need to deal here with much of Cobbett's early life. Not much is known of it, except what he discloses incidentally in his various books. It seems that his father gave him the rudiments of good common school education. He was taught to read at an early age, and he was well grounded in arithmetic. His father did not teach him grammar at home, as he did other things, for the father does not appear to have understood the technical terms of grammarians. But he evidently had the substance of the science, for he seems to have been a master of good English.

As a boy, Cobbett made great use of his eyes and ears, and his frequent allusions to the scenery and natural objects which attracted his attention in child-hood shows that he began his studies of nature and human nature at an early age. He also showed a disposition in extreme youth to retaliate upon those who injured or insulted him.

"When I was a boy," he says, "a huntsman, George Bradley, gave me a cut with his whip because I jumped in among the dogs, pulled a hare from them and got their scent on Seal Common near Waverley Abbey." At the time Cobbett could do nothing but call names, and he gave Bradley plenty of these. He goes on to say that,—

"The native resources of my mind made me inflict justice upon him. I waited until Bradley and his pack were trailing for a hare in the neighborhood of the same Seal Common. I placed myself with a red herring at the end of a string, near a path where I was sure the hare would go. By and by I heard the view hallo and full cry. I squatted down on the fern, and my heart bounded with the prospect of inflicting justice, when I saw my lady come skipping by toward Pepper Hollow. I clapped down my herring, went off at a right angle, clambered up a steep bank where the horsemen could not follow, went over the roughest part of the Common, through Moore Park, there I gave some twirls about to amuse Mr. Bradley for half an hour. Then off I went and down a hanger at last, to the bottom of which no horseman could get without riding around a quarter of a mile."

At the bottom was an alder moor ending in a swamp and a river. Cobbett says that he tossed the herring into the stream and then re-climbed the steep hill which he calls a hanger, where he watched the proceedings of the hunters. The sport continued until late at night, overrunning the track a hundred times, spending an hour in the stubble field, plunging and miring in the moor, crossing the river at a mill and exploring both sides of the stream, finally, "amid conjectures, disputations, mutual blamings and swearings, they concluded, some half-leg deep in dirt and going soaking home at the end of a drizzling day." It may surprise this company to know from Mr. Cobbett "that at this time I was only about eight years old."*

One other incident to show his early appreciation of good literature, and we shall proceed at once to his military life in this country. Cobbett always had a passion for Swift, the first writer with whom he made acquaintance after Moses. Whether he heard about Swift from his father does not appear, but the elder Cobbett might have known that Swift was a resident of Temple's home near by. In fact it was at his same Moore Park, through which the boy dragged the herring, that the Tale of a Tub and The Battle of Books were written. This fact, however, did not introduce him to the Tale of a Tub. Young Cobbett heard of the beautiful gardens of Kew, and had a desire to work in them. He set out on a June morning to walk thither (say thirty miles), having in his pocket thirteen half pence, of which he lost one. Two pence he spent for bread and cheese, and one for small beer. He says:

"With three pence for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock frock, and my red

^{*}Letter to Hon. John Stuart Wortley. Cobbett's Pol. Reg. Vol. 81, page 513.

garters tied about my knees when, staring at me, my eyes fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, "Tale of a Tub, price three pence." The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the three pence, but then I would not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field in the upper corner of the Kew Gardens. where stood a hay stack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before-it was something so new to my mind -that though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on until it was dark without any thought of supper or bed."

The boy slept by the stack that night, and next day went on reading as he went to Kew, where the Scotch gardener gave him work. He also lent him books on gardening, but they seemed dull after Swift. little volume he carried about with him everywhere for several years. The fate will be mentioned later. Cobbett says that at this time when he preferred Swift to his dinner, when he was ready to sleep behind a haystack rather than postpone the reading, and when he was allowed to scour the country looking for work with six pence in his pocket, he was eleven years old. I need not say that "The Tale of a Tub," great book as it is, would hardly absorb the attention of many boys of that age. It is a political or ecclesiastical allegory, requiring a somewhat mature and cultivated mind to see its force. I am disposed to add to the age of Cobbett, at the time of the red-herring episode, and the Tale of the Tub adventure, the four years that we must add to the years he claims when he joined the army. Even then we may see in one incident the promise of the greatest controversial pamphleteer of his time, and in the other the sign of the intellectual activity and industry which are the wonder of all his biographers.

The Tale of a Tub story is taken from a note in a recent Life of Swift, and was published in the Evening Post when Cobbett was appealing to Reformers to pay his election expenses. The Annual Register of 1835 contained a long obituary notice, in which it was stated that Cobbett's father was a publican as well as a farmer, and that the tavern he kept was called "The Jolly Farmer." The authorities all agree that the lad had a desire to go to sea, and that once he went on board a man-of-war at Portsmouth, intending to enlist as a marine. Also that when he actually did enlist at Chatham, he thought he was joining the navy.

He left home in 1783 (May 6) to go to Guilford Fair, but on a sudden impulse he rode on with the coach to London, thereby disappointing a group of girls whom he had promised to take to the show. A hop merchant who knew Cobbett's father got him a place as a copying clerk with Mr. Holland, an attorney at Gray's Inn. He stayed there nine months and then enlisted. At Chatham he was clerk to General Debeig, in command of the garrison. It was this general who advised him to study grammar, and recommended Bishop Lowth's textbook. Cobbett copied the whole volume three times and learned it by heart, imposing upon himself the task of saying it all over every time he did sentinel duty. In later years, when he himself became a writer of grammar, he did not think so highly of his early master.

Cobbett was in many respects a typical man for a non-commissioned officer. He had a perfect physique, and was capable of enormous labor. When he was an elderly man, and weighed, as he said, as much as four bushels of wheat (240 pounds), he could ride

nine hours in the field, or after the hounds, without dismounting. He was methodical, determined to excel, well educated for a soldier, and absolutely sure of himself. It is not surprising that he commended himself to the officers and obtained advancement. If the officers were half as lazy and inefficient as he represents them, it was convenient for them to have a sergeant major to do the work that they should have been able and willing to do for themselves.

A man who rose at daylight in summer and at four o'clock in winter, who dressed with extreme neatness, shaved with cold water, and was always ready for duty hours before he was needed, who abstained from drink, even refusing tea, and was exceedingly temperate in his eating, who could write a hand like a copperplate, who was a perfect master of English composition, who could draw plans for buildings or fortifications, could ride a horse, go through the woods without getting lost, manage a team or a canoe, who knew the exercise book better than any of the officers, was pretty sure to find an opportunity in a new country such as this province. He was with a regiment that contained many recruits and many officers who did not know their business, while the colonel was absent all the time, and the major nearly all.

When the 54th came to Halifax from the war which closed in 1783, it would require fresh men. Among those sent over from England in 1785 was Cobbett, who had enlisted at Chatham during 1784, and had been, it would appear, less than a year in barracks at home. During that time he had made a particular study of English grammar. He bought his books, pen and paper out of his six pence a day allowance, or rather out of his two pence per week left over after the necessary expenditure at the market. He often

went to bed hungry because of this outlay, and once cried like a child over the loss of a half penny. But when he did learn grammar, he knew it as one can see who takes the trouble to examine the text-book which he wrote.

Of Cobbett's short residence at Halifax there is little mention. It is probable that the regiment came to St. John soon after he joined, for though in his papers he makes frequent mention of what he saw in New Brunswick, there is hardly a personal allusion to Nova Scotia. The troops would come from Halifax by water. The only mention that Cobbett makes of his trip is one about The Tale of a Tub. "When at twenty years old I lost that book in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, North America; the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds." I think Cobbett was a corporal when he came to St. John. If not, he was appointed about that time. He was also made clerk to the regiment (Register, June, 1809). Before his promotion, a clerk was an officer with no other duties but to make out the report for the regiment. He says: "I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was done, and I myself was on the parade walking in fine weather for an hour perhaps."

The domestic romance which is associated with St. John in the life of Cobbett, and which alone would make the ridge from Fort Howe to L ly Lake a pleasant memory to him, will stand another telling. The regiment to which Cobbett belonged was quartered immediately below Fort Howe. It is said that the Mission Church stands on the site of the officers' quarters. Farther east, and on higher ground,

were the quarters of the artillery corps, in which Cobbett's future father-in-law was a non-commissioned officer. It would on its own account be a pleasant morning stroll to climb the hill and walk toward Lily Lake, past "Cobbett's spring," the spot associated with his delightful love story. Here is the first chapter as he gives it himself:

"When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was about a month of twenty-one. I sat in a room with her for about an hour in company with others, and I made up niv mind she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautifnl is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification, but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow was several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit when I had done my morning's writing to go out at break of day to take a walk on the hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had by invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. hardly light; but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we got cut of hearing. From the day that I had first spoken to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man more than I had thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles, up the River St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery (to which her father belonged) was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted the part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous persons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her. I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas,—the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the pay-master, the quarter-master, and others,—in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed; and wrote to her to beg of her if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means; but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I could get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid. At the end of four years, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without saying hardly a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of the hundred and fifty guineas unbroken. Need I tell the readers what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents this anecdote, and what effect it must have produced on the minds of our children? Admiration of her conduct and self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment, were added to the love of her beautiful person."

There is something more to be said about Cobbett's wife, but at this stage in the story we may turn back. I take up another New Brunswick love story in which he does not appear to quite the same advantage.

Again we take his own narrative, which is interesting not only as a part of the story of his own life, but for the light it throws upon the condition of things in the province one hundred and twenty years ago:

"The Province of New Brunswick, in North America, in which I passed the years from eighteen to that of twenty-

six, consists, in general, of heaps of rocks, in the interstices of which grow the pine, the spruce, and various sorts of fir trees; or, where the woods have been burned down, the bushes of the raspberry or those of the huckleberry. The province is cut asunder by a great river, called the St. John, which is about two hundred miles in length, and, at half way to the mouth, full a mile wide. Into this main river run innumerable smaller rivers, there called creeks. On the sides of these creeks the land is in some places clear of rocks; it is, in these places, generally good and productive; the trees that grow here are the birch, maple, and others of the deciduous class; natural meadows here and there present themselves; and some of these spots far surpass in rural beauty any other that my eyes ever beheld; the creeks abounding towards their sources in waterfalls of endless variety, as well in form as in magnitude, and always teeming in fish, while water-fowl enliven the surface, and wild-pigeons of the gavest plumage flutter in thousands upon thousands amongst the branches of the beautiful trees, which, sometimes, for miles together, form an arch over the creeks.

"I, in one of my rambles in the woods, in which I took great delight, came to a spot a very short distance from the source of one of these creeks. Here was everything to delight the eye, and especially one like me, who seems to have been born to love a rural life, the trees and the plants of all kinds. Here was about two hundred acres of natural meadow interspersed with patches of maple trees in various forms and of various extent; the creek (here about thirty miles from its point of joining the St. John) ran down the middle of the spot which formed a sort of dish, and high and rocky hills rising all around it, except at the outlet of the creek, and these hills crowned with lofty pine; in the hills were the sources of the creek, the waters of which came down in cascades, for any one of which many a nobleman in England would, if he could transfer it, give a good slice of his fertile estate; and in the creek at the foot of the cascades, there was, in the season, salmon, the finest in the world, and so abundant, and so easily taken, as to be used for manuring the land.

"If Nature, in her very best humor, had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had made here. But I found something here besides the rude works of nature; I found something in the fashioning of which man had had something to do. I found a large and well-built log dwelling house, (standing in the month of September) on the edge of a very good field of Indian corn, by the side of which there was a piece of buckwheat just then mowed. I found a homestead, and some very pretty cows. I found all things by which an easy and happy farmer is surrounded; and I found still something besides all these, that was destined to give me a great deal of pleasure and also a great deal of pain, both in their extreme degrees; and both of which, in spite of the lapse of forty years, now make an attempt to rush back into my heart.

"Partly from misinformation, and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way; and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols, to defend myself against the bears, I arrived at the log house in the middle of a moonlight night, the hoar frost covering the trees and the grass. stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather bed, that I had been a stranger to for some years. I, being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods, between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side, and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying the boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees. But unable to sleep on account of the cold, becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drunk during the heat of the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state, I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could. So that no hero of eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

"I got into the house of one of those Yankee Loyalists, who, at the close of the Revolutionary War (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion), had accepted grants of land in the King's Province of New Brunswick; and who, to the great honor of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep until breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and

mistress of the house, aged about fifty, were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three. But there was another member of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light-brown hair twisted nicely up, and fastened on her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming, figure, movements, and all taken together, an assemblage of beauties, far surpassing any that I had ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two years agone; and in such a case and in such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while. It was a space as long as the eleventh part of my then life. Here was the present against the absent; here was the power of the eyes pitted against that of the memory; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here were also the life and the manners and the habits, and the pursuits that I delighted in; here was everything that imagination can conceive, united in a conspiracy against the little brunnette in England. What, then, did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses? Oh, by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with the place; I so much enjoyed its tranquility, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and the woods, that I stayed there till the last possible moment, promising, at my departure, to come again as often as I possibly could; a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

"Winter is the great season for jaunting and dancing (called frolicking) in America. In this province the river and the creeks were the only roads from settlement to settlement. In summer we travelled in canoes; in winter in sleds on the ice or snow. During more than two years I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends; they were all fond of me; I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves; the

father and mother treated me as one of their own children; the sons as a brother; and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to a chap much less sanguine than I was would have given the tenderest interpretation; which treatment I, especially in the last-mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

"It is when you meet in company with others of your own age that you are, in love matters, put most frequently to the test, and exposed to detection. The next door neighbor might, in that country, be ten miles off. We used to have a frolic, sometimes at one house and sometimes at another. Here, where female eyes are very much on the alert, no secret can long be kept; and very soon, father, mother, brothers, and the whole neighborhood looked upon the thing as certain, not excepting herself, to whom I, however, had never once even talked of marriage, and had never even told her that I loved her. But I had a thousand times done this by implication, taking into view the interpretation that she would naturally put upon my looks, appellations, and acts; and it was of this I had to accuse myself.

"Yet I was not a deceiver; for my affection for her was very great; I spent no really pleasant hours but with her; I was uneasy if she showed the slightest regard for any other young man; I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits; I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight; many a time when I could get leave but for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it; for as to any criminal intention, I had no more thought of it than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the questions, 'What am I at? Is not this wrong? Why do I go?' But still I went.

"Then, further in my excuse, my prior engagement, though carefully left unalluded to by both parties, was, in that thin population, and owing to the singular circumstances of it, and the great talk that there always was about me, perfectly well known to her and all her family. It was matter of much notoriety and conversation in the province, that General Carleton (brother of the late Lord Dorchester) who was the governor when I was there, when he, about fifteen years afterwards, did me the honor, on his return to England, to come and see me at my house in Duke Street, Westminister,

asked, before he went away, to see my wife, of whom he had heard so much before her marriage. So that there was no deception on my part; but still I ought not to have suffered even the most distant hope to be entertained by a person so innocent, so amiable, for whom I had so much affection, and to whose heart I had no right to give a single twinge. I ought from the very first to have prevented the possibility of her ever feeling pain on my account. I was young, to be sure; but I was old enough to know what was my duty in this case, and I ought, dismissing my own feelings, to have had the resolution to perform it.

"The last parting came; and now came my just punishment. The time was known to everybody, and irrevocably fixed; for I had to move with the regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an epoch in a thinly settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me, just as I was going on board in the river. His looks and words I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended, she passed the mouth of that creek, which I had so often entered with delight; and though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

"On what trifles turn the greatest events of a man. If I had received a cool letter from my intended wife; if I had only heard a rumor of anything from which fickleness in her mind might have been inferred; if I had found in her any, even the smallest abatement of affection; if she had but left go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart; if any of these had occurred, never would the world have heard me. Young as I was; able as I was as a soldier; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant as were my prospects; yet I had seen so much of the meanness, the unjust partialities, the insoluent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it; I longed to exchange my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's homespun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice

of authority again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek which contains (she out of the question) everything congenial to my tastes and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfeared, unenvied and uncalumnated, should have lived and died."*

Mr. W. G. McFarlane, in a series of papers written some years ago for the St. John Sun, speaks of this incident, and locates the Loyalist farmer on the Oromocto. It seems to me much more likely that he dwelt on the Nashwaak. The distances given by Cobbett in his New Brunswick reminiscences are often exaggerated, the scenery seems to suit the Nashwaak, while the early settlers of that district included many families such as are described. Still I quote a passage from another of Cobbett's works which may be thought more favorable to the Oromocto theory. In describing a journey of his own in Kent about a third of a century afterward (1825), Cobbett writes thus of the journey from Tenterten to Appledore:

"The fog was so thick and white along some of the low land, that I should have taken it for water if little hills and trees had not risen up through it here and there. Indeed, the views was very much like those which are presented in the deep valleys, near the great rivers in New Brunswick (North America), at the time when the snows melt in the spring, and when, in sailing over those valleys, you lock down from the side of your canoe, and see the lofty woods beneath you! I once went in a log-canoe across a sylvan sea of this description, the canoe being paddled by two Yankees. We started in a stream; the stream became a wide water, and the water got deeper and deeper, as I could see by the trees (all was woods) till we got to sail amongst the top branches of the trees. By-and-by we got into a large open space; a piece of water about a mile or two, or three to four wide, with the woods under us! A fog, with the tops of trees rising through it, is very much like this; and such was the fog I saw this morning in my ride to Appledore."*

^{*}Advice to Young Men, Morley's Edition, page 126.
*Rural Rides, Edition 1853, page 239.

We may, if you like, though we are not bound to do it, suppose that Cobbett was on this occasion returning from a journey to his Yankee girl, and that the Yankees who rowed him were the stalwart brothers.

It may be said here that Cobbett's hastily chosen wife was a treasure to him. Surely the world could not have contained a woman better fitted to be the wife of a man so strenuous, so full of self-esteem, so enterprising, so terribly fond of raising trouble in the world. In the perpetual cyclone which Cobbett managed to keep in operation, Mrs. Cobbett moved serene and equable, bearing strong children and bringing them up, minding the house and the farm, visiting her husband at Newgate when she could, at other times sending him hampers of fowl and eggs, roast pig and vegetables and home made cheese. If a mob smashed his windows in England, or threatened to lynch him in America, Mrs. Cobbett did not go into hysterics. She received Tallyrand and other noblemen, met leading public men in London, or in her country home, and sat up till two or three o'clock in the morning, like Lucretia, with a supper ready for her lord when he should return with his comrades from some of his political agitation meetings. ward the end of his troubled life. Cobbett said that he owed it to his wife that he never had real cares. He could always leave his house and family with as little anxiety as he would guit an inn, not more fearing to find anything wrong than he feared a discontinuance of the rising and setting of the sun. had all the numerous delights of home and children, and all a bachelor's freedom from domestic care. Many sons this woman who grew up in St. John bore him, who became as tall and strong as their father; several daughters as beautiful and as good as their mother. She had each one inoculated with small-pox, while she nursed it, Cobbett having a malignant aversion to "that beastly cow stuff," as he called vaccination, and having fiercely opposed the grant of £20,000 to Jenner for the discovery. Yet Mrs. Cobbett never had the small-pox. The girl of the washtub outlived her husband, who died at 73, and when she had been a widow eleven years, published an addition to his work on Cottage Economy, wherein she gave a number of new receipts for cooking and house-keeping, with particular reference to the dishes her husband used to like.*

And Cobbett was a good husband. He never stayed away from home when he could help it. Her praise was constantly in his mouth. At her first quiet suggestion he gave up, after his marriage, a boisterous soldier's habit of being familiar with other girls.*

In Pennsylvania during their early married life, when she was in delicate health, he came home from his work and went out again to parade the street all night with a club driving off the dogs, whose barking was disagreeable. The only thing she feared was thunder, and if a storm arose when he was giving an English lesson to French royalist refugees, at Philadelphia, he dropped his conjugations and started full run for home, so that it became a by-word, when making his class appointment, "Sauve le tonnere, monsieurs.

The first child died, and it was while watching with the mother over this babe that he wrote the grammar for teaching French people English, which in his

^{*}Cottage Economy, 19th Edition.

^{*}Advice to Young Men.

modest way he says "has been for thirty years, and still is the great work of this kind throughout all America, and in every nation in Europe." I may go out of the way to say that in Cobbett's opinion all his books were the greatest of his kind; one gathers from his criticisms that only about 130 volumes of good literature have been written in English. That is approximately the number of Cobbett's works.

One thing more might be said respecting this marriage. In Philadelphia, where Cobbett soon made himself a storm centre by attacking the radicals, he was called a deserter from the British army, and it was slanderously affirmed that the lady he brought to America with him was not his wife. Cobbett produced his marriage certificate, which he showed to Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, an eminent scholar and divine. In his English grammar, printed years after, Cobbett devotes a couple of pages to Abercrombie's bad English,* though in that interesting text-book he observes that the doctor was a kind and worthy man, and that he baptized the two eldest Cobbett children. And if he devotes two pages to Abercrombie's bad English, he gives many times more to the errors of Addison, Dr. Johnson, Blair and Dr. Watts.

It will be remembered that Cobbett gave his betrothed 150 guineas, which seems to have been the savings of two years as sergeant major and one year as corporal, or 50 guineas a year. He explains in the register that after his marriage he had only £200, which shows that he only saved £50 in the last four years, most of the time spent at Fredericton. I suspect that he lived a gayer and more social life there.

A pleasing picture of Cobbett's house is given by a distinguished literary woman, Miss Mitford, who

^{*} Cobbett's Grammar, page 65.

with her father was a frequent visitor at the Botley estate. There she met, among others, Mr. Gifford, of the Quarterly, with his family, and also the most famous of Lord Dundonald's ancestors, that Lord Cochrane, who became a great national hero because of his dashing career as a naval officer, and who was destined like Cobbett to suffer fine and imprisonment. Dismissed later from the navy and disgraced, he went abroad, commanding with great success the navy of Chile, and then the fleet of Brazil. Returning to England he vindicated his character, became rear admiral, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Mitford found this young hero, afterwards known on the South American coast as "El Diablo," to be in Cobbett's house, "a gentle, quiet, mild young man," though already famous as "a burner of French fleets and a cutter out of Spanish vessels." Cobbett's house was then thronged with guests of all ranks, "from the Earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame," and he explains in his books that he supported a family of nineteen, including nephews and nieces.

In these rather exacting circumstances our lady of the washtub rose easily and gracefully to the occasion. Miss Mitford was in her day the guest of the finest houses in England, and knew what a hostess should be. She says:

Everything was excellent—everything abundant— all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that in the large circle of guests no one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Alice Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and children.

When Cobbett was a corporal, that is within two years after he enlisted, "the new discipline," as it was called, was introduced. This Dundas system, as they named it from the war minister, was sent out in little books to be studied by the officers. According to Cobbett, the officers at St. John did not study much. He says, "Any old woman might have written such a book, as it was excessively foolish from beginning to end." But it ordered a total change, and this change was to be completed before the next annual review. We may quote further:

To make this change was left to me, who was not then twenty years of age (he was 24) while not a single officer in the regiment paid the least attention to the matter, so that when the time came for the annual review, I then a corporal, had to give lectures to the officers themselves, the colonel not excepted; and for several of them, if not for all of them, I had to make out upon large cards, which they brought for the purpose, little plans of the position of the regiment, together with the list of the words of command, which they had to give in the field.*

At the review we may suppose that General Carleton, governor of the province, was present, and it was hard on Cobbett's pride that he was no longer prominent. He says:

There was I at the review upon the flank of the Grenedier company, with my worsted shoulder knot, and my great high, coarse, hairy cap, confounded in the ranks amongst other men, while those who were commanding me to move my hands or my feet, thus or thus, were uttering words which I had taught them, and were in everything, except mere authority, my inferiors, and ought to have been commanded by me.

Out of the bitterness of these reflections and a discovery made by Cobbett while the regiment was at St. John, came the resolution to bring down the pride of some of his officers. If about this time, 116 years

^{*} Cobbett's Political Works, Vol. 3, page 252.

ago, one of us could have passed by the quarters of Sergeant Major Cobbett, at three or four o'clock in the morning, he might have seen that sturdy and portly, but athletic, young man, hard at work copying papers, inspecting regimental books, making memoranda, and doing it all with caution and circumspec-Later at Frederiction the light in Cobbett's quarters burned late and early. He had now with him in these secret operations a still younger and much smaller man, a corporal, only five feet high. They two were working up a boodle investigation. Let us take Cobbett's own story. He was clerk to the regiment, and had all the business in his hands. Before he had held the job a year "neither adjutant, paymaster, or quarter-master could move a step without my assistance." He discovered that the quartermaster who issued the men's provisions kept about the fourth part to himself. Cobbett informed the old sergeants and they told him this had gone on for They were terrified at the idea of Cobbett mentioning it. He did mention it, however, to some of his superiors, but the answer he got led him to conclude to say no more until he got to England. Meanwhile there was nothing to hinder his preparation of the case as he had access to all the books. But in the winter of 1791 he began to see that after he should get to England the books might not be available. So he made extracts. Then it occurred to him that he should be in a position to prove his extracts genuine.

Corporal Bestland was a sort of assistant clerk. "He was," says Cobbett, "a very honest fellow, much bound to me for my goodness to him; and was, with the sole exception of myself, the only sober man in the whole regiment." They, two, made themselves

busy in the matter. "To work we went, and during a long winter, while the rest were boozing and snoring, we gutted no small part of the regimental books."

It will be seen that the Nashwaak lady was not allowed to take his attention from this mission.

They took copies, signed each with their names, and clapped the regimental seal to it, so they could swear to the copy. Cobbett had a strong box made, in which he kept these dangerous papers. He had several bad frights, but got his papers safe to Portsmouth and to London.

The subsequent story of the charges is a long one. Cobbett laid his complaint before the war office. He had first secured his discharge, as already mentioned. through the good offices of Lord Edward Fitzgerald. but unfortunately little Bestland was still in peril. In spite of Cobbett's urgent appeals the regimental books were not secured by the war office. He had then to fall back on his copies. But he had promised Bestland, who feared a flogging, that his name would not be brought into the case until he also was discharged. Cobbett asked that the war office would promise to discharge a man whom he should name after the promise was given. This was refused. The case dragged a few weeks. Then Cobbett, who had married on his return to England, packed up what he had, took the lady of the washtub, and made his way to France.

It was always stated by his enemies that he did not go empty-handed. In short, the charge was that he took money to abandon the case. There is, however, no need to suppose so, for it was evident that he could not get far with it.

Years afterward Cobbett supported the charges made against the Duke of York, son of the reigning King, who was accused of giving commissions and promotions to undeserving people in consideration of substantial payments to Mrs. Clarke, the Duke's mistress.

In the stormy discussion of these charges, Cobbett's sudden abandonment of the New Brunswick case was thrown up to him, and it was in answer to these reflections that he gave the statements which have been quoted.

If Cobbett went to France in the spring of 1792 somewhat acquainted with the French language and literature, it was because the study of French was another of his New Brunswick activities. This study seems to have been taken up from pure lust for work. He could not when here have foreseen that he would find it convenient to rush to that country, or that having been driven from France by the revolution which followed hard upon his arrival, he should make several hundred pounds a year during the next three years in Philadelphia by teaching English to French refugees. This he did, while incidentally he belabored Tom Paine, Jefferson, Franklin and Citizen Genet through his pamphlets. His career in the Ouaker city was closed by a condemnation to pay \$5,000 damages to Dr. Rush, who, according to Cobbett, had killed some hundreds of people by excessive bleeding - among others, George Washington.

Cobbett did some other things in New Brunswick. In no less than three of his books he mentions a certain royal commission. The date should be about 1790, for he intimates that it was a year before he left the province.

"I remember," he says, "a set of commissioners being sent out from England, a part of whose business it was to make a statement and report of the population. They lived about our quarters for some time; they had some jovial carousings with our officers; but it was I who made out their statement and drew up this report to be sent home to the King, for which, by the by, they never gave me even their thanks. This statement, which, as was the case with everything that I meddled with, was done in so clear, correct, and in point of penmanship, so beautiful a manner, that I have been told the Duke of Kent, when he afterwards became commander-inchief in these provinces, had it copied, and took away the original as a curiosity."

I copy this from the Political Register of 1809. In his book, called Cobbett's Corn—quoted in the note to Rural Rides—it is stated that the document came into the hands of the Duke of Kent. There is no hearsay about it this time, for Cobbett states that the Duke showed the paper to him on the often mentioned occasion, when Cobbett, proceeding from Philadelphia to London, had the honor to dine with that royal personage. This was in 1800, and Cobbett wrote in 1828.

A third story he gives in the Register of 1824. As this passage is rather interesting from a local point of view, I quote a somewhat long extract.

Cobbett is denouncing Sir Francis Burdett, a former intimate associate, from whom he had received £3,000, which, according to Burdett, was a loan never repaid, and in Cobbett's view a political subscription. Burdett had been a radical member of parliament, and was a colleague of Lord Cochrane when the latter was sent to prison and sentenced to stand in the pillory. This latter part of the sentence was not carried out. If it had been, Sir Francis would have voluntarily stood in the pillory with his friend and colleague.

Burdett had a scheme for sending the suffering Irish to the colonies, and Cobbett was contending in his demagogical way that it would be better to provide for them at home. He gives a dramatic statement of the difficulties of transporting a million people and starting them as settlers in the woods, and adds:

But the best way of showing what must be done in such a case, is to show what actually was done, when this government colonized New Brunswick, which country is, in my opinion, one of the best colonies for purposes of this sort that belong to His Majesty's Dominions.

At the close of the American war, our government sent a parcel of old soldiers, who during the war had married Yankee girls, and a parcel of native American royalists, who thought it inconvenient to remain among the rebels. These were to settle a district, which in honor of that glorious family of which Mr. Charles Yorke talks so much in answer to the slanders of the wicked Mrs. Clarke, is called New Brunswick. The district begins at the northern end of the Atlantic coast of the United States, and it extends northward about eight or nine hundred miles perhaps. The main settlement was at the mouth of a very fine river called the St. John, which comes down nearly from Quebec and empties itself into the Bay of Fundy.

I was in that province not long after the colonizing began. Commissioners were sent out into the province after I had been in it about six or seven years. Their business was to make a survey of the province—they did make the survey. Their mass of rude materials, and more rude I never saw, were put into my hands, and I, who was a sergeant major, drew up their report, which they sent to the government. That was about thirty-five years ago, and I dare say, those commissioners have, if they be alive, pensions to this day.

I know, therefore, something about the manner in which a government colonizes. The distance which the people had to go was a mere trifle. The expense of this was very little. Then the settlers were far from being poor. They were soldiers, who had gone through a war, or they were able Yankee farmers. * * * Yet they had provisions (pork,

flour, butter, peas and rice) found them for four years. They had blankets found them to a liberal extent. They were supplied with tools, nails and other things. * * * *And though they were not more than 20,000, the suffering among them after the four years was very great. * * * Is it likely that each settler cost the country less than 50 pounds? There was a provision store for them which served afterwards as a barrack for 400 men.

Who composed this commission? What was its object? Why was the beautiful report of Cobbett left at Fredericton? I am not able to answer these questions, unless the commissioners were Dundas and Pemberton, who came to this country to inquire into and report upon Loyalist losses. In the Winslow papers, edited by Rev. Dr. Raymond (page 321), we find Lieutenant Gordon writing from Halifax to Edward Winslow, that the Loyalist commissioners will go to New Brunswick in June, 1796. In connection with Cobbett's reflections, it may be worthy of notice that "Pemberton was one of a whist party at the general's." In December, 1796, Dundas writes to Earl Cornwallis an account of the condition of things in the province, in which it shows that his enquiry went beyond the Loyalist losses. He did not get away until the summer of 1787, which was the vear of Cobbett's removal from St. John to Fredericton. It is perhaps material to this enquiry that the Duke of Kent came to St. John and visited Fredericton in 1794.

Still we have not exhausted the special labors of Cobbett in the province. I quote again:

The fame of my services and talents ran through the whole country. I was invited to visit people in all parts of the province. I had the settling, or rather the preventing, of eight or nine law suits, while we lay at Fredericton. I had the affairs of the whole regiment to attend to, all its accounts,

its parades, its guards, its everything. I found time to study English and French. I built a barrack for 400 men, without the aid of either draughtsman, carpenter or bricklayer. The soldiers under me cut down the timber and dug the stones, and I was the architect. I went through a tract of timber of above 100 miles, where no man ever ventured to go alone before, and this I did for the purpose of putting a stop to desertion, by showing the regiment that I myself was able to follow the fugitives. And accordingly, after that, we had no more desertion to the United States. With all these occupations (of which I mention only a few particulars that occur to me at this moment) I found time for skating, fishing and shooting, and all the other sports of the country. of which, when I left it, I had seen and knew more than any other man.*

I cannot refrain from giving another short quotation from the same letter:

Why I always had weight and power wherever I was. I was a leader, and it would have been a base abandonment of the claims which nature and habit have given me to pretend that I am nothing more than such a man as Parson Woodcock.

This is rather vain-glorious, but it is true, that even before Cobbett left New Brunswick his fame had begun to spread. In 1805 General Carleton went to Cobbett's house in England to remind him that he had the pleasure of knowing him in New Brunswick. He had been reviewing general when Cobbett thought that others were getting all the praise. General Carleton desired to see Mrs. Cobbett, remarking that he had heard in New Brunswick of Cobbett's love affair.

It is fair to say that Cobbett made one exception in expressing contempt for his officers. He told the Duke of Kent in Halifax that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a fine officer. The same year, dining at Mr. Windham's with Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning and

^{*} Political Register, June, 1809.

others, Cobbett explained to Pitt that Lord Edward was "the only sober and only honest officer I had ever known in the army." But Lord Edward was not long with the 54th. He had served in the American war in other regiments, and in 1788 he joined the 54th in New Brunswick, because some disappointment in love impelled him to cross the seas. The impulsive and romantic disposition of this remarkable man had already begun to exhibit itself. Two letters of his to his mother, published in Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, shows that when Lord Edward arrived in Halifax, June 21, 1788, he refused to take the ordinary route by Annapolis. He had just crossed the Atlantic for at least the third time, and seems to have enjoyed it, yet professed to his mother that he was afraid of the Bay of Fundy trip from Annapolis to St. John, a passage which he had heard sometimes consumed a fortnight. Of course this was not the true reason. Lord Edward had already become a disciple of Rosseau, was fond of living in a state of nature, and much given to solitary and adventurous journeys.? Lord Edward made the overland journey, with the colored boy who had saved his life at Eutaw Springs, arriving at St. John about the middle of July. He reports to his mother that the regiment is still there, but a part of it must certainly have gone to Fredericton. He would hardly get to Fredericton before August.*?

On the 19th of the following March Lord Edward was in Quebec, having walked all the way on snow-shoes in thirty-five days, thirty-one without seeing a house, and making the journey by a new route. Thence Lord Edward went west and south, bringing

^{*}Probably Cobbett was then engaged in building the barracks.

up at New Orleans. He was turned back when he set out for Mexico, and had become initiated into an Indian tribe at Detroit.

As we have seen he was home in England when Cobbett arrived, and assisted him to obtain his discharge. But he left the regiment and the service soon after Cobbett, for while Cobbett was making his way to America to escape the French revolution Fitzgerald was having a glorious time with the revolutionists in France. There he drank the health of the nations with which Britain was at war, became a comrade of Tom Paine, and was so exuberant in his hatred to monarchies that the folks at home retired him from the army. How he made a sudden marriage with a certain Pamela, by some said to be the daughter of a Newfoundland man, and by others affirmed to be a daughter of Louis Philippe (Egalite), and sister to the later French king of that name; how he joined the king's enemies in fact at the last becoming commanding officer of Wolf-Tone's army of United Irishmen; how after defeat he resisted capture and died of wounds received in a fight with the officers-is another story.

Of Cobbett, I will only give a few references to New Brunswick and one more allusion to his life here. In Household Economy he speaks of keeping cows and sheep and goats. Then he says:

When I was in the army in New Brunswick, where the snow lies on the ground seven months in the year, there were many goats that belonged to the regiment, and that went about with it on ship board and everywhere else. Some of them had gone through nearly the whole of the American war. We never fed them. In the summer they picked about wherever they could find grass, and in winter they lived upon cabbage leaves, turnip peelings, potato peelings, and other things flung out of the soldiers rooms and huts. One of these

goats belonged to me, and on an average throughout the year she gave me more than three half pints of milk a day. I used to have the kid killed when a few days old, and for some time the goat would give nearly, or quite, two quarts of milk a day. She was seldom dry more than three weeks in the year.

It may interest people of St. John to know Cobbett's opinion of sea-ports, since this is the one where he lived longer than at any other:

I hate commercial towns in general. There is generally something so loathsome in the look, and so stern and unfeeling in the manners of sea-faring people that I have always, from my very youth, disliked sea-ports.*

Here is an opinion of his concerning Canada.

Speaking of a crowd of Norfolk people who were "fleeing from the country," as he puts it, he said:

These were going to Quebec in timber ships, and from Quebec by land to the United States. They had been told that they would not be suffered to land in the United States from on board ship. The roguish villains had deceived them, but no matter. They will get to the United States, and going through Canada will do them good, for it will teach them to detest everything belonging to it.

Again referring to Hull, he says:

Ten large ships have gone this spring (1830) laden with these fugitives to escape the fangs of taxation. Those that have most money go direct to the United States. Single men, who are taken for a mere trifle in the Canadian ships, go that way, have nothing but their carcasses to carry over the rocks and swamps, and through the myriad place-men and pensioners of that miserable region.*

Again he denounces "the rocks and swamps of Nova Scotia and Canada."

From Glasgow the sensible Scotch are pouring out amain.

Those that are poor and cannot pay their passage, or can rake together only a trifle, are going to a rascally heap of

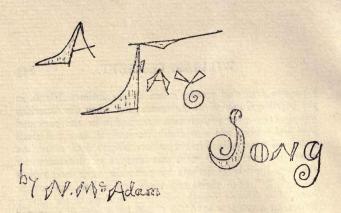
^{*}Rural Rides, 1853 edition, page 592.

^{*} Rural Rides, page 600.

sand and rock and swamp called Prince Edward Island, in the horrible Gulph of St. Lawrence; but when the American vessels come over with Indian corn and flour and pork and beef and poultry and eggs and butter and cabbages and green peas and asparogus, for the soldier officers and other tax eaters that we support upon that lump of worthlessness-for the lump itself bears nothing but potatoes-when these vessels come * * * with apples and pears and melons and cucumbers. The sensible Scotch will go with them to the United States for a dollar a head, till at last not a man of them will be left but the bed-ridden. These villainous colonies are held for no earthly purpose but that of giving money to the relations and dependents of the aristocracy. * * * Withdraw the English taxes, and except in a small part of Canada, the whole of these horrible regions would be left to the bears and the savages in the course of a year.

Such English as this, and other far stronger, for instance his description of fashionable life at Chiltenham, or the really scurrilous abuse of Tom Paine, whose bones Cobbett afterward reverently resurrected to give them greater honor—(an honor they failed to receive because they fell into the hands of a receiver in bankruptcy)—such English Carlyle had in mind -when, classing Cobbett with Walter Scott, he said, "Cobbett also as the pattern John Bull of his country, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialties shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was nature to us when British literature lay all sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other sentimentalism, tearful or spasmodic nature was kind enough to send us two healthy men, of whom she might still say not without pride, 'These also were made in England: Such limbs do I still make there."

S. D. SCOTT.



Fay-caps of the columbines, And the wind in the summer weather. Petals pink and petals white Showering down together.

Downy dandelion shuttle cocks
Toss airily to and fro;
Borne by light wind's battledore,
Hither and you they go.

Olender grasses sway and nod.
White butterflies flit by,
Bearing fond lovers messages
To maid-hearts pure and shy.

Oh, a velvet suit of the wild-rose leaf, And a columbine cap and feather! And a tilt with the Knights of Fairy-dom All in the sweet june weather. Gallant the Knights have entered the lists, And gallant the prize will be; A cup of purest buttercup gold, Set in green tracery.

Mettlesome are our wild-bee steeds, Lances and hearts are stout; Clad cap-a-pie in beetle-mail, The Knights career about.

Hung with gossamer lace and pearls.

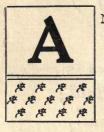
Anne the lists where we must ride;

Flower-flags in every hue

Flutter on either side.

Oh, ladies smiles and glances bright, And a tilt in the summer weather. Favors pink and favors white Showering down to gether.

Europe as Seen by an Acadian.



NOTHER man's soul is darkness," says a Russian proverb, "and darker darkness still is the soul of another nation. Men go abroad and return with accounts of foreign nations, their habits and absurdities; but the candle flickers only on the outward things. From time to time,

however, some foreigner takes pity on us, and throws a glimmer from within."

These words, written with reference to another nation than Russia, convey nevertheless a true idea of much that has been put before the public with reference to this unhappy country. Russia is probably the least travelled of any of the European states, and those from other lands who do venture within her borders usually do so in fast express trains, along certain well defined lines, stay at hotels where "English is spoken," and consequently leave Russia with a poorer knowledge of the country and the people than they might have obtained had they stayed at home, and contented themselves with reading up the subject as treated by the best available writers.

Realizing the truth of the allegations in the quotation just alluded to, the writer has endeavored conscientiously to see something from within, to realize from the Russian standpoint some of the political and other difficulties with which the nation is confronted. The present occasion does not constitute his first visit to Russia, and he sincerely trusts that it may not be his



Orangery at Sans Souci, near Potsdam. In the foreground will be observed the bronze astronomical instruments removed with other "loot" from Pekin by the Germans during the recent troubles in China.



last, so warm have been some of the friendships formed, and so pleasing have been many of the experiences through which he has passed.

For the individual who has travelled through central and southern Europe, but has not visited Russia, there is in store a host of new experiences. Under French, Spanish or Italian administration, the passing of the frontier by the ordinary traveller is a matter that can be disposed of usually in half an hour, amid a scene of hurry and bustle. Ordinarily it is a scramble for first place and first attention, in which the person who holds up the largest coin first catches the eye of the customs official and is easily the winner. Upon entering Russia an entirely different condition of affairs will be encountered.

In proceeding from Berlin northward, about eighteen hours' travel brought the writer to the last station in German territory. There the train was boarded by several Russian officials, and after a very brief interval moved slowly across the frontier line into Russia.

Upon both sides of the track from this line to the first Russian station, a short distance, Russian soldiers with bayonets fixed, were stationed, about forty feet apart. These were to prevent the escape of any individual from the train, or the throwing off of contraband articles to confederates who might be in the vicinity for the purpose of receiving them.

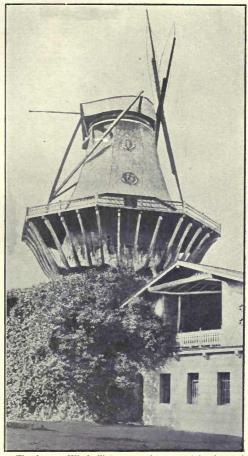
The Russian frontier station on this line is a large and commodious stone building, quite ample for all requirements, and in this all the passengers, with their belongings and whatever freight might be in the cars, were speedily collected, sentries in the meantime surrounding the station and the train, so that none should escape. Each passenger upon entering the building handed his passport to the sentry at the door. If, for any reason, he had no passport to present, it meant deportation without delay.

The examination room, similar to other rooms for the purpose, was provided with a raised platform upon which the passengers, upon entering, deposited their baggage and awaited the pleasure of the officials. In the centre of the room was a large writing table, and about this table the officials, military and otherwise, gathered. There was no unnecessary delay, and when all was in readiness the porters, with the officials, stood at attention, and the chief official appeared from an inner room.

The examination of passports was first taken up in the order in which they happened to fall, and upon being found in order were returned to their respective owners, the examination of whose baggage was then commenced. Nothing was handled roughly or carelessly, but the examination was thorough.

The cameras and typewriter of the writer were soon brought to light, and were carefully weighed upon a huge scale in the centre of the room. They were apparently within the limit allowed by law, as they were passed without remark, the only charge being a small fee of fifteen copecks, about eight cents, probably for the vise of the passport. Upon the completion of the examination permission was granted to repair to the waiting room or to the restaurant, but not to leave the building.

The whole examination was probably the most thorough, orderly and polite that a traveller in any part of Europe would encounter, and by the individual who had nothing to conceal there was absolutely nothing to be feared. This being at a time when European Russia was in a state of political ferment, the conditions would doubtless be as acute as would be at any time encountered.



The famous Windmill (now royal property) in the park of Sans Souci, near Potsdam, which the owner is said to have refused to sell to the king, meeting threatened violence by an appeal to the judges of Berlin.



After passing the customs examination the majority of the passengers repaired to the restaurant, where a good meal was served at a moderate price. At all the entrances to the room, including the doors to the kitchen, armed sentries were posted, under whose watchful eye the traveller might regale himself of such Russian delicacies as his fancy might suggest. Caviarre, sauer-krout, raw fish pickled or smoked, salads, bologna, red cabbage and a number of other dishes which do not constitute the usual diet of the ordinary Canadian were spread out in an appetizing array upon a counter; but there was a good beefsteak and plenty of good bread and butter and coffee for those who desired a simple meal.

Luncheon over, there was nothing to do but loiter about the station until the train for the next part of the journey had been made up. During all this time the passengers were kept under strict military guard, as though they were a body of recruits intended for the far east, not being permitted even to enjoy the fresh air on the station platform.

At this station the writer changed from the fast express to the slow train, which makes many more stops and is much more patronized by the Russian people. This afforded also an opportunity for about an hour and a half at Riga, where minor disturbances had occurred.

In passing from Germany into Russia, the character of the buildings, the style of dress and racial features of the people, and the appearance of the landscape all changed abruptly. Upon the German side the result of the reafforestation plans which have been consistently carried out during a period of years, is noticeable. Up to the boundary limit, the houses are all of brick, with red tiled roofs, the farms are well tilled, and have a prosperous appearance, the people appear

well fed, stoutly built, and thoroughly German in every characteristic.

Upon the Russian side everything is typically Russian, the buildings are nearly all of wood, usually constructed upon the solid plan without air spaces, a construction thoroughly Russian. The majority of the buildings are of logs, flattened on two sides, and carefully mortised together, the cross partitions being made in the same manner and mortised into the outside walls. The roofs are either covered with shingles or with sheet metal, not a tiled roof to be seen. In strange contrast to the stoutly built Germans, who are usually fairly well dressed and approximately of a uniform size of figure, one observed a variety of types and figures, from the small, undersized Tartar of about five feet in height, up to the huge, raw boned rough haired type that made an ordinary six-footer appear like a pigmy in his presence. The long knee boot, either of Russia leather or felt, is almost universally worn by the Russian peasant.

Those of the readers of ACADIENSIS who wish to know just what a Russian peasant looks like have but to recall the Doukhobors who entered Canada a few years ago, clad in sheep skins, having the woolly side of the hide turned in. The women, as well as the men, are usually clad in sheep skin garments, the skirt being short, usually not much below the knee, and the boots of the same type as those worn by the men. Among the better class of peasant women, a kerchief, usually woven of white goat's wool, is worn over the head, but the poorest classes wear anything that will help to keep the cold out, from a woolen scarf to an old salt sack.

These fur-lined coats of the Russian peasants do not strike the observer as being particularly clean, but they are doubtless as much so as many of a more pretentious make. A well known St. John man used to boast



RUSSIAN PEASANTS.



A RUSSIAN MUJIK, OR PEASANT WOMAN, CLAD IN RUSSIA LEATHER.



that his great-grandfather had an overcoat which he wore for twenty-seven years, and bemoaned his fate that he could not buy one of the present day manufacture which would last one-quarter of that time. Should he happen to read this article his attention is respectfully invited to the Russian leather coat just described, upon the bosom of one of which the date 1888 was artistically embroidered, the year in which the coat was made. From present apparance it bids fair to outdo the twenty-seven year record of the good old Loyalist forefather.

The Russian Empire, as we are of course, aware, includes in its vast population Slavs, Germans, Mongols. Tartars, Lithuanians, Finns, etc. These various peoples each retain their own language and customs with the utmost tenacity, uotwithstanding all the efforts of the Russian government to cement them into one race. There is consequently little in common among them, and this fact will explain much of the apparently cold blooded barbarism with which the troops, when so ordered, will shoot down those who are in name at least their brethren and fellow countrymen.

Regiments raised in one district are used to police and keep down the people of another portion of the empire, and thus the iron heel of despotism is ever on the neck of these unfortunate people wheresoever they may happen to dwell. The Tartars are most in evidence in St. Petersburg and vicinity, and are usually regarded as the most terrible and bloodthirsty of all the Russian soldiery.

So strict is the watch kept upon incomers that the captain of a British or American steamer calling at a Russian port is not permitted to retain even his revolver, and this, with all the ship's signal rockets and any powder or other explosives, is removed to the arsenal upon the arrival of the steamer, there to remain until she is again ready for sea.

The difference in the written language increases the difficulty of travel in Russia very greatly, so much so in fact, that to the ordinary pleasure seeker Russia is practically an unknown land. To all but the experienced traveller the difficulties are so insuperable that some more easily followed route had better be undertaken.

Peter the Great is said to have invented the Russian alphabet, but the language is difficult to acquire, and one of the professors of the St. Petersburg University assured the writer that its mastery could only be attained, except in unusual cases, by persons actually resident in the country. It will be readily understood, therefore, that the task which the Russian government has undertaken, namely, the unification of the language throughout Russia, would appear to be almost superhuman. To those of us who believe in the Biblical reason for the diversity of languages, it would seem that the task is one that can never be completed, all the ukases to the contrary notwithstanding.

Were the people a willing factor in the case, the difficulty would be considerably modified, but as the Germans and Poles, particularly, cling to their own language with the same tenacity that the French Canadian does that of his forefathers, and as ninetenths of the people of Russia are absolutely illiterate, it would appear necessary to first educate them in their own tongue before they can be expected to acquire what is to most of them an unknown language.

The following concessions embodied in the Czar's proclamation of religious liberty will give the reader some idea of the restrictions hitherto placed upon unorthodox religious worship in Russia:

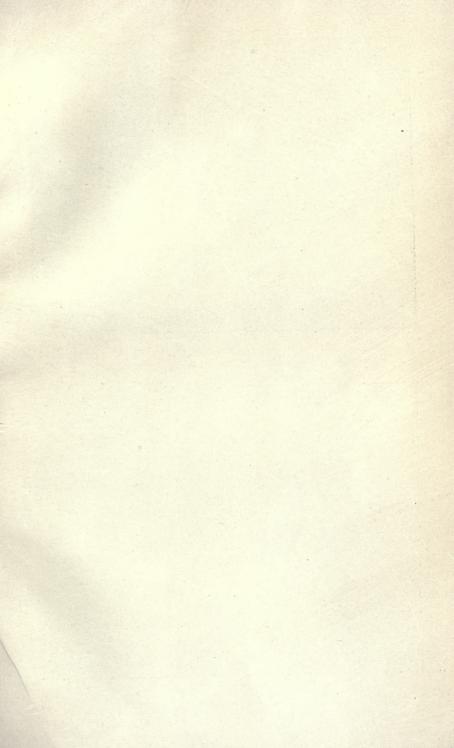


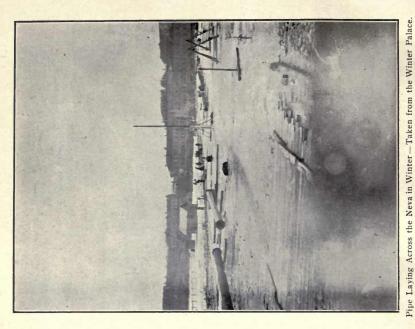
"There is usually a crowd of farmers and peasants around the vodka shop."

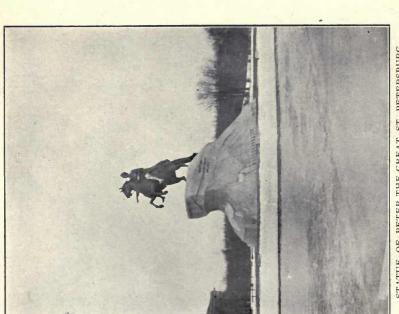


TYPICAL RUSSIAN FARMHOUSE,









STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, ST. PETERSBURG. Pipe

I. Dissent from the Orthodox Church in Russia in future will not involve prosecution or the loss of civil rights.

2. Dissenters are permitted to hold real and per-

sonal property.

They may establish monasteries and hermitages.

4. They may build schools wherever there is a considerable population of their persuasion.

5. The closed meeting houses of the Stundists may be reopened.

6. "Old Believers" (the sect of Raskolnike) may be promoted to the rank of officer, and dissenters generally can receive the military medal for valour.

7. Roman Catholics, Mahommedans, Buddhists, and Lamaists are granted similar privileges, and the monasteries and convents in Poland may be re-opened.

8. Punishments for past religious offences may be lightened or remitted.

St. Petersburg unlike most of the other great cities of the world, is not the result of the slow growth of centuries. The city owes its creation to Peter the Great, the great reformer of the Russian Empire, who, bent upon obtaining a position in Western Europe, a window, to use his own words, through which western customs and ideals might penetrate into the vast semibarbarous territory which he ruled, seized the territory in the middle of which now stands the present city of St. Petersburg, from the Swedes, about the year 1700, and commenced the plans for the present city.

Upon an island in the middle of the River Neva. about three miles down the stream from the fortress of Nien Schauz, a fortress was built, which was the nucleus of what is now the military centre of St. Petersburg. This island is known as "The Fortress" (Kriepost), and was a chief base of operations for the troops, for the measures taken by the military for the purpose of suppressing the recent outbreak. Upon this island stands the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, in which are buried, with but one exception, all the emperors since the time of Peter the Great. Within this fortress the mint is also situated.

The island fortress is connected with the mainland by the Troitsky bridge, near one end of which is the Winter Palace of the Czar of all the Russias. Along the bank of the Neva on the palace side is a broad driveway, divided from the river by a wall substantially built of hewn granite. On a fine afternoon, during peaceful times, this driveway is much frequented by the nobles and gentry. Here, too, the troikas, the three-horse conveyances with the splendid Bess-Arabian horses, are seen to the best advantage.

Extending along the river fronting upon the driveway is one facade of the Winter Palace. The windows of this facade command a fine view of the Neva, the fortness and of that portion of the city which lies beyond. It was from these windows that the press representatives and others were gazing upon the occasion of the annual ceremony of the blessing of the waters of the Neva when the shower of bullets occurred which shattered much of the window glass of the palace, and marked in a dramatic manner the outbreak of the present troubles.

The Winter Palace is a very long pile of sandstone buildings, having several courtyards within, and it was in these courtyards that the various bodies of troops were quartered during the night of Saturday, January 21, prior to the terrible slaughter of the following day.

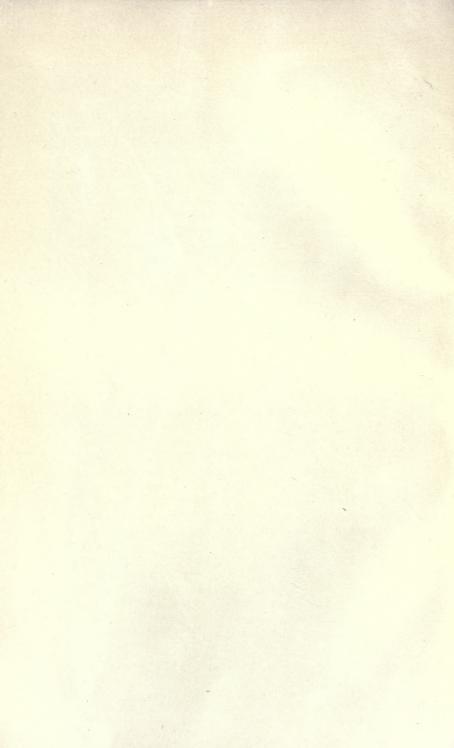
The opposite facade of the Winter Palace fronts upon a magnificent square or parade ground, one of the very finest in the world. The palace forms one side of the huge quadrangle. Standing in its doorway one sees to the left the British and other foreign embas-



"Busily engaged in cutting and hauling ice on the river."



"At the Railway Station some of the passengers would always run out for tea."



sies, from the windows of which as well as from the palace a portion of the recent terrible slaughter could have been witnessed. The buildings to the right and left of the Winter Palace, with the exception of the British embassy, which is of red brick, are of brown sand stone, and of uniform height. The fourth side of the parade ground is completed by a semi-circular range of buildings, through the centre of which is a wide street, the buildings meeting overhead and forming a splendid archway. Immediately over the archway is a group of bronze figures of heroic size, of the kind for which Russian sculptors are justly famous. The group is representative of Victory in a Roman triumphal car drawn by six horses.

For three days after his arrival in St. Petersburg the writer was unable to obtain any news concerning any agitation that might be working in the community. Upon the surface everything about the city was in a normal condition. The shops were all in their usual attire and were apparently doing a thriving business. The hotels were fairly full, but the visitors were not much in evidence, the majority of them preferring to have their meals served in the privacy of their own rooms, rather than appear in the public dining room.

The only noticeable feature about the city, to a stranger, was the large number of troops engaged about the streets in breaking up the ice which had accumulated during the winter. In this work they were assisted by several thousand peasants with carts, who carried away the ice as quickly as it was broken up by the soldiers. The latter were a hardy, well developed looking lot of men, and appeared the picture of health and cheerfulness as engaged in this work. They would probably much rather work about the streets of St. Petersburg than be en route to Mukden, under the then existing circumstances.

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At every street corner a policeman and a soldier were stationed. There were only half a dozen sentries on duty, apparently about the Winter Palace, but in some of the large government buildings within a block or two, large numbers of soldiers were quartered in the basements. In every direction about the city, officers innumerable were to be seen, so much so in fact that one naturally wondered why many more of them were not at the front, engaged in fighting the battles of their country. If one enquired about any strikes, he was at once told that there were no strikes, that everything had been arranged, and that the men had all returned to work. Becoming finally somewhat sceptical as to the truth of this assurance the writer having in the meanwhile obtained a pocket plan of the city and its environments, determined to do a little investigating on his own account. The Putiloff Iron Works, really a government institution, having been already the scene of much incident, apparently afforded the most interesting and most available ground for investigation. Accompanied by Mr. Nesbit. a mining engineer, who was a chance acquaintance at the hotel, a visit was paid to the works which are situated at some little distance from the city, but are easily reached by the aid of a tram-car. The road from the city outwards is closely built up, along both sides, with small provision shops, workmen's dwellings, vodka shops and cheap boarding houses. The sale of vodka is a government monopoly throughout Russia, A bottle of vodka, which contains about 40 per cent, of alcohol, retails at about one rouble, equal to fifty cents per quart bottle.

Some little distance out, about three versts from the city, one came to quite an open space, where the highway took an oblique turn to the left. Here is situated a large memorial arch of stone, under which the road



"Near the Putiloff Iron Works is a fine stone archway, which had been newly painted and gilded to conceal all traces of the terrible conflict which waged about it on the 22nd January." " All the morning we waited about the entrance to the Works, the crowd of strikers increasing coutinually."





passes. This is the place which had been barricaded by the military in order to keep the workmen out of the city proper, and at which the terrible loss of life, due to the ruthless shooting down of the strikers by the

military recently occurred.

How many were killed on this occasion will never be known, as, during the night following this affair, the bodies of the dead were all gathered up in carts and removed from the city in railway cars, being all interred in one common grave.

When anxious relatives enquired next morning for those who were missing, and asked permission to bury their dead, they were told that they need give themslves no concern, as the government had already dis-

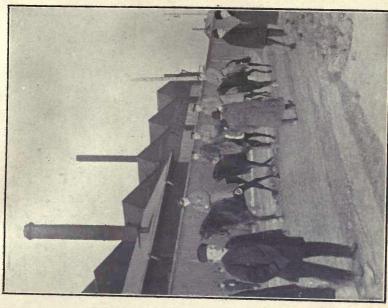
posed of the bodies in a proper manner.

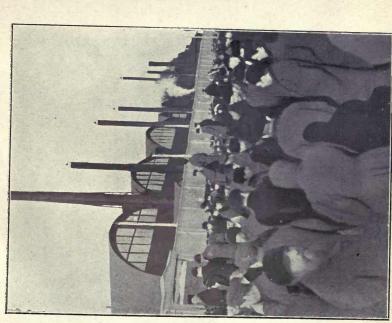
One individual who claimed to have a personal knowledge, stated that fourteen car loads of bodies were removed from this one point. This was the most conservative estimate given. In March last all traces of the affair had been obliterated, and the stone arch had been newly painted and gilded. It was stated by an intelligent employe of the Putiloff works, a Scandinavian employed as a draftsman, that there were 2,000 men missing from those works alone, and that the relatives of many of these men did not know whether they had been arrested and thrown into prison or whether they were among the fourteen car loads which had been buried.

From the arch to beyond the Putiloff Iron Works the highway continues in a straight line, the works being on the shore or westerly side of the road. Immediately upon passing the arch, large numbers of men were noticeable, moving about singly or in small groups, and it was at once apparent, even to the veriest stranger, that the Putiloff works were by no means being operated at their full capacity.

Proceeding further, the throng increased, until upon arrival at the works the crowd, in which there were many women and children, became very dense. About 10 o'clock most of the men who had been working, discontinued, leaving only some 900 men, barely enough to keep the cannon works in operation, which the government was determined to continue to all hazard, owing to the urgent for cannon at the front. As Mr. Nisbett had been for some time engaged at the Iron Works, he was able to interview three individuals connected with the works, who were idle on account of the action of the strikers, but were not particularly identified with the movement. One of these, a Scandinavian, before alluded to, upon the assurance that he was quite safe in doing so, was willing to talk freely with regard to the condition of affairs. The others appeared, and somewhat naturally, disinclined to give any information concerning the actual condition of affairs.

The Putiloff Works give employment to from ten to sixteen thousand men, nearly all Poles, who receive an average wage of about fifty cents a day. Work is commenced at 6 a. m. and continued until 12, noon, when, after an intermission of two hours, it is again resumed. This, it is needless to say, makes a very long day, and as food is by no means cheap in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, the pay can scarcely be deemed a living wage. For a number of days, owing doubtless to some pre-conceived plan, the majority of the men had commenced work in the morning and about 10 o'clock dropped their tools and left the works. This was certainly a very aggravating policy, and the aim of the strikers appeared difficult to understand. There was apparently a difficulty in preserving unity of action among the men, and as the government had determined to





"A few of their number returned to the road, which they continued to patrol," "By one o'clock the crowd outside the works had increased to a mob of thousands, composed altogether of the strikers and their families"



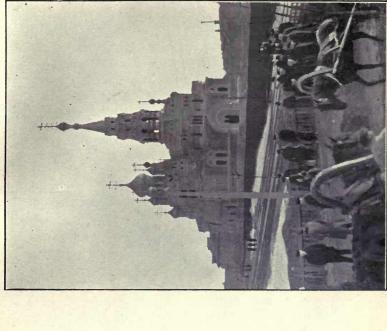
resume work in certain departments at two o'clock upon the day on which the writer visited the works serious trouble was anticipated. Acting on the strength of this hint, it was determined to await developments at that hour, and instead of returning to the hotel for lunch, to take pot-luck at the best of the boarding houses in the vicinity, usually frequented by the clerks and heads of the departments. The result proved so unsatisfactory, as to cleanliness, although the dining room had a large seating capacity and was apparently well patronized, that a couple of boiled eggs and an orange were all the refreshments partaken of.

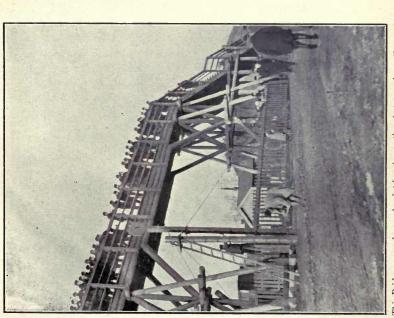
The Iron Works, it may be explained, are enclosed on all sides by a board fence, strongly constructed, about fifteen feet in height, the principal entrance being through two large gateways which were guarded by a squad of infantry, with fixed bayonets, stationed inside, and which were only opened, as occasion required, to admit cartloads of supplies which arrived under military escort. Between the two large gateways are fifteen small low doors, purposely constructed so as to permit the passage of only one person at a time. Inside of each of these small doors a very narrow passage way had been railed off, and beside each door on the inside stood one or two armed infantry. All of these precautions, it is perhaps somewhat needless to explain, were for the purpose of preventing the entrance from being "rushed" by any preconcerted plan on the part of the strikers

The main road from the city is crossed by the railway just at the commencement of the works. crossing being a level one, is protected by gates, and to facilitate traffic a narrow overhead footbridge has been constructed. This bridge seemed to afford a good point for observation, and from it a number of photos of the surroundings were taken, but as a serious effort was contemplated by the strikers, to prevent the return of any men to work at 2 o'clock, and mindful of the affair at the archway of a few days before, the writer concluded that a less exposed situation would be more to his liking.

The dropping of a Canadian by a bullet, stray or otherwise, like a crow from the limb of a dead tree, would probably not greatly benefit the cause of humanity. A small building immediately opposite to the entrance to the works, flanked by a high board fence, having a good solid stone church in the rear, and behind which he could fairly well conceal the working of his cameras, appeared to offer the desired protection, with an opportunity for a hasty retreat, if necessary. Here the writer took up his position to await developments.

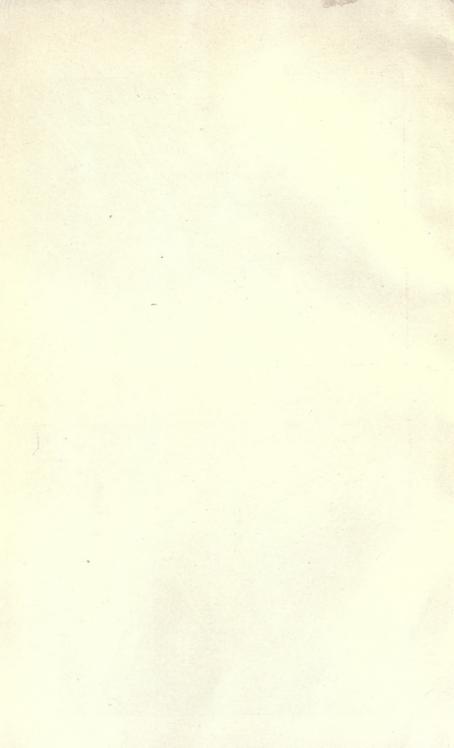
By one o'clock the road was so densely packed with strikers that it became difficult to move about. an individual from the works appeared, and under military protection read a printed notice, which was listened to without comment by the strikers, and was then posted up on an adjoining building. About a quarter past one the soldiers on guard were reinforced by a platoon of cavalry armed with rifles and with bayonets fixed. These were admitted to the works and a few moments afterwards about fifteen of their number returned to the road, which they continued to patrol, evidently prepared to charge upon any group that might show a disposition to create a disturbance. At a quarter before two, the small door-ways elsewhere alluded to were opened, and a number of men, in rather a sheepish and morose manner, passed in to resume work, in all probability about ten per cent of those upon the roll. At two o'clock the doors were again closed, and it was evident that any demonstration or violence that had been contemplated had been over-





This Bridge seemed a good point for observation, but as serious effort was contemplated by the strikers the writer concluded that a less exposed situation would be more to his liking,"

"Just opposite the Putiloff Works is a fine brick church, which seemed to offer a good opportunity for cover in case the expected shooting commenced."



awed by the display of force on the part of the government.

The city of Moscow is, like that of Rome, situated upon seven hills. It is the second capital of the Russian empire, contains about 1,000,000 people, about 20,000 houses and covers forty-six square miles of territory.

Through the city runs a small river upon one bank of which fronts the Kremlin, a fortress of which Russia is justly proud, once considered well-nigh invulnerable, but now little else than a vast collection of ancient churches, historic monuments and stately palaces, some of which contain jewels and other treasures of fabulous value.

Within its walls are four churches, in one of which lie the remains of forty-seven Russian princes, including all the Czars down to the time of Peter the Great.

In another are three banners of solid gold, which the novice would scarcely notice amid the oriental splendor of the surroundings, but the jewels of only one of which are worth \$225,000.

The amount of money that is represented in all the rest of the gold and jewels and paintings and sculpture and enamels with which the building is adorned must be vast indeed if one may judge by the single item alluded to. In the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael. built in the year 1509, lie the remains of Ivan the Terrible, a trace of whose blood must have flowed in the veins of the late Grand Duke Sergius, so greatly was he dreaded by the people whom he ruled with such ruthless sternness. For his wife the popular affection appeared to be as marked as was the hatred for the husband. It is reported that it was only the presence of the Grand Duchess, and the disinclination even of the malcontents to harm her that prevented the royal victim from meeting the fate which ultimately befell him, at an earlier date.

The walls of the Kremlin are 7,000 feet in circumference, and are pierced by five gates. These walls are of brick, and are of great interest, as they are much older than the buildings which they now surround. They have remained intact through many vicissitudes, and have lasted while the buildings which they contain have been many times destroyed and rebuilt.

Probably the most important of the gates to the Kremlin is the Spass (the Saviour's) Gate, surmounted by an ikon or holy image which is held in especial veneration by the Russians. It was through this gate that the ancient Czars rode forth to battle, and under which they passed upon their return. This ikon is the same that was displayed before the Tartars when they were defeated in the year 1526.

Within the Kremlin is also the tower of Ivan Veliky, built in 1590, with its fine peal of bells, the largest of which, cast in the reign of the Empress Anne, in 1733, weighs 200 tons. This bell is sixty-eight feet in circumference, and stands upon a stone pedestal at the foot of the tower, having had a piece knocked out of its side by the fall of a rafter during the fire of 1737.

There is probably nothing in Russia so familiar to the readers of Acadiensis as this bell, which still remains the largest in the world.

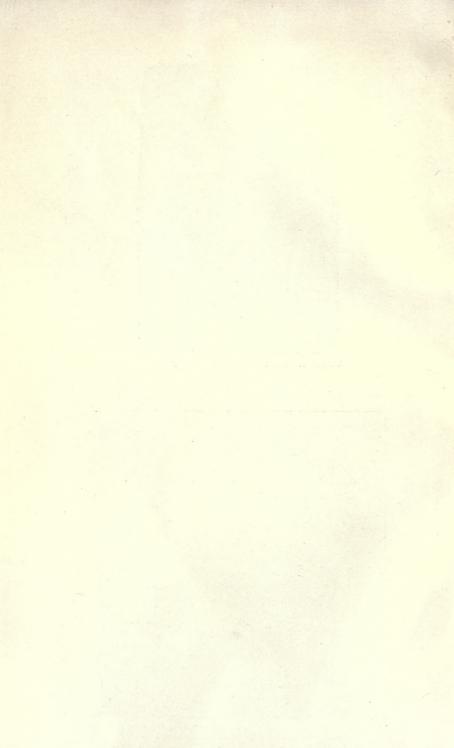
The treasury contains an unrivalled collection of old silver, jewelry, firearms, portraits of Russian Czars and Polish kings, the Astrachan, Georgian, Kazan and Siberian crowns—carried in great state processions—also the crowns and sceptres of former Czars. When one sees this vast display of wealth and learns of the dire poverty and lack of education throughout the empire, one is almost tempted to exclaim: "Why are not these jewels sold for much money and given to the poor?"



A RUSSIAN CARICATURE OF LEO TOLSTOI.



"A few idlers surrounded the place, a wooden railing enclosing the spot where just previously the Grand Duke Sergius had been killed by a homb."



Mention of the Kremlin riding school, large enough to accommodate at one time 5,000 mounted horsemen, with roof unsupported by post or pillar, should not be omitted.

Just outside of the walls of the Kremlin and opposite the Spass, or Saviour's Gate, is the Cathedral of Wassili Blazenny, Basil the Beatified, one of the most remarkable architectural productions in the world. Built in 1555 by Ivan the Terrible, to celebrate the defeat of the Tartars, it contains nine chapels, none of which is more than twenty feet in diameter, but having each a lofty roof. The chapels are lighted from above, in the case of the middle chapel the light coming down through a shaft probably not less than two hundred feet in depth. This shaft forms the interior of the centre minaret of the group of which the building is principally composed. Around the outside of the building on the principal floor, runs a narrow passage way about three feet in width, through which the visitor is conducted. This cathedral is only used once a year for religious worship, and as the chapels which it contains are very tiny the building is of no practical value. It forms a unique illustration of the way that much money has been wasted in Russia without benefit or advantage to anybody.

It is related that after the building had been completed, Ivan the Terrible invited the architect to dine with him, and after complimenting him highly upon his skill in designing a building totally unlike any that had been previously constructed, remarked that he supposed that, if any other person should desire a cathedral at all similar, he should decline to lend his assistance. The unfortunate architect, little suspecting what was before him, replied truthfully that if he was employed for the purpose by a different individual, he should of course be guided by his new

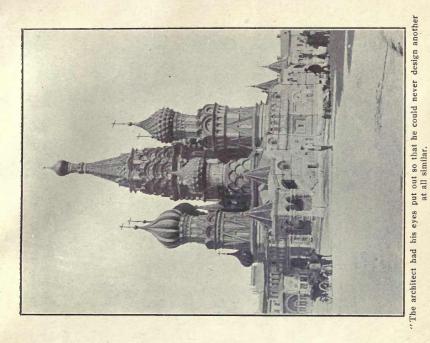
patron's wishes in the matter. Upon hearing this just and fearless statement Ivan was so enraged that he ordered the architect to be immediately blinded and thus effectually prevented his ever designing a building which might in the least resemble that which had been designed for himself.

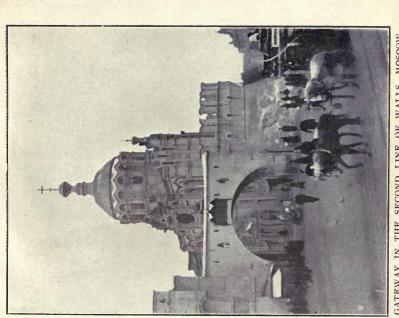
Beyond the first line of walls of the Kremlin is a second wall, enclosing the so-called "Chinese Town," and which wall is also pierced by several beautiful gates. It is between the first and second line of walls that many of the principal business houses and hotels in Moscow are situated.

Volumes might be filled with descriptions of all the wonders of this great city, for it is truly great in many ways. It is more typically Russian than St. Petersburg, is semi-barbaric in its display of wealth and coloring, it contains, not one, but several of the finest business houses that the traveller will find in Europe, one of the largest theatres in the world, and best of all for the comfort and convenience of the traveller, has one of the cheapest and best systems of cabs and sleighs, in addition to numerous street car lines. In the winter time there are no less than 17,000 small low sledges plying for hire, all numbered and under license, in one of which any point in the principal part of the city may be reached for the trifling sum of twenty copecks (about ten cents).

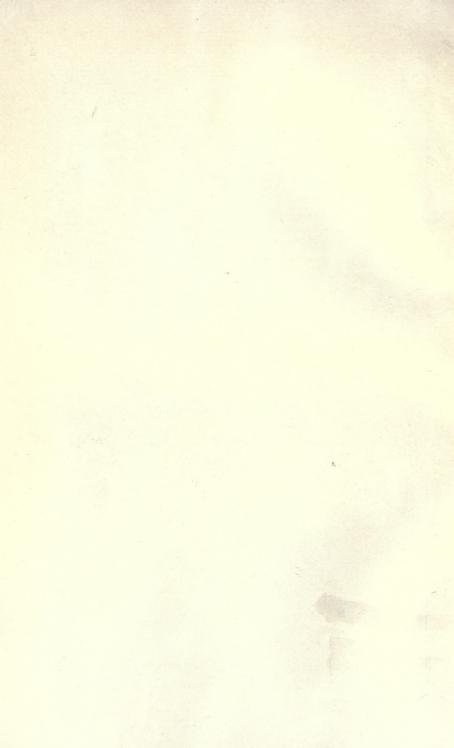
In explanation of this extensive cab service it may be mentioned that many of the peasants who are farmers during the greater part of the year, flock to the cities with their horses in the winter and become sledge drivers; thus earning enough to support themselves and their horses during the severe winter weather.

The difficulties of the language shut one off so completely from all the usual sources of information, that





GATEWAY IN THE SECOND LINE OF WALLS, MOSCOW.



the services of a guide, for a portion of the time at least, are indispensable. F. F. Hoger, a German by birth, who speaks English with the fluency of a native, is most reasonable in his charges, and is thoroughly familiar, not only with the city and its surroundings, but with the history and traditions connected with all the various items of interest in the treasury, in the cathedrals, in the museums and in the Royal Palace, which latter is within the inner walls of the Kremlin, and contains no less than 700 rooms. He also claims to have escorted touring parties to within the limits of the Arctic circle, and throughout Eastern Russia and Japan.

Great is the interest for the traveller and the student, in this wonderful city, its luxuriance, its splendors, the superstition of its people, the wealth of its rich men and the dire poverty of the poor. It contains 1,050 churches and only 200 schools, yet even in the matter of education it is in advance of the rest of the Empire.

It gives the writer great pleasure to be able to testify to the great and unvarying courtesy with which he was treated by all classes during his brief visit to Russia. From the military commandant of more than one of the principal posts through all grades of society down to the humblest peasant, he did not experience a single instance of discourtesy. It would not be unreasonable at the present time to expect some slight friction, and in fact he was frequently warned in England, France and Germany that he should not undertake the journey which he has here attempted to describe, and that should he do so he was assuming grave risks of unpleasant treatment. Such, however, has not been his experience.

The Right Rev. T. E. Wilkinson, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in North and Central Europe, comments strong y upon this point in a letter addressed to the editor of the London Daily Mail, in which he appeals to the British press to refrain from publishing exaggerated and unfair reports with reference to Russian affairs. A short quotation from his excellent letter may, perhaps, be permitted:

"To aggravate and torture a worsted sister nation is not magnanimous and is altogether unworthy of us as a great nation. Bismarck used to say that Germany had to pay for the windows broken by her press. England will have to pay the same bill some day.

"Russia has proved herself in war to be brave, enduring, and in her attitude and utterances toward her vic-

torious enemy, chivalrous.

"The English who live in Russia, will, I know, bear me out in what I have written, for there is no country in Europe where English people have been treated with such unvarying kindness and consideration as in Russia. I travel and work through ten nations of Northern and Central Europe and I hear complaints, loud and many, from our countrymen in not a few of them, as to the troubles to which they are subjected, but not in Russia.

"The Russians are a kind-hearted, generous, and friendly people; they have never oppressed the English who have lived among them; on the contrary, they have allowed them many and great privileges and advantages, since the days of Peter the Great onwards."

Among the reforms most urgently needed in Russia the following may be mentioned, a primary condition to the establishment of good government, namely the discontinuance of the present war upon the best terms obtainable, having, as a matter of course, been first admitted:

Representative government, including curtailment of present powers of Czar.

Religious freedom for all classes.



Grand Duchess Sergius, beloved by the people as much as her husband was hated.



Freedom of the press.

The right to openly debate public questions.

Education for the masses.

Separation of church and state, as being in the best interests of both.

The abolition of contract prison labor.

Abolition of prison labor in mines.

Provision of modern jails and penitentiaries.

Abolition of espionage, as a part of government system.

Trial by jury.

No indefinite imprisonment without trial.

These reforms cannot all be effected in one year, or even in ten years. If the Czar and his advisers show the people that they are sincere in their declared intention of granting reforms, by the immediate organization of some system of representative government, no matter how crude it may be in its first inception, serious disaster to the nation may be averted.

Internal warfare, like a two-edged sword, keen and terrible, is hanging over the country, suspended but by a single thread. A breath of wind may, at any moment cause its descent upon the people. Serious for Russia as has been the result of the war with Japan, it would be overshadowed by the ruinous effects of civil war, should such a contingency occur.

All that is needed to precipitate a crisis at any moment is the appearance of a leader of sufficient energy and ability to organize and consolidate the existing units of discontent, and, like a flame sweeping across a prairie covered with dry grass the empire, extending across two continents, would be swept by a wholesale carnage, the like of which the world has never witnessed.

From Moscow to Constantinople by rail is a continuous journey occupying three days and three nights.

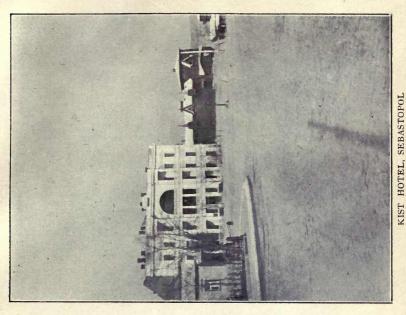
The land until the traveller approaches the Black Sea is level and monotonous. There are several large towns or cities between Moscow and Sebastopol, and as one nears the latter city the country has a more prosperous appearance than in the more northern part of European Russia.

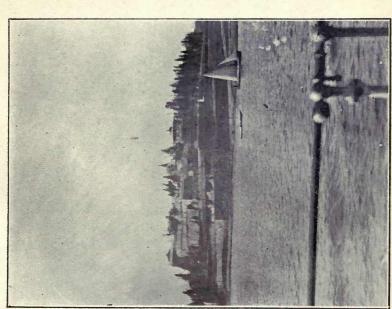
The city of Sebastopol is well built, principally of stone, and nearly all traces of the Crimean war have been obliterated except the cemetaries and various national monuments to those who died in the war, and which alone remind the traveller of what has been.

The usual route from Sebastopol to Constantinople is by water, the steamship service being fairly good, and the journey one of thirty hours duration, not excessively long.

The number of efficient Russian ships of war of good size is about seven, supplemented by about fifteen torpedo boats and other small craft. The Russian Black Sea fleet is by no means a formidable one. Many of the guns from the ships in these waters were removed on merchantmen, surreptitiously, to eastern waters at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese difficulty.

The city of Constantinople is, without doubt, one of the most picturesque of Southern Europe as viewed from the water, but in few instances will such serious disappointment be felt by the traveller, as when having landed, he commences to explore the city critically for places and features such as are ordinarily supposed to interest a visitor. The mosques, with their attendant minarettes, give a charm to the landscape, as viewed from a distance, and break up the sky line with a grace peculiar to this particular city; but having examined one of them, the traveller has, one might almost say, seen them all, and looks in vain for something else of interest to which he may turn his attention.





"As we steamed down the Bosphorus we passed the Harem of the Sultan of Turkey,"



The streets of the city are, at best, but narrow lanes and alleys, strewn with offal and garbage, even the "Grand Rue," the principal business street in Para, which is the fashionable quarter of the city, being scarcely twenty-five feet in width. Narrow as are the streets, the sidewalks are proportionately narrower, and in most instances scarcely admit of two persons walking abreast.

The city is over-run with dogs, a species of mongrel who barely manage to sustain life upon the garbage, which is thrown into the streets even in the best parts of the city. These dogs, whose only home is in the streets, sleep in the sunshine upon the sidewalks in the day time, where they are safe from the wheeled traffic, and after dark wander about in quest of food. Fighting and snarling all night long, they make sleep well nigh impossible to one unaccustomed to the uproar.

The banking arrangements in Turkey for extortion are about the most refined and complete that intelligent officials can devise. Both small change and gold are at a premium of from 8 per cent. upwards. Upon presenting a draft from a London bank upon the Credit Lyonaise at the agency of that concern in Constantinople, the payment is made in Turkish paper money of large denominations. In case that one receives more money than he intends to use in Turkey he must pay a premium in order to have it exchanged into French or English gold. If he wishes small money for use about the city he must pay a premium. Payment of drafts in gold is refused. French gold and silver is usually accepted for payment of small accounts, but coins of the time of the Empire and the Republic, although current at the office of the Credit Lyonaise in Paris, are "bad" in Constantinople. For changing French gold into small Turkish silver and nickel-plated coppers the writer was charged 25 per cent, by the obliging clerk of the Para Palace Hotel, although it was pointed out at the time that according to the table of exchange published in the guide book, this was a gross over-charge. That the guide-book was wrong, was the only explanation offered.

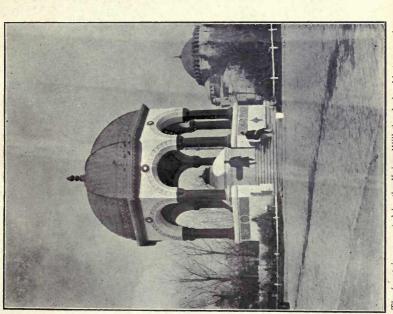
Turkish rugs may be bought much more reasonably from a reliable dealer in London or New York than in Constantinople. For the services of a barber, for instance, the tourist pays nearly double the price charged in the most expensive establishments in the West End of London. This scale of extortionate demands pervades all classes of trade and business.

Very few women are to be seen about the streets of Constantinople, the few that appear in the stores and restaurants being principally Greeks. One may spend a week in Constantinople and not see more than twenty Turkish women, those who appear in public being closely veiled. Upon the lower half of all the windows of a Turkish city residence close screens of wood carefully prevent intrusion from prying eyes.

The street costume of a Turkish woman is invariably of one color or shade, and is uniform in style among the rich and poor. In color, black predominates, but occasionally rich brocaded silks of light weight are worn by women of wealth. The cloak is long, reaching to the ground, and is caught in at the waist. With this cloak, a cape which covers the head and shoulders is worn, while a black veil, thin, but almost impenetrable to the eye, is invariably used to cover the face. Among the more elderly women, and those of the lower classes, the veil is so disposed that the eyes and nose are uncovered, but the mouth and forehead are carefully concealed.

The streets of Constantinople are paved principally wih round cobble stones, which, in addition to the





The fountain presented by the Kaiser Wilhelm during his tour to the Holy Land.



unevenness with which they have been laid, are rendered even more unpleasant for walking upon by the filth and slime with which they are coated. This in addition to the steep gradients of the principal streets, their narrowness and the consequent congestion of traffic, make them almost impassable to pedestrians.

That portion of the sidewalks which is not occupied by sleeping dogs in day time, is largely taken up by boot-blacks, who sit about in the sun and pound their boxes with their blacking brushes in order to attract the attention of any one who may appear to be a likely customer. The remaining space not utilized by the dogs and boot-blacks is appropriated by innumerable beggars, who display club-feet, stumps of amputated limbs and diseased parts of their bodies, artistically arranged, so as to best work upon the feelings of the passers-by.

Much of the cooking at the innumerable restaurants of the poorest class is done on a charcoal brazier upon the sidewalk, the principal disadvantage, if not the only one in the eyes of the Turk, being the danger of losing the mess while in preparation, by theft, upon the part of one of the pariah dogs.

In Constantinople, every man wears a fez, red, with a black tassel, and to appear upon the street with any other head dress is to at once make oneself a target for all those who lie in wait.

The Turk as seen in guide books, upon picture postcards and hand-bills, and in devices for the ensnaring of the unsophisticated traveller, is a trim looking individual, clad in a picturesque costume of brilliant coloring, which harmonizes well with his swarthy skin.

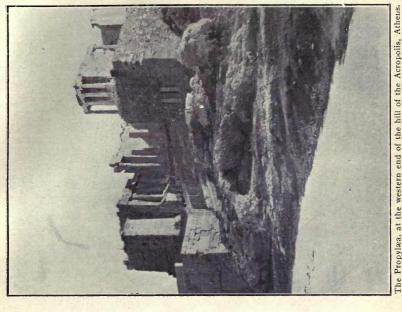
In real life he is a very different being. A bundle of rags of various hues, shoes from which toes and heels protrude, a face unshaven, a red fez from which perspiration has long ago eliminated the dye around the lower edges, a general indication of the avoidance of the application of the cleansing principle of water either to person or apparel, an odor of garlic pungent and unmistakeable, all these features more truly represent the average Turk as he actually appears, and mark him as something to be avoided.

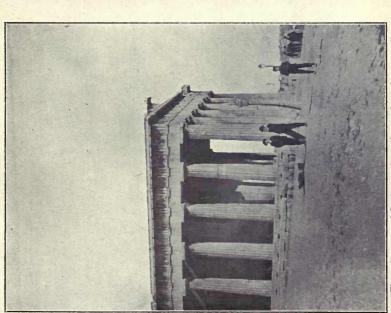
The only Turkish costumes, corresponding at all to the traveller's ideal in such matters, to be seen about Constantinople, are those worn for advertising effect by some of the employes of the principal hotels. They are supplied by the employer and in them a dirk and a huge revolver stuck through the belt are given undue prominence.

Having once seen Constantinople few travellers will in the least regret their departure, and fewer still will ever experience a desire to again visit such a place of uncleanliness, dishonesty and discomfort.

From Constantinople to Piræus by water is but thirty hours' journey, and the sail during the latter part of the month of March is, under normal conditions, probably one of the most delightful in the world. All along the route the traveller passes innumerable islands, many of them devoid even of vegetable life. Occasionally one sees the ruins of an ancient temple standing lonely upon a hilltop on a barren island, and one naturally wonders why it was placed there and what its history might be.

Protected by islands in every direction, the sea is usually smooth, and the air soft and balmy, so that even in mid-winter the traveller may sleep at night with the port-hole of his stateroom open, secure against bad air and the inroad of the rolling sea, which make ocean travel so greatly to be dreaded by many people in the winter season in a more rigorous climate.





"The well preserved Doric temple to the north of the Acropolis at Athens, commonly known as the Theseum, was long supposed to be the sanctuary in which the bones of Theseus reposed. Built circa 5th



hens

Piræus is practically the modern city of Athens, being situate on the water front, while Athens proper is but about five minutes distant by electric car. There are innumerable electric railways in Greece running for greater or lesser distances, varying from the limited town trolley line to the fast "third rail" system, by the aid of which one may travel easily, swiftly and economically.

To tread the classic soil of Greece and gaze upon the innumerable architectural memorials of Hellenic genius is the desire of almost everyone who has read anything of Grecian history. There is no country in the world that opens the floodgates of memory, or excites the imagination, as does this classic archipelago. The names of its great men are familiar to students in all walks of life. Its sculptors, statesmen, orators, poets, historians and philosophers have all in their respective spheres impressed an influence upon human thought and human ideals lasting even to the present day.

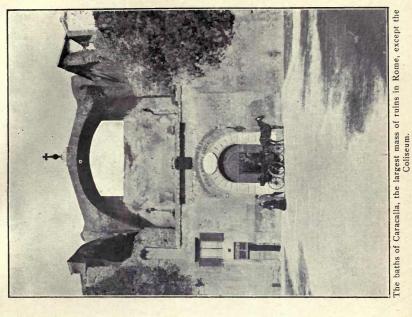
The centuries that have elapsed since Greece was at the crowning point of its glory have not entirely changed its national customs and characteristics. Successive settlements of Venetians and Turks have not effaced all that the Romans and Goths left of its enduring relics in stone and marble.

Leaving the more modern city, and proceeding towards the hill of the Acropolis, one comes first to the Temple of Theseus, one of the most perfect of the various ruins which have remained almost in their entirety. Following up the hill we reach the cellars of what has been a large collection of houses, just under the shadow of the hill of the Acropolis. Here one observes the results of the efforts which have been systematically made to recover some of the numerous art treasures which undoubtedly lie buried here. In the

course of these excavations, wells, walled up with cut stone and of great depth, have recently been discovered in perfect condition, and after having lain disused probably for twenty centuries, are now a source of daily supply to many of the small houses which have, comparatively within recent years, sprung up in the vicinity.

Passing on by a winding roadway we gradually reach the summit of the noble hill of the Acropolis and the Parthenon, the buildings upon its crest a monument of the climax of centuries of culture. The glory of the Athens of old is here illustrated to the best advantage by this grand pile, the Parthenon towering above its neighbors, the Temple of Athena, the Erectheum and the Propylea. The view from the summit of the hill is most inspiring. Just below one sees the Aereopagus, and nestling against the hill there stands in splendid preservation the Pnyx where Demosthenes and Pericles stood and poured out their flood of burning eloquence to listening thousands. Standing upon the rostrum where once stood these great men, and gazing upon tier above tier of semi-circular marble seats, one may, in imagination, easily re-people them with the men and women of so many centuries ago.

From the hill of the Acropolis one may also look down upon the plain of Marathon, now covered with vineyards and olive gardens, but where, nearly two thousand four hundred years ago a battle was fought which practically decided the destiny of the world. Upon this plain there is a mound which, it is maintained, is the identical heap of earth which was raised over the bodies of the Athenian soldiers who fell in that great struggle. We can still distinguish the slope where the Athenians charged the Persian line, the valley up which Miltiades retreated and the marshes over which the Persians were pursued by the victorious Greeks.





"An old well walled up with cut stone, and very deep, at the foot of the Acropolis. The dwellings have long disappeared, but the well



From Piræns to Patras by water is about a day's journey. Many travellers cross Greece from point to point by rail in order to avoid the longer sea voyage. To one who is fond of the sea the longer journey is the more preferable.

The air at Patras is beautifully clear, and looking up from amid the sweltering heat at mid-day on the steamer's deck on a fine afternoon it seemed as if one might almost touch the snow covered mountain peaks towering high above the cloud line directly in front. Between the two points, the steamer's deck and the far off mountain top, were vineyards and olive gardens, orange groves and clusters of fig trees and gardens full of spring vegetables, the latter for all the world as one might see them in Canada in July.

Half way up the hillside is the ruin of an old castle, which must have been built upon a grand scale. Even yet its outer wall is almost intact, while its donjon-keep does duty as a penitentiary. If one might know its history what tales of intrigue, of valour, of human ambitions and disappointments, of human weaknesses

and vanities might be disclosed.

The town of Patras is one of the cleanest of southern Europe, its people appear frugal and industrious, its market is well supplied with provisions of every sort, fresh fruits and vegetables abound, it is a centre for yachting, fishing and innumerable other amusements, it is most beautifully situated, it has not yet become polluted by that element which seems to pervade nearly all the resorts frequented by travellers, namely of people unwilling to work, striving to obtain something for nothing and ever on the alert for money, no matter how obtained. The people appear simple in their tastes, and even the little homes of the workingmen, consisting of a small cottage frequently containing but

a single room, appear a marvel of neatness and cleanliness. There is not, as yet, any large hotel there, but people of simple tastes will find no difficulty in making themselves comfortable.

Between Greece and Italy, near the southern end of the Adriatic Sea, lies the Island of Corfu, a favorite winter resort of Europeans on their way to and from Cairo, who spend a week or two there in order to avoid a too sudden change of climate. It is quite noted as a resort for sportsmen, and the shooting, particularly woodcock, is excellent. In the interior of the island wild boar, roe-deer, chamois, bears and wolves are said to be plentiful.

From Corfu to Brindisi is but a few hours journey, and here ended one of the most delightful voyages the writer has ever experienced. The delicious warmth of the climate was intensified by contrast with the terrible cold of the Russian winter, the green grass waving in the fields overlooked by towering mountain crags was the antithisis of the dreary snow-covered level plains of Russia, the cleanliness of the towns visited was in marked contrast to the filth of Constantinople.

In the evenings the steamer was boarded at whatever port she happened to be in by small stringed orchestras, who assisted to beguile what might have been a weary hour, and the members of which were satisfied with very trifling remuneration.

Brilliantly lighted cabins, secluded deck corners, a balmy air, sweet music, ample space to dance or to promenade, courteous attendants, luscious tropical fruit, the perfume of innumerable roses, the hum of conversation or the quiet enjoyment of ones own thoughts as preferred, a smooth sea, the stars brilliant over head, the horizon sparkling with countless electric lights, foreign costumes in every conceivable hue were all con-

ditions which were encountered upon each evening spent in one of the numerous ports of call. Difficult to please indeed must be the individual who could not find enjoyment amid such surroundings.

Leaving Brindisi in the early morning, and after an all-day journey in a fast express, one arrives at the great city of Rome. Augustus J. C. Hare, in his

Walks in Rome tells us that:

"If we would profit by Rome to the uttermost, we must put away all prejudices, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, and we must believe that it is not in one class of Roman interests alone that much is to be learnt. Those who devote themselves exclusively to the relics of the kings and the republic, to the walls, or the vexed questions concerning the Porta Capena, and who see no interest in the reminiscences of the middle ages and the popes, take only half of the blessing of Rome, and the half which has the least of human sympathy. Archæology and history should help the beauties of Rome to leave their noblest impress, in arousing feelings worthy of the greatest of pagan heroes, of the noblest of Latin poets, of the most inspired of sculptors and painters, as well as Paul of Tarsus, who passed into Rome under the Arch of Drusus, upon whom the shadow of the tomb of Caius Cestius fell as he passed out of Rome to his martyrdom in that procession of which it is the sole surviving witness, and who, in Rome, is sleeping now, with a thousand other saints, till, as S. Ambrose reminds us, he shall awaken there at the Great Resurrection."

As the majority of the readers of ACADIENSIS are aware, the Vatican Palace, where His Holiness Pope Pius X, resides immediately adjoins Saint Peter's Cathedral, being situated on the right hand side and a little to the rear as one approaches from the front.

Passing through the long colonade which appears prominently in all illustrations of Saint Peter's, one is met at the doorway by several members of the Swiss Guard, famous for several reasons, and whose brilliant costumes of red, yellow and black were especially designed for them by Michael Angelo.

In order to obtain an audience with His Holiness, it is primarily a necessity for the visitor to Rome to bear a letter from the bishop of the diocese from which he comes, which letter, in the case of Canadians, must be exchanged at the Canadian College at Rome, for another letter to the major-domo at the Vatican. Upon presenting this second letter to the guard, the visitor is shown up two long flights of stairs, and awaits his turn for a short interview with the proper official, who receives the letter and makes any necessary enquiries as to whether a special audience is desired, the nature of the business to be transacted, and any other details with which it is necessary that he should be acquainted.

If the visitor is particularly fortunate, he may receive his card of admission, which is sent out by special courier and not through the mail, in a week's time, the arrangement of the date being largely dependent upon the number of applicants already in waiting, and the amount of time that His Holiness may be able to devote to such audiences.

All preliminaries having been arranged, the visitor must arrive promptly at the appointed hour, and is received usually in the hall of Saint Gregory, a large audience chamber upon one of the upper floors of the Vatican Palace, and in which all those who are to attend the audience assemble to await the pleasure of His Holiness.

This hall is picturesquely decorated with frescoes upon the walls and ceiling, the wooden shutters for the windows being of oak, beautifully carved. The floor is of marbles inlaid one upon another, and the only furniture consists of wooden seats placed against the wall. To reach this hall it is necessary to pass at least two sentries, while a third is in attendance at the entrance to the chamber.

At the upper end of the hall, usually seated upon one of the wooden forms, are three others of the Swiss Guard in charge of a captain, armed with the picturesque but now obsolete battleaxe and halbert. Although apparently very much at their ease, the members of the guard are obliged to pay strict attention to all who enter or leave the audience chamber, and in the case of notable personages, to come promptly to the salute. The papal secretaries wore the usual evening dress, the one or two cardinals present were in black and purple, while other officials, probably equerries in waiting, were clad entirely in purple, wearing cutaway coats, knee breeches and silk stockings.

Among the visitors, probably one-quarter of the number were of the fair sex, dressed almost without exception in black silk and wearing upon their heads the black lace mantilla, familiar to all those who have travelled in southern Europe. The assemblage was very cosmopolitan, including several ladies of the Italian nobility whose carriages were in waiting in the courtyard below, attended by their servants, members of various religious orders in their respective habits, women of the middle class and a peasant girl in the simple but marvelously effective costume worn usually by the Italian women of her station in life. She was accompanied by an elderly woman of the same class and was evidently in a high state of excitement in anticipation of the honor in which she was to participate. She wore nothing upon her head and her luxuriant hair was neatly braided and was quite fair. indicating that she was from the north of Italy, not far from the Swiss frontier. At every foot-fall the color came and went upon her face like a zephyr playing upon the placid surface of a lake on a summer day. All the men who were received in private audience were in evening dress. The remainder of those present were principally members of a body of pilgrims who, to the number of over 500, had arrived from France on the previous day.

After an interval of waiting, during which those who had arranged for a private audience were received in an inner room, it was announced that His Holiness was in readiness. The Swiss Guard stood at attention at the upper end of the room, while facing them the the visitors were arranged in a semi-circle extending from the door on the north side of the audience-chamber to that on the south.

Soon His Holiness appeared, wearing the white robe with white silk sash appropriate to the occasion, and accompanied by the major-domo and all those who had been received in private audience. At the appearance of the Pope all present sank upon one knee, and His Holiness passed along the line exchanging a salutation, and in some special instances a few words with a particular individual, who might be indicated by the accompanying official. This ceremony over, he pronounced a benediction and the long anticipated ceremony was at an end. The scene was one that was most impressive and strikingly picturesque.

The Pope, with his white costume, silvery hair and bright countenance would impress the beholder as a man of strong character, but nevertheless of a most mild and pleasing expression. His was a face in which gentleness appeared to be the predominating characteristic, and seemingly unmarred by human passions or earthly cares.



Photo by Dosio & C., Rome.

POPE PIUS X



The remains of the Baths of Caracalla form the largest mass of ruins in Rome except the Coliseum. Formerly they were most beautiful, from the immense variety of foliage with which they were adorned. Now all this is changed, and even the tiniest plant has been carefully removed to prevent further injury to this structure. These baths could accommodate 1,600 bathers at once, and were commenced in A. D. 212 by Caracalla. They covered so vast an area that Ammianus Marcellinus remarked that the Roman baths were like provinces. Bulwer Lytton remarks of them:

"Imagine every entertainment for mind and body; enumerate all the gymnastic games our fathers invented; repeat all the books that Italy and Greece have produced; suppose places for all these games, admirers for all these works; add to this baths of the vastest size, the most complicated combination; intersperse the whole with gardens, with theatres, with porticoes, with schools; suppose, in one word, a city of the gods, composed but of palaces and public edifices, and you may form some faint idea of the glories of the great baths of Rome.

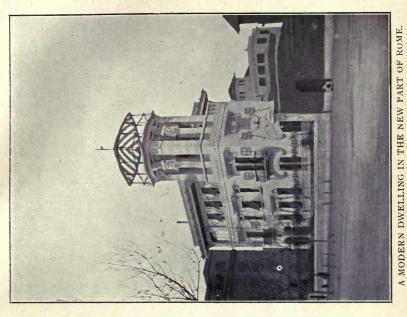
Possibly the reader will permit but a short quotation from Gibbon in order fully to portray, in as few words as possible, this vast collection of buildings as it must have been at the zenith of Rome's period of luxury and splendor:

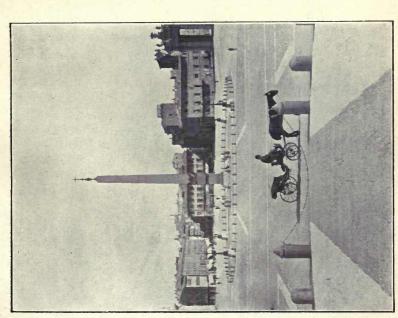
"These Thermae of Caracalla, which were one mile in circumference, and open at stated hours for the indiscriminate service of the senators and the people, contained above 1,600 seats of marble. The walls of the various apartments were covered with various mosaics that imitated the art of the period in elegance of design and in the variety of their colors. The Egyptian granite was beautifully incrusted with the

precious green marble of Numidia. The perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued forth a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes and without mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or forum, to hear news and to hold disputes; who dissipated in extravagant gaming, the miserable pittance of their wives and children, and spent the hours of the night in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality."

The modern city of Rome is becoming, almost as much as Paris, a place where people with money are attracted by every method that can be devised. New hotels, outrivalling in beauty of architecture and sightliness of location, even the palaces of bye-gone generations. Well-kept streets, modern sanitation luxurious hostelries, freedom from the dreaded Roman fever, a beautiful climate, magnificent trees in the parks and streets, music and paintings one might almost say unsurpassed, added to many other means of enjoyment, make Rome a paradise in which to spend the winter. Even the individual with comparatively small means will find comfortable quarters in a desirable locality at a moderate price.

An illustration of a modern dwelling in the new part of Rome is given in order that the reader may form some idea of the style of building now being constructed by the Roman citizen of today who has means sufficient to gratify his tastes in this respect. The beauty of detail in the design, the audacity of the color scheme, the convenience of internal arrangement, the solidity of construction, are all worthy of





VIEW FROM THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO ST. PETERS, ROME.



note. A feature which should not be overlooked in the particular instance before us is the spacious and yet secluded place upon the roof of the tower where, raised above the dust and bustle of the street, the owner may, with his friends, enjoy the cool breezes in the evening protected from the dangerous dews of

night by a canopy of vari-colored glass.

In conclusion the writer begs to remind such of the readers of Acadiensis as may have followed this somewhat lengthy and disjointed accor t of a few of the places visited, that the illustrations, with the exception of the portraits, were all taken by an amateur while en route and developed under conditions, the difficulties of which were too numerous to be here described. Dark days and a high latitude with very little sunshine are not conducive of good results in this class of work, as the veriest dabster is aware. When to these are added the difference in the systems of weights and measures, the difficulty in obtaining, particularly in Russia, fresh and pure chemicals, the lack of a proper dark room and of running water; the danger in some instances of obtaining, under the very eyes of spies and detectives, a proper exposure even with a carefully disguised apparatus, it will be concluded that the best results could not reasonably be expected.

The greater portion of the foregoing article has appeared in a series of letters published in the St. John Daily Telegraph. The addition of the illustrations and the elimination of much that was of passing interest has changed the character of the work sufficiently, it is to be hoped, to justify the republication of a portion of it in magazine form.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Juvenile Exploration.



OME twenty-five years ago the conditions of travel northwest of Grand Falls differed greatly from those existing today. The railway, ending at Edmundston, had barely ceased to be an object of awe to the simple minded habitants, who thought the

use of steam power a tempting of divine Providence, and occasionally obstructed the track. Not yet had the unpleasant shriek of the iron horse disturbed the valley of the gently-flowing Madawaska. No dam and saw mill were seen then; no unsightly rock cuttings on the winding shores of the Temiscouata.

We were young boys, too young, perhaps, to be so far from home alone, when we alighted from the train at Edmundston amid a group of chattering Frenchmen, and sought shelter at the tavern of one Magloire Hebert, in the "lower town," so called. Our birch canoe had got side-tracked somewhere on the way up from Fredericton, so a great hole was made at once in our limited supply of money by the necessity of engaging a team to search for some substitute. Octave Bosser, the guide, whose lonely cabin fifteen miles up Madawaska stream we reached next day. loaned us a small pirogue or dugout, a miserable rotten little canoe, about half the usual size, and very cranky. Then came our first experience of poling, which is the fine art of canoeing to those understanding it. The Madawaska is not considered "strong water" but it is deep at times, with here and there a soft bottom, covered with long grass which waves in the current. Our canoe kept whirling about so that bow and stern were continually reversed. One of the poles were often left sticking in the mud, for in swinging suddenly with the current, unless we could extricate it quickly it was a choice between letting go or falling overboard. Many narrow escapes were thus recorded. Our goods we tightly lashed to the canoe, to the amusement of Bosser, himself a skilled and mighty poler.

In a day or two, by better luck than management, and with the powerful aid of Bosser over the lower stretches, we glided forth upon the broad expanse of Lake Temiscouata. The day was intensely hot; every leaf hung motionless; the azure sky, green woods and high burned ridges, now yellow with faded small growth, were alike vividly mirrored upon its glassy surface. We at first clung closely to the shore, having been persistently warned against sudden squalls by the natives below; but experience soon proved that, in respect to weather, Temiscouata much resembled the familiar waters of the lower St. John.

Our canoe was indeed a crazy thing, so much so that throughout the voyage both natives and tourists expressed surprise at it. Some kindly disposed Boston fishermen eloquently, yet vainly, urged us to proceed no farther. By hitting, however, upon the expedient of strapping small logs, of some two and a half feet in length by three inches in diameter, to the sides of the canoe, conditions became so improved that a sail was improvised next day of a tattered blanket, and we reached Notre Dame de Detour du Lac after speeding some hours before a heavy south wind, which raised great "white caps" all about us.

After a stay at Detour, where some supplies were purchased, we tented by the bank of the green and sinuous Cabineau, subsequently poling up that stream troubled waters, an act more suggestive of valor than discretion.

How long ago all this seems! As the years roll by, gradually shrouding such youthful adventures in an almost mythical haze, we feel the force of Virgil's well known line, "Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."

JOSEPH WHITMAN BAILEY.

The Glory of God.

The moon have I for shallop; and the stars My far-off beacons by the which I steer
On sapphire sea past changeful isles and bars
That hoist bright silver banners as I near
Their faery shores. To me the planets sing
Of Art and Arms, of Glory and of Years;
And Earth, the mother unto whom I cling,
Sighs her deep undertone of pain and tears.
And so my boundless vesper dreams are swept
With Star-lanced ether and through veiled eyes
And lids that harbored many tears unwept
I feel, what no man sees or else he dies!

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Book Reviews.

Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, second series, Vol. X, Parts I and II. Meeting of June, 1904.

This latest publication of the Royal Society of Canada appears to contain even more than the usual amount of data contributed by Fellows of the Society residing in the Mari-

time Provinces, or relating to these provinces.

The contents include an account of the proceedings of the Society, of the general business transacted at the session of 1904, the president's address, entitled "The United Empire Loyalists and their Influence upon the History of this Continent," by Lt.-Col. G. T. Dennison, and various other papers read before the Society.

Among the associated, literary and scientific societies which presented reports were the following, whose headquarters are in the Maritime Provinces, namely: The Miramichi Natural History Association, The Natural History Society of New Brunswick, The Nova Scotia Institute of Science, The New Brunswick Historical Society, and the New Brunswick Loy-

alists' Society.

Possibly the most important paper published, from an Acadian point of view, is that of W. F. Ganong, M. A., Ph. D., entitled "A Monograph of the Origins of Settlements in the Province of New Brunswick" (with maps). (Contributions to the History of New Brunswick, No. 6). The paper which forms 184 pps. of the first volume is of great interest to the students of Canadian history, and forms an installment of a complete history of the Province of New Brunswick, which Dr. Ganong is preparing with that thoroughness which has always been a characteristic of his work. This article is illustrated by numerous maps, the arrangement of which is most ingenious, showing the location of the early settlements and their origin, the physiographic features of the province, the quality of the soils, the early highway roads, and the distribution of population in 1904.

Other contributions by Acadian writers were entirely to Section IV, Geological and Biological Sciences, and were as

follows: "New Species and New Genus of Batrachian Footprints of the Carboniferous System in Eastern Canada, by G. F. Matthew, D. Sc., LL. D.; The Volcanic Rocks of New Brunswick, by L. W. Bailey, LL. D.; The Study of Canadian Fungi: A Review, by G. U. Hay, D. Sc.; Bibliography of Canadian Botany for 1903, by A. H. MacKay, LL. D.

Among the illustrations are portraits of deceased Fellows,

M. Edward Richard and Abbe H. R. Casgrain.

Part II of the Proceedings and Transactions is devoted entirely to an "Inventaire chronologique des livres, brochures, journaux et revues publics dans la province de Quebec, de 1764 a 1904," by N. E. Dionne, LL. D., Quebec, who has spent much time for several years in compiling this most valuable addition to the Canadian works intended to assist students of history.

"The Statutes of Nova Scotia passed in the Fifth year of the Reign of His Majesty King Edward VII," published at Halifax, N. S., X+366 pps. This work which is issued from the office of Mr. R. T. Murray, King's Printer, is valuable as a work of reference to those having occasion to consult the

statutes. It is well printed and strongly bound.

"Le Montin de Dumont" par Phillipe-Baby Casgrain, K. C., Ex-M. P. for L'Islet County, Quebec, and Ex-President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. 11 pps. 8 vo. paper.

"The Fight for Canada," by Major Wood, and "The Fight with France for North America," by A. G. Bradley, reviewed by Phillippe-Baby Casgrain, the author of the work just

noticed above. 29 pps. Large 8 vo., paper.

This pamphlet is a reprint of an article on Major Wood's book which appeared in the Quebec Daily Telegraph, January 21, 1905; also of the reply of Mr. A. G. Bradley to Mr. Casgrain's notice of his work, reprinted from the Telegraph. Upon the title page of the pamphlet appears a note inviting the attention of the members of the press who have noticed Mr. Bailey's book."

Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada, Vol. IX, 1904, edited by George M. Wrong, M. A., and H. H. Langton, B. A., both of the University of Toronto. XII+240

pps. Cloth. Large 8 vo.

This volume is one that is of great value to the student of Canadian history, and in fact is almost indispensible to one who would keep abreast of the times regarding the Canadian works which during each year are passing from the press in an ever increasing stream.

That section of the work relating to provincial and local history, more particularly to the sub-division dealing with the Maritime Provinces, is more carefully edited than in former years, and there is thus an indication that Acadian writers are being more generally recognized, and that literary Canada does not lie entirely within the confines of the province of Ontario.

The following from the table of contents will give some idea of the nature of the portion of the work particularly referred to. Aside from the French Shore Question, the writings under review comprise the following: A United British North America, Pouton; The Newfoundland of Today, Willey; History of Presbyterianism in Prince Edward Island, MacLeod; New Brunswick Historical Society Collectections, No. 5; Academsis; What Acadia Owed to New England, Weaver; Nova Scotia and New England during the Revolution, Weaver; The Mira Grant, Gilpin; The Loyalist Tradition in Canada, Davidson; Ten Years in a Prohibition Town, (Fredericton, N. B., Ed.), Davidson; Atrophy of the Maritime Provinces, in the New England Magazine; The Wood Family, Wood.

Among other works reviewed, possibly of local interest, may be mentioned the following writings: A History of Canada, by Chas. G. D. Roberts; Joseph Howe, by Hon. J. W. Longley, reviewed at length in this issue of Acadiensis; Discoveries and Explorations in the Century, by Chas. G. D. Roberts; Acadian Magazines (Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada), D. R. Jack.

Bureau of American Ethnology, twenty-second annual report, 1900-1901, published 1904. Part 2, 372 pps., 4to., cloth.

This volume is devoted to "The Hako: A Pawnee Ceremony," and is the work of Alice C. Fletcher, holder of Shaw Fellowship, Peabody Museum, Howard University; assisted by James R. Murie, who is an educated Pawnee who has taken up the task of preserving the ancient lore of his people, in which endeavor he has not spared himself. A high compliment is paid to Mr. Murie, concerning whom we are informed that "his patience, tact, and unfailing courtesy and

kindness have soothed the prejudice and allayed the fears of the old men who hold fast to the faith of their fathers and are the repositaries of all that remains of the ancient rites of the tribe."

In order to obtain accurate transcriptions of the Indian songs, graphophone records were taken of all belonging to the ceremony. The music as printed has been transcribed from the cylinders by Mr. Edwin S. Tracey, and each transcription has been verified by him from the singing of the Ku rahus.

Tahirussawichi, an old and full-blooded Pawnee, from whom the ceremonial was obtained, must have been an extremely intelligent and interesting individual, and the short sketch of him which appears as a preface to the work gives the reader some idea of the man who has been thus instrumental in preserving the records of his race for posterity.

Miss Fletcher relates that "it took four years of close friendly relations with my kind old friend to obtain this ceremony in its entirety. . . . His work as it now stands shows Tahirussawichi to be broad minded as well as thoughtful, reverent and sincere."

The book is beautifully printed and illustrated, and undoubtedly of great value to the student of American Ethnology.

Royal Colonial Institute Proceedings, Vol. XXXV, 1903-4,

X+513 pps., cloth, 8 vo.

The Royal Colonial Institute which was founded in 1868 has its headquarters on Northumberland Avenue, London, W. C. The object of the Institute is to provide a place of meeting for all gentlemen connected with the Colonies and British India, and others taking an interest in Colonial and Indian affairs. A reading room and library is maintained for the purpose of providing recent and authentic intelligence upon Colonial and Indian subjects, and also a museum for the collection and exhibition of Colonial and Indian productions. A further object of the Institute is to facilitate interchange of experiences amongst persons representing all the dependencies of Great Britain; to afford opportunities for the reading of papers, and for holding discussions upon Colonial and Indian subjects generally, and to undertake scientific, literary and statistical investigations in connection with the British Empire.

His Majesty King Edward is the Patron of the Institute, and the Fellows are divided into two classes, resident and non-resident. The membership is probably over 4,000, it being reported at the last general meeting that an increase of 139 Fellows had been made since the previous meeting. It is pointed out that out of 2,971 non-resident Fellows, over 1,000 belong to South Africa, 800 to Australia and New Zealand, and only 115 to Canada. A large amount of attention is nevertheless devoted to Canada and Canadian affairs in the proceedings of the Institute, and it would seem that Canadians are not making the best of their opportunities in allowing such a small representation to exist in such an important institution, avowedly carried on for the benefit of the colonies.

The fees for non-resident Fellows are small, and it would appear to be the duty of every Canadian whose desire is to see a more united Empire to cordially support such a valuable adjunct to the promotion of Canadian interests in the mother country.

In unity is strength, and if we would see the dream of Mr. Chamberlain realized and Canada represented, as she should be, in the council halls of the Empire, such an object could not be more properly aided than through the support afforded by such an institution. We sincerely trust that in the next annual report the list of Canadian Fellows may appear to have materially increased.

The St. Lawrence River—Historical—Legendary—Picturesque, by George Waldo Browne, 365+xix pps., cloth, illustrated, large 8 vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1905.

The fact that this book is from The Knickerbocker Press is sufficient guarantee that the mechanical portion of the work is of the best quality, while the reputation of Mr. Browne as a writer of historical novels is well known to lovers of that class of fiction both in Canada and the United States. One or more of Mr. Browne's Woodranger Tales have already been reviewed in Academsis, and his latest publication would seem to be quite a step in advance of his former works, admirable as they were in style, diction and the charm of plot unfolded. In the work at present under review Mr. Browne confines himself strictly to facts and though much has been written regarding this, the most noble river probably in all North America, the writer claims that his effort represents the first attempt made to collect and embody in one volume a complete and comprehensive narrative of this great water-

way. The author has undertaken as far as he could in a single work, to present a succinct and unbroken account of the most important historic incidents connected with the river, combined with descriptions of some of its most picturesque scenery and frequent selections from its prolific sources of legends and traditions.

As is stated in the preface, it does not seem practicable to make a continuous narrative in a work of this kind, but this plan has been followed as nearly as possible, while giving at the same time an intelligent account of the incidents in their

order.

The work is embellished by about one hundred illustrations, in the selecting of which much care has been taken to give as wide a scope as possible to the views belonging to the river.

Regarding the St. Lawrence, and quoting from Sir J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., of Quebec, we read that "It lies a thousand miles between two great nations, yet neglected by both, though neither would be so great without it,—a river as grand as the La Plata, as picturesque as the Rinine, as pure as the Lakes of Switzerland. . . . The noblest, the purest, most enchanting river on all God's beautiful earth . . . has never yet had a respectable history, nor scarcely more than an occasional artist to delineate its beauties."

Mr. Browne would appear to have succeeded well in the task which he has so valiantly assumed.

Ontario Historical Society, Papers and Records, published by the Society at Toronto, 170 pps., paper, large 8 vo., illustrated.

The following is the table of contents of this valuable publication: The coming of the Missionaries, J. Hampden Burnham; The first Indian Land Grant in Malden, C. W. Martin; Journal of a Journey from Sandwich to York in 1806, Chas. Aikens; The John Richardson Letters, Col. E. Cruikshanks; Ontario Onomatology and British Biography, H. F. Gardiner; The Origin of Napanee, C. C. James; Napanee's First Mills and Their Builder, Thomas W. Casey; Local Historic Places in Essex County, Miss Margaret Clare Kilroy; Notes on the Early History of the County of Essex, Francis Cleary; Battle of Queenston Heights, Editor; Battle of Windsor, John McCrea; The Western District Literary and Agricultural Association, Rev. Thomas Nathass; Battle of Goose Creek, John S. Barker; McCollom Memoirs, W. A. McCol-

lom; Brief Sketch of a Canadian Pioneer, reprint; The Switzers of the Bay of Quinte, E. E. Switzer. The State Historian of New York and the Clinton Papers—A Criticism, H. H. Robertson; Anderson Record from 1699-1896, Mrs. S. Rowe.

The Hero of the Hills, by G. Waldo Browne, the third of The Woodranger Tales, 312 pps., cloth, \$1, L. C. Page & Co., 200 Summer St., Boston, Mass. Illustrations by Henry W. Herrick.

The Hero of the Hills is a tale of the captive ground, St. Francis, and life in the northern wilderness in the days of the pioneers, and is dedicated by the author to Frederick Worman Stark, a lineal descendant of the hero of the work.

The capture of Louisburg, described in the second of the Woodranger Tales while a performance of military skill and daring worthy of rank among the decisive battles of America, resulted in harm to the New England colonists, by whom the victory was won, from the fact that it aroused in the French a spirit of retaliation. According to their method of warfare in the colonies, they at once urged the Indians to commit those attacks upon the pioneer homes of New England, which carried terror all over that extensive territory.

The story under review covers the period between the short war just passed, and the longer and more sanguinary conflict which followed.

During this period, the Indians, sallying forth from their stronghold, St. Francis, made several attacks on the settlers, which were fierce, bloody and unexpected. During one of these attacks, the hero of the story and his companions were seized as described in the pages of the work. Their adventures, how they lived and hunted the beaver and moose with Fitzgaw and his dusky companions, the love of the Indian for his children, his devotion unto death under certain conditions, all make interesting and it might be added exciting reading for old and young alike.

That the Indian was a warrior by nature, goes without saying, and the price of his liberty was eternal warfare, not-withstanding which the author claims for him traits that redounded to his credit and benefitted those with whom he came in contact.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

From the press of Morang & Co., of Toronto, comes a de luxe edition of the Hon. James W. Longley's biographical study of Joseph Howe. It forms one volume in the series entitled "The Makers of Canada." It is a book of three hundred pages, admirably printed in bold, clear type, and bound in buckram. The frontispiece is a photogravure portrait of Mr. Howe seated at his desk.

Mr. Longley deals with his subject gracefully, fluently, and, we think, judiciously. With personal recollections of Mr. Howe at his command, he is able to vivify contemporary records, to discard what is least interesting, and to keep the salient features in continuous, picturesque and bold relief. It was not permitted to Joseph Howe to play a large part in the history of this country as a federated section of the British empire. He withdrew from active participation in Dominion politics not long after the union of the provinces had been effected, and shortly after that withdrawal he died. But in the period of his greatest activity, no Canadian leader did more than he to centre the attention of the British Colonial Office upon Canadian affairs, no man displayed a greater capacity for healthy revolution, and few equalled and none excelled him in his genius for constructive statesmanship. Space prevents detailed discussion of his campaign on behalf of responsible government, a campaign which involved the matching of the popular will against a narrow, ignorant and corrupt oligarchy, and which led him into direct and, to them, fatal collision with Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Falkland. Nor may we follow Mr. Longley too closely in the chapters treating of Howe as a minister, as a railroad commissioner, as the persistent, eloquent and convincing representative of his colony in London, of his journalistic activities, and of his relation to the local literature of his time. Perhaps the most graphic passages in the book cover the epoch when Howe opposed Confederation, and afterward apparently stultified that opposition by entering the cabinet at Ottawa as Secretary of State. The latter action was held by his enemies, of whom he had not a few to indicate a black and unpardonable treachery. To his friends, whom it bewildered, it appeared at the best as an inexplicable and inexcusable inconsistency. But now that the situation is revealed in clearer perspective by the passage of time, the present generation, which knows

Joseph Howe only as an historical figure, will appreciate his motives and justify his course. No other man than he could have arrayed the whole province of Nova Scotia against Confederation as he did in the September elections of 1867, and few men would have had the moral courage to disregard the verdict thus given to his case and embark in an agreement with the very forces against which that verdict was cast. Howe took this step simply because he realized at last the futility of further opposition to the expressed will of the Colonial authorities in London. He was absolutely devoid of selfish inspiration, and sincerely desirous of promoting the best interests of Nova Scotia as a unit in a system from which it was found impossible to withdraw. Howe's view of the Confederation project in its inception and consummation was unfortunately distorted by his political far-sightedness. He overlooked the possibilities of the present. He was chargeable with the error which a distinguished American journalist once imputed to a professional rival, the error of cutting the future into too large slices. He was a federationist by instinct, but his contemplated union called for the active hegemony of the mother country and the intimate association of the colonies with her in a scheme of comprehensive, tolerant and progressive administration. Of course, this was a dream, but to a man of Howe's rich and fertile imagination, it was a dream worth cherishing. And he cherished it to the end, even when he knew that he was powerless to contribute to its realization.

In conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Longley's book is one no student of Canadian history can afford to be without. History is the biography of those who make it, and in this part of Canada, at least, Joseph Howe, as a history maker, ranks foremost.

A. M. H.



John Waterbury, Loyalist.

The "Mr. Waterbury" referred to by Mr. Merriott in his advertisement (see ACADIENSIS for July, page 108), was John Waterbury, formerly of Stamford, Connecticut, a grantee of the City of St. John in 1783. Mr. Waterbury was banished from his native province of Connecticut for loyalty to the Crown and his property confiscated; he was one of the early merchants of the city and accumulated a handsome fortune in trade. He died in St. John in 1817. His only child, Rebecca, married Lieutenant James Cudlip, of the Royal Navy. The late John Waterbury Cudlip, who represented St. John in the Provincial Parliament. previous to Confederation, and was Inspector of Dominion Customs in New Brunswick, which office he continued to hold until the time of his death, was a grandson of John Waterbury the Loyalist, after whom he was named. IONAS HOWE.

"The Judges of New Brunswick," edited by Dr. A. A. Stockton will be continued in the October issue. Pressure of parliamentary duties prevented the preparation of the manuscript in time for this number. Ed.

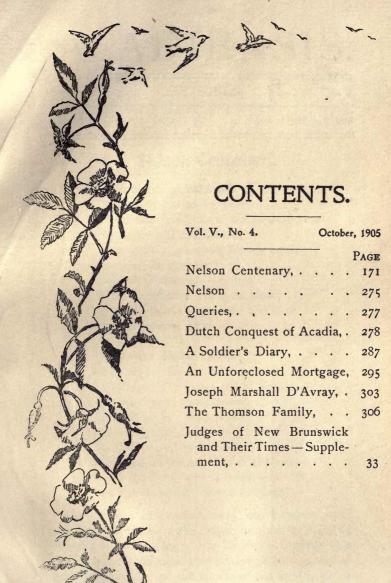






CORNELIS STEENWYCK.
Painted by Jan Van Govzen.

Photographed and reproduced for the first time, by permission New York Historical Society or Acadiensis. The portrait is surmounted by the Arms of Steenwyck, while below is a view of tew Amsterdam, about 1656.







ACADIENSIS.

VOL. V.

OCTOBER.

No. 4.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - H

HONORARY EDITOR

Melson Centenary.

"Ye Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

* * * * * *

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow—
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow."

On the 21st of October, 1905, one hundred years will have elapsed since the British fleet, led by Admiral Horatio Nelson, on board His Majesty's first-rate ship "Victory," of 104 guns, won a triumph that gave that fleet the command of the oceans of the world, which proud position it still maintains.

Much has been told in song and story of him who is Britain's greatest naval hero, so that even the youngest of our readers is familiar with most of the details of the Battle of Trafalgar. It is therefore unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the causes which led up to that important event in British history, or its influence upon the subsequent history of the world. It would nevertheless appear improper that a publication such as Acadiensis, mainly historical in its character, should allow the present occasion to pass without some tribute to him, the centennial of whose victory and death the greatest nation that has been, is about to celebrate.

On the 21st of October, 1805, as before stated, the British and French fleets met in sight of Trafalgar, the British fleet consisting of twenty-seven sail of the line and four frigates, in charge of Nelson and Collingwood, while Villeneuve and Admiral Gravina commanded the thirty-three ships of the line and seven frigates which composed the opposing squadron.

The result of that meeting is too well known to require any disquisition in these pages.

Concerning Nelson's death, M. Guizot, the famous French historian, in his History of England, remarks that "the noblest funeral oration of such men is the public consternation caused by their death. The victory of Trafalgar was greeted in England with shouts of joy and with tears."

"England loaded the family of her hero with honor and gifts. She gave to him the most magnificent obsequies, and placed his bust in one of the apartments at Windsor resting on a pedestal made from a portion of one of the masts of the 'Victory.'"

Lord Fitzharris says in his note book: "One day, in November, 1805, I happened to dine with Pitt, and Trafalgar was naturally the engrossing subject of our conversation. I shall never forget the eloquent manner in which he described his conflicting feelings when roused in the night to read Collingwood's despatches. He observed that he had been called up at various hours in his eventful life by the arrival of news of various hues; but, whether good or bad, he could always lay his head on his pillow and sink into sound sleep again. In this occasion, however, the great event announced brought with it so much to weep over as well as to rejoice at, that he could not calm his thoughts; but at length got up, though it was three in the morning."

It is now many years since, prior to 1877, if a personal reference may be permitted, that the writer, then a very small boy, was taken down to the dockyard at Portsmouth by his father, to see the old ship "Victory," then in use for the training of some of the youth who were entering the British navv. Passing from the main to the lower deck, upon the way to the cockpit, it was observed that, for purposes of ventilation, a port hole had just been cut at the bow, close to the water line. This staunch war vessel, as was the custom at the time when she was built, had been constructed of Spanish oak, the hull being probably not less than two feet in thickness. Most of the larger pieces of oak which had been taken out when the opening was made had been carefully saved, doubtless as souvenirs, by the officers of the ship, but a careful search brought to light a few fragments of oak which, with permission were carried away to Canada, then, owing to slower means of transportation, apparently a much greater distance away than now. These, with a stone from Edinburgh Castle, another from the walls of "Derry," and an ivy leaf from Carrisbrooke Castle, gathered near the window through which King Charles Much has been told in song and story of him who is Britain's greatest naval hero, so that even the youngest of our readers is familiar with most of the details of the Battle of Trafalgar. It is therefore unnecessary to dwell at any length upon the causes which led up to that important event in British history, or its influence upon the subsequent history of the world. It would nevertheless appear improper that a publication such as Acadiensis, mainly historical in its character, should allow the present occasion to pass without some tribute to him, the centennial of whose victory and death the greatest nation that has been, is about to celebrate.

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The great fire of St. John, in 1877, wiped them all away, as it did many treasures belonging to thousands of other people, but the recollection of the visit to the old flag-ship "Victory," of the spot upon her deck where her brave commander fell, and of the place down in her cock-pit, where one of the bravest of Britain's many brave heroes breathed his last, full of consideration for others, rather than for himself, will always remain as long as memory itself shall continue.

Regarding Nelson, it may safely be said that the sunlight of a great joy softened the anguish of death for one whose name will ever be foremost where British naval heroes are discussed.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



melson.

The seas I sail lie bright before my bow,
With never sign of foe,
And with me, well-beloved, and resting now,
My olden messmates go—

But we have chased the rumour of a sail
O'er all the midland sea,
And peered through smother of Calabrian gale,
To sight our enemy;
And luffed and found him, after weary while,
Beneath Egyptian sun,
And shook the hoary echoes of old Nile,

For England's sake, for England's sake! A foeman's strength we needs must break; What count our little lives? But naught, If so, the victory be bought!

But we have craved that searching morn would creep Along a rock-ribbed shore,

That we might count the tall masts in the keep Of stormy Elsinore;

Lest one apast our sleepless watch should slip, Before the deadly stroke,

Or 'scape the prison of our iron grip, Amid the battle smoke.

Until our work was done.

For England's sake, for England's sake!

But we have tossed beyond a harbor bar, Through weary night and day, And watched the soaring rocket from afar, Where lonely shipmates lay,
To hold apart the mating strength of two,
Against our sea-worn fleet,
And strike them one by one with chosen few,
Or ere their squadrons meet.

For England's sake, for England's sake!

And when, 'mid stress of storm, they slipped apast, Encloaked in shrouding night,

We knew that God had struck the hour at last, For England's crowning fight;

And prayed Him mercy as our glad ships swung a Where Faith and Duty led,

With sails scarce reefed, with weather shrouds taut strung,

And eyes that searched ahead.

For England's sake, for England's sake!

'Cross Biscay and the Western Sea we drave With taut and straining sails;

Round Western Isles we scanned the sweltering wave, And wore through tropic gales.

But wide and lonely lay the ocean round, And we must guard the home,

So swift our ships were pointed homeward bound, And raced through leagues of foam.

For England's sake, for England's sake!

We found the foe in wide Trafalgar Bay,
Lie stretching many a rod
And ported helm and swung into the fray
With one short prayer to God,
That He would grant us grace our land to save,
By mighty victory won.
And ere the sun set in his ocean grave,
The will of God was done!

For England's sake, for England's sake! A foeman's strength we needs must break; What count our little lives? But naught, If so, the victory be bought!

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Queries.

Information desired concerning Caspar Cronk, who was an officer in a U. E. Loyalist Corps, also the name and address of any of his descendants now living.—
R. K. Cronkhite.

Wanted, the name of the birthplace, and the names of parents of Alexander Montgomery, who came from Ireland in 1754, and settled at Spencertown, Albany County, New York, married Sarah Lockwood, daughter of Gershom Lockwood, of Greenwich, Connecticut, and in 1783 went with other Loyalists to New Brunswick. That part of Albany County is now called Columbia County.—John S. Montgomery.

Information desired concerning Peter Mooers (or Moores), who settled at Maugerville 1761 or 1763, his birthplace and other place of residence, if any, prior to his arrival at Maugerville? One of his daughters, Elizabeth, married Jacob Perley; another, Abigal, married Stephen Atherton. Peter Mooers was probably at one time a resident of the territory now included within the New England States and the State of New York.—H. Lebaron Smith.

The Dutch Conquest of Acadia.



HAT the Dutch at one time effected a conquest of Acadia and proclaimed the country subject to the High and Mighty Prince of Orange, under the name of New Holland, is an interesting and apparently little-known fact in Acadian history.

In 1673 the Dutch Republic was at war with both France and Great Britain. In that year

a Dutch fleet which had been cruising in the West Indies sailed northwards and, on August 9th, captured New York and alarmed New England.

In 1674—when buccaneering was in high vogue a certain Captain Jurriaen Aernouts, sailing the Spanish Main in command of a frigate bearing a name which has been anglicized as the Flying Horse, received, or pretended to receive, a commission* from the Dutch governor of Curacoa authorizing him, in the name of the Prince of Orange, to plunder and despoil any of the enemies of the Great States of Holland. Captain Aernouts determined to seek further conquest. adventure and plunder in a northerly direction. the month of July he appeared at New York (then for a brief period Dutch New Orange). Here, by accident or otherwise, he met a kindred spirit in the person of one John Rhoade, of Boston, an accomplished adventurer and pirate. The Dutch captain learned at New York that the Peace of Westminster

^{*}The "commissions" of these famous 17th century buccaneers were usually of a more or less fictitious character.

had been signed between Great Britain and Holland, February 19, 1674, and that he was no longer free to prev upon British commerce or ports. But John Rhoade talked to the Dutchman about a land lying away to the north of the British possessions, known as l'Acadie, a portion of New France, which had been visited long years before by Dutch navigators. Rhoade had voyaged and trafficked about the wilds of Acadie and knew the country, knew its richness in furs, fisheries and forests: knew, also, the weak state of its defences. He is said to have obtained access to Fort Pentagoet and to have remained there several days. Here was a voyage for the Flying Horse Frigate and its one hundred and ten men which promised easy conquest and valuable plunder. A bargain was struck between Rhoade and the Dutchmen, Rhoade took an oath of allegiance to the Prince of Orange, and the Dutch vessel under his pilotage was headed for Acadian waters.

Penobscot Bay (Maine) where, in 1609, Henry Hudson, in his famous voyage in the Half Moon, spent eight days in refitting, appears, at that time, to have been the only place in Acadia possessing fortifications of any consequence. Here, where now is the village of Castine, was situated the French fort Pentagoet, of which M. de Chambly was commandant, having been appointed to the post the previous year.

In the early days of August the Dutch frigate appeared in Penobscot Bay and summoned Fort Pentagoet to surrender. M. Chambly was a soldier and had been commander of French troops in Canada. Like his predecessor in Acadie, Grandfontaine, and his lieutenant, the young Baron St. Castin, he first came to Canada in the famed Carignan regiment. He prepared to fight. He mustered between thirty and forty men, all told, including inhabitants, but poorly armed

and disaffected. On the 10th of August the Dutch stormed the fort. Several of its defenders were killed and M. Chambly himself severely wounded. The place was captured, the fortifications dismantled and destroyed, and houses of the French burned.

Machias and other French trading posts in Maine were visited and plundered, and then the Dutch vessel entered the "Baie Françoise" and headed for the St. John river. What fortifications there were on the river at this time were demolished or taken possession of. The last place visited was Fort Jemseg, where M. de Joibert, Sieur de Marson and Soulanges another Carignan officer - was in command. Fort Jemseg was not in a condition to offer resistance to such a force as now assailed it. It was compelled to surrender and was dismantled by the Dutch. Both Chambly and Marson, and perhaps other officers, were made prisoners and carried off by the Dutchmen, who, after the style of "the brethren of the coast," demanded for them a ransom of one thousand beaver skins or equivalent.

The Dutch vessel, already loaded with plunder, did not visit Port Royal, which was probably without fortification at that time, but where there were some three or four hundred people—the bulk of what European population was then on the shores of the Bay of Fundy.

In September, 1674, the Dutch privateer, with the French cannon taken at the forts, the plunder of furs, etc., and with the Seigneurs Chambly and Marson themselves on board, sailed into Boston Harbor. All were received with open arms. The guns were purchased by the Puritan authorities and placed in the "castle" for the defence of Boston. The pelts and other booty were disposed of to Boston traders, and, as for the unfortunate M. Chambly, "Governor of Aca-

dia," who was shot through the body, and M. Marson, the Seigneur of Jemseg, torn from his wife and babe, they were locked up for ransom, by the Boston Puritans, just as if they had got into the hands of real brigands.

In order to secure the ransom Chambly had been permitted to despatch his ensign, Baron St. Castin, with Indian guides, to Quebec, bearing a letter to Count Frontenac, informing him of what had befallen Acadia and his officers there. Frontenac, upon receipt of this news, at the end of September, sent an expedition with canoes to the St. John river, to ascertain the condition of Fort Jemseg and whether any attack had been made on Port Royal, also to bring to Quebec M. Marson's lately-wed wife and her infant daughter* as well as others remaining on the River St. John. Frontenac furnished, from his private resources, the amount of ransom required, which he sent in bills of exchange on Rochelle, by the same expedition, to be forwarded to Boston, with a letter to the Governor of Massachusetts, protesting against the unfriendly actions of the Boston people and authorities at a time when Great Britain and France were at peace. In a communication to Colbert, the minister of Louis XIV, under date of November 14, 1674, Frontenac reports the capture of these forts "by buccaneers who came from St. Domingo and who had gone to Boston," and that the French commandants were held for ransom in Boston.

There seems to have been considerable delay in procuring the release of the French seigneurs, and they appear to have been kept prisoners by the Massachu-

^{*}This infant daughter was Louise Elizabeth de Joibert, goddaughter of Frontenac, who was born on the River St. John, August 18, 1673, and married at Quebec, November 8, 1690, the Marquis de Vaudreuil. See Acadiensis, IV, 261.

setts authorities for some time. More than nine months after their capture Frontenac had not heard of their being set at liberty, and on May 25, 1675, despatched another expedition for Boston, under the Sieur Normanville, a famous interpreter, with a letter of safeconduct for "men, canoes and equipage." He sent a communication to the Magistrates at Boston in which he said "this obliges me, gentlemen, to send you, for the third time, the Sieur de Normanville, accompanied by one of my guards, to repeat to you the same request and to entreat you to remove all obstacles affecting the liberty of M. Chambly as well as the other persons who are with him, if perchance they should still be prisoners."

Doubtless the prudent Bostonians had waited to get their bills of exchange on Rochelle cashed— a lengthy operation in those days—before setting their captives at liberty. This was certainly according to the approved rules of brigandage.

In October, 1674, the Flying Horse sailed from Boston. Captain Aernouts left behind four of his company—John Rhoade, another Englishman, and two Dutchmen named Rodrigo and Andreson—with authority for them and their associates to return to "New Holland," to trade and to hold possession of the country until further orders came from him or from the Dutch government.

Massachusetts traders who had hitherto been shut out of Acadian waters, or compelled to pay a license to the French for fishing and trading privileges there, now supposed, as Acadia had been conquered with the help of Massachusetts, that they would have free access to its coasts. They expected to reap rich profits from the coveted fur trade and the valuable fisheries, but were destined to receive a serious rebuff. Rhoade and his associates, obtaining supplies in Boston, armed

and fitted out two vessels and resolved to exercise Dutch authority in New Holland. They attacked and plundered four Massachusetts trading vessels and warned all such out of the "jurisdiction of the Prince of Orange." The bark Tryall, captured in the River St. John,* they claimed had supplies from Port Royal for Fort Jemseg, where the French had again established themselves with the help of reinforcements from Port Royal transported by Boston vessels. Another of the vessels seized by the representatives of the Prince of Orange was the Philip, belonging to John Freake of Boston, who, on February 15, 1675, lodged a complaint with the Governor and Magistrates of Massachusetts concerning the seizure of his vessel "in the River of St. John by one John Rhoade and some Dutchmen his complices." The Massachusetts authorities sent out an armed expedition under command of Captain Samuel Mosely, who, in company with a French vessel, destroyed Rhoade's trading posts, captured him and his goods, and carried all the Dutch representatives prisoners to Boston, where they arrived April 2, 1675.

They were tried at Boston by special Court of Admiralty for piracy. As subjects of the Prince of Orange, "inhabitants in his highnesses' territories in New Holland, alias Nova Scotia," they placed before the court an elaborate and ably written defence. This defence, among other points, aptly cites Major Sedgwick's expedition into Acadia, in 1654, when Great Britain and France were at peace. In giving an account of the Dutch conquest of Acadia, the defence relates:

^{*}Copies of many interesting documents regarding these seizures, the trial of Rhoade, etc., are to be found in the Collections of the Maine Historical Society, Second Series, Vol. VI. (Documentary History of the State of Maine), 1900.

And after we had made ourselves masters of St. Johns, Mathyas and Gamseake (Jemseg) and several other places of fortification and trading houses of the French, and brought away the plunder and principal persons prisoners, we did not only bury in two glass bottles at Penobscot and St. Johns under ground a true Copia of our Captain's commission and a Breviate of the manner of taking the said places by the swords of the Prince of Orange subjects for his highness use, but also left both at Penobscot and Jamshoke (Jemseg) some men of the poorer sort of our captives, the former inhabitants, whom had submitted to be subjects to our Prince, to whom we gave liberty to trade and ordered to keep possession for his highness till farther order or some of us returned thither.

Rhoade and some of his associates were found guilty of "piracy" for the seizure of New England vessels and were sentenced to be hanged, but later on were reprieved and ordered to leave the colony. Thus Boston guarded its own.

Mr. Tuttle thinks that some of the buccaneers afterwards figured in King Philip's war.

The Dutch government did not quickly realize the importance of the new conquest made on its behalf, but, as time passed—and when it was too late—endeavored to assert its sovereignty over the country. August 5, 1675, the Dutch ambassador presented a letter to the King of Great Britain asking for the punishment of those who had attacked subjects of the Prince of Orange in New Holland, "for the prompt release of the said prisoners and the restitution of the said forts with full indemnity." More than a year later, on the 11th of September, 1676, when New England was occupied with King Philip's war, "The Directors of the Privileged General West India Company of the United Netherlands" issued at Amsterdam a commission to John Rhoade authorizing him to "take possession of the aforesaid coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie." This was followed up by the appointment of a person of position and stability, Cornelius Steenwyck of New York, as Governor of Acadia.* His commission, issued at Amsterdam October 27, 1676, is a document of considerable length. It authorizes

Cornelis Steenwyck, in the name of, and for, the High and Mighty and the Privileged General West India Company, to take possession of the coasts and countries of Nova Scotia and Acadie, including the subordinate countries and islands, so far as their limits are extended, to the east and north from the River Pountegouycet (Penobscot), and that he, Steenwyck, may establish himself there, and select such places for himself, in order to cultivate, sow, or to plant, as he shall wish, * * * * to trade with the natives, * * * * to build some forts and castles, to defend and to protect himself against every foreign and domestic force of enemies or pirates, etc., etc.

Instructions for the government of Acadie are given in the commission and in a letter. Rhoade was to assist by his advice and experience. No action appears to have been taken under these commissions and appointments except by some trading expeditions of the redoubtable Rhoade, who was seized a second time and taken to New York. It is not probable that Governor Steenwyck ever visited his Acadian domain.

These matters caused considerable correspondence between the Dutch and British governments, and between the latter and the semi-independent colonists in New England. This correspondence was being carried

^{*}Cornelius Steenwyck, the only Dutch Governor of Acadia, came from Harlem, Holland, to New York (then New Amsterdam) about 1652. He was a wealthy merchant and a prominent citizen under both Dutch and English administrations. He was Governor's Councillor, Mayor, etc. His portrait, painted by Jan Van Goozen, and also the original of his Acadian commission, are in possession of the New York Historical Society. A translation of the commission is given in the published paper by J. Watts de Peyster on "The Dutch in Maine," 1857. He died at New York in 1684.

on up to the end of 1679, and the Dutch government was then, between four and five years after the event, still vigorously insisting upon "indemnification for damages inflicted upon the citizens (or subjects) of the State by those of Boston in taking and destroying the two forts Penobscot and St. John."

The British government found it necessary to explain to the Dutch ambassador "that the King's orders were little obeyed by those of Boston and the adjacent colonies."

Thus it will be seen that there was quite a real Dutch conquest of Acadia, though it was not followed up and was without permanent result. The great Dutch West India Company had seen its best days. The British re-occupied New York in 1674, under the Treaty of Westminster, and the French soon re-possessed themselves of Acadia. Peace was made between France and Holland by the Treaty of Nimwegen, August 10, 1678, which contains no reference to a land called Acadie.

G. O. Bent.

Note.—After the above article had been partially prepared, the writer saw the volume of Historical Papers by the late Charles Wesley Tuttle, of Boston, published in 1889, containing his paper on the Conquest of Acadie by the Dutch—the result of much laborious research concerning this long obscure episode in Acadian history—to which reference should be made.



A Soldier's Diary.



HE FOLLOWING extracts from the diary of Sergeant John Burrell, 1759-1760, are re-published from the New England Historical and Genealogical Register. published in Boston, in October of the present year, having been com-

municated by William Palmer, Esq., of Cambridge, Mass.

These extracts are from a fragment of a diary kept by Segt. Burrell, of Abington, Mass., when in Capt. Moses Parker's company, then stationed at the mouth of the River St. John. This territory at that time formed a portion of the Province of Nova Scotia, but is now within the limits of the Province of New Brunswick.

Capt. Parker's company was stationed at this point during the French and Indian war, 1759-1760, and the diary is now in the possession of the great-grand-daughter of its compiler, Abbey Frances Burrell Horton, of Cleveland, Ohio.

Sergt. John Burrell was a son of John and Mary (Humphrey) Burrell, of Weymouth and Abington, and grandson of John and Rebekah () Burrell, of Weymouth, Mass.

It will be remembered that at Grand Pre, during the expulsion of the Acadians, nineteen hundred and twenty-three French, men, women and children, were peaceably removed; but at Chignecto, Shepody, and other places, resistance was offered, and large numbers of the inhabitants from these parts fled to the River St. John. Boisherbert, the French officer in command of the river, was at one time at the head of as many as fifteen hundred of these French fugitives. The French, thus reinforced, were able to hold the mouth of the River St. John, and they had a fortified post at St. Anns, ninety miles up the river, on the site of the present City of Fredericton. The destruction of both posts, and the entire removal of the French from the river, were the objects to which the attention of the English was now directed. At all events it was clear that the fort at the mouth of the river must be re-occupied.

Accordingly in the summer of 1758 three ships of war and two transports with two regiments, one of Highlanders and the other of provincial troops, were despatched from Boston to re-take Fort LaTour. They landed at what is now known as Negro Town Point, and cut a road through the woods to the place where the Carleton City Building now stands, and which was then used as a vegetable garden by the French. The location of these gardens is shewn upon a "Plan of the Harbour of St. John in Nova Scotia,"* surveyed and sounded in September, 1761, by R. G. Bruce, engineer. From this point they advanced against the fort in the order of battle, and after one repulse succeeded in carrying the fort by storm. They captured nearly three hundred prisoners, and the rest of the garrison escaped across the river in boats, and finally made their way up the river. Many, however, were killed by the shots of the attacking party. The French lost over forty men. This ended their occupation of the mouth of the River St. John, and soon after they were driven entirely from the river, with the exception of a few families who continued to reside near St. Anns. A blockhouse was erected by the British at Fort Howe.

^{*} Published in History St. John, by D. R. Jack.

Fort La Tour was also occupied and garrisoned by them, and was re-named Fort Frederick.

It is at this point that the diary which is here republished commences. Colonel Arbuthnot, it will be observed, was in command of the garrison, which consisted of about two hundred men. He was kept fully employed in watching the French and the Indians, and must have had rather an uneasy time of it. He succeeded in removing several hundred of the French inhabitants of the river in small parties to other places.

On Monday, the 17th of September, 1759, an immense tidal wave, six feet above the ordinary level. destroyed all the dykes and a part of Fort Frederick. On Sunday, the 4th of November following, it appears that "ye wind Blue & a hYg Tide that washed ye stores or Blue it to Peases_that some of ye Provisions fell out into the Tide this Day." However, the ramparts of the fort were raised and strengthened, and new cannon were mounted on its bastions. No doubt the place was lively enough for a time, for frolics, bear killings, a tabajie or Indian feast, the bringing in of French refugees and prisoners, the capture and arrival in port of "Scourners & a grate deal of plunder," the interchange of men and news with Halifax and Annapolis, must have made the fort rather a lively place. Letters from home were not very frequent, for Sergt. Burrell records that on January the 16th he received a letter from his wife, probably from "Grandfathers Humphres" at Hingham, Mass., dated the 15th of July, 1859, exactly six months previously.

With the settlement of the French and Indian question, consequent upon the fall of Quebec, life at Fort Frederick must have become monotonous enough, and probably differed but little from that at any garrisoned post at the present day. When the men settled down to the hum-drum monotony of making shingles, and

the opportunities for "a grate deal of plunder" no longer existed, is it at all a matter of surprise that in spite of all persuasion to the contrary, on Monday, the fifth of May, and on Tuesday, the 13th, seventy of the garrison openly left in one schooner and eighty in another, to return to their homes in New England?

This desertion no doubt left Col. Arbuthnot's garrison very weak, and about this time he appears to have given up the command of Fort Frederick, for Lieutenant Tong was in charge in July, 1760. No mention of the change in the command is made in the diary, although its compiler, according to his own story, did not leave the River St. John until the ninth of that month.

Lieutenant Tong, upon taking command, represented Fort Frederick as being greatly in need of repairs and alterations to make it defensible.

Whether Sergeant Burrell was one of those who left the fort of their own free will and accord, contrary to the expressed wish of their commanding officer, or whether he was duly transferred, the diary does not inform us. In the absence of specific information, it is only fair to give him the benefit of any doubt, and we may therefore assume that Lieut. Tong, after the arrival on "Monday ye 7th Capt. Mayners & Lieut. Demming with about 59 men for this fort in one sloupe" permitted the homesick soldier to return to "Grandfathers Humphres" at Hingham, where, he states, he found his family well as he had left them, twelve months previously.

Soldier's diaries, being a record of the daily events which nearly concern their own lives, are notably more truthful, as a rule, and are therefore of greater historical value than the possibly more scholarly and better written journals of their superior officers. So well is this fact recognized in certain countries that they are,

when practicable, gathered up and carefully preserved, as forming material of value for the future historian. While a diary of a colonel or general in command might be written with a view to its subsequent production in evidence at a court martial, or to its publication in obituary form, the common soldier has nothing of this nature to cause him to paint his picture in colors other than as they really appeared.

The diary before us is well authenticated in most of its important details by contemporary history, and we are therefore entitled to regard it as the truthful record of a brave man, who did "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice."

DIARY OF SERGEANT JOHN BURRELL.

August ye 3 Fryday 1759. Saturday 4 Capt Garash came from Annaploss. Sunday 5 Our armes & amonishon all receveed this day at Saint Johns. Monday 6 maid a Fitualling return alfebietakel to ye Comisory. Saturday 11 Capt Garash, Lewtt Hutchens, Lewtt Clapt, Lewt Demming, Lewtt Foster & ve Cornel Aburthnet: with 75 men bye ye River this Day with ve Commisoner. Wednesday 15th Our Cornell & 2 vessels come home this night with his Batl. Thursday 16th ye whole party all come back well & Brought two Scourners & a grate deal of plunder. Fryday 17th Brought ye vessels to anker this day & had a frollek [frolic]. Sonday 26th Ensn. Pike with a party of men went to hallafax with one of ye Scourners in order to have condemend. Thursday 30 August Fryday 30th we kiled a Bare a swiming acrost ye River. Our Cornel went to annapoless with ye Scourner this night. Tuesday [September] 4th ye Cornel Came back from Annaples all well. Wednesday 5th our Cornel with two Captens & three Lewts & two Ensn about 85 men went bye ye River this night. Taesday 11th ye Cornel Returned with ye party of ye scots up the River brought but a little Plunder for they were beat by ye enemy fireing upon ye party as they were in a small creek & kield Ensn Tirrell and Corporall Shelden, John Ells, Eleser Peks & Elishu Randell, Total 5, & wounded at ye same time Lewt. Foster, Leonerd Commins, Isaac Palmer, Vine Turner, Ebenezer Kers, Solomon Maker and Isaac Torrey. Total 7-all of Capt Parker's Company & one man of Capt Garrashs This day ye 8 instant of September. Monday 17th a grate raine that washed ye part of ye Fort that it fell down a grate part of ye same. Tuesday 18th ye Fort keeping still falling down. Fryday 20th Bige Scourner went to Halafax with ye Comisory. Saturday 22nd Vine Turner Died being wounded ye 8th instant. Sunday 23 Vine Turner burred. Saturday 20th ye lettle Scouner Come from Hallafax all well Brought Mr. Corbett a letter. 30th a white mors came Down one ye Pint & we fired on. Monday ve 1st day of October Drew Lowances for seven days victualling Returns to ye Cornelf or 28 days. Fryday ye 5th Leannard Commens died with ye wound ye enemy gave him ye 8 of September, he lived four weeks after his body was shott thrue with a ball wanting one day of it. To ye amasement of us all. Tuesday ye oth vandued ye plunder that was Brought Down ye River. Fryday 12th two vessels Come into this place from Boston and one grate Scouner. Tuesday ye 16th Isaac Palmer dyed. Wednesday 17th A Cold Storm and it snowed a little ye wind blue. Thursday 18th three French men come in with a Flag of truse and Brought nuse that Quebeck is ours & offers to Resine themselves to ye English Nasion Quebeck given bye ye 17th of September. Fryday 19 ye Cornel went to Annoples & one of ye Frenchmen with ye lettle Snow. Tuesday ye 23 of October 1759 Our Cornel Come from Annoples. Wednesday 24th a party went bye ye ye of Saint Johns two Capts three Lewt and one Ensn & three Sarjan & three Corprals 81 privates & ye Cornel & Doctor & one vessel that came from Annaples. Wednesday ye 31st Drue amonishon this last day of our Ienlistment. Saturday [November]3d a hard rain. Sonday ye 4th ye wind Blue & a hYg Tide that washed ye stores or Blue it to Peases that some of ye Provisions fell out into the Tide this Day. Lewtt Hutchin Come Back & brought nuse ye French ware all coming in as fast as they could. Monday ye 5th one family of ye French Came into ye Fort. Tuesday ye 6th Capt. Garash come home with one Battoo, all well. Wednesday ye 7th ye Cornel & all ye party come home and Brought about thirty famileys of ye French women & Children. Sonday ye 11th ye wounded went home Mr. Spalden & Capt Garash total 4. Monday ye 12th ye Indians came-

into the Fort about 15 of them, a vitualling role to ye Cornel Tuesday 13th aboute 20 more Indians come in & Drew Lowances ye Preast himself come in. Monday ye 19th Capt. Garash Brought ye Grate Scouner to this place. Tuesday 20th one Scouner come from Annapales and brought Provisions for ye Garrison. Saturday ye 24th I went to see the other mash one ye west side of ye Fort. Sonday ye 26 John Boston & John Boutell come home. Monday ye 10th of December Mr. Bryon & Mr Camball went home to Nue England. Fryday 21st One Sloop come from Boston and brought some stores. Monday ye 24th ye Sloop went off. Tuesday ye 25 Crismass Day. Sonday ye 30th I've got a bad Cold. Tusday Janawary ye 1st day of ye year 1760 three Indians fell over Bord & Drowned one leetle Boye got a shoure. Wednesday ye 2nd ye free frolik. Fryday ye 4th ye little Scourner went home as we supose to Neu England John Munfell for one. Sonday ye 6th Capt Cammall come & Brought some perfectt nuse. Wednesday ye 16th Reseved a letter from my wif Date July ye 15th 1759. Thirsday ye 17th One Scourner Come in from Halafax & Brought ye Comisory Green to this place. Tuesday ye 22d Day of Janawary 1760 Between 10 & 11 o'clock at night a Commet was seen to fall in ye north west & a noyes was heard Like to 3 cannon Destink. Sonday ye 27 our Col. went a Bord in order for Halafax with part of ye french men. Monday ye 28th ye women & children went a Bord this Day. Tusday ye 29th they set Sail. Wednesday [February] ye 13 our Capt. Parker went up to Bobares Fort & a party. Thirsday ye 14th ye Sarj. Treat. Fryday ye 15th Capt. Parker come home. Monday ye 18th maid a vitualing Role & all ye soldiers were revewed to Day. Thirsday ye 21 Capt. Parker went up to Babare Fort a fishing. Fryday ye 29 Leape yeare 1760. Wednesday [March] ye 12 ye Cornel came from Halafax & all that went with him two familes of ye French come from Quebec. Sonday 16th Capt. Sanders come in. Monday ye 17th Capt. Cobb & Capt. Sanders went out of this harbor & our Col. & Capt. Parker to Pasamaquody with ye Indians. Wednesday ye 19th two vessels came here & Mr. Marten. Thirsday ye 20 ye Col. from Passamaquody with Capt. Cobb. Sonday ye 23d a Snow Storm we all Receved 4 pds Bounty of Col. Arbuthnott. Wednesday [April] ye 2 Capt Garash home. Thirsday ye 3d Capt. Cobb sailed. Sonday ye 6th Capt

Graves home. Fryday ye 11thCapt, Gay & Capt. Russell went out this day. Monday ye 13th Left home one year. Wednesday ye 16th Delivered ten tho' shingles. Tusday ye 22d finished 30 thou, of shingles. Wednesday ye 23 one Scouner from Boston. Sonday [May] ye 4th two vessels by to Comberton. Monday ye 5th a number of Capt, Garashes men with some other Desarted on Bord of a Schowner. Tusday ye 13th, 30 of our Company went home in a Schouner to New England. Wednesday ye 14th set sail. Sonday ye 18th ye Indian King maid grate Pease. Wednesday ye 28th Election Day. Fryday ye 30 more Indians for pease. Sonday ye 1st day June 1760 This Day Receved a letter from Daniel Noyes & Noah Pratt by Capt Curtiss. Monday ye 2d a Grate number of Indians came in from Passamaquody. Fryday ye 6th Capt Hart Casel come &we finished of 63 thousand of H shingles & ye Col. paid us 173-5. Saterday ye 7th mounted guard to day. Sonday ye 8th Rote a Leater home. Tusday ye 10th Delivered to Capt Moses Curtiss one Doble Loom for to convey ye same to my wife at Abington 36 pd. old told. Fryday ye 13th Capt Tomson went out of this place of Capt Curtiss. Saturday ye 28th ye Grate King of ye Indians Came into ye Garrison for to make a Grate peace with ye English. Sonday ye 29th ye Enggener Eare come here to Build a fort here. Tusday ye 1st of July 1760 one vessel. Thirsday ye 3d Sarjt Buterfield went to Hallafax with three Indians & Mr. Mc-Carthy. Monday ye 7th Capt Mayners & Liut Deming with about 59 men for this fort in one sloupe. Wednesday ye 9th we left Saint Johns & sat out for Anapoless. Thirsday ye 10th gott into Anapoless. Fryday ye 11th all Day at anapoless Satarday ye 12th halled down to ye Basin & tarred all night. Tusday ye 15th we left ye Basen 12 o'clock & sat for Boston & have a fine wind all day & all night. Fryday ye 18th a hard wind & we got into Casco bay harbor at night. Saturday ye 19th sat out for Boston & had a small wind all Day ye 20th. Monday ye 21st Left Cap Ann & put away for Boston had a South East wind & we gott into Boston at night. Son Seting, Tusaday ye 22d came to Hingam & went as far as Grandfathers Humphres at night. Wednesday ye 23 went home & found my family well as I left them.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

An Unforeclosed Mortgage.



FORGETFUL half century has piled its strata of oblivion upon the memory of "Our Fathers," since the first hearing of Joseph's Howe's appeal—"Room for the Dead!" and it is harder yet for us in these days of the omnipresence of the present, to

realize how inevitably the work of dead hands has guided our destinies and how inexpressibly rich we are in the "Wealth safe garnered in the Grave."

Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, is a town maintaining as many shrines to ancestor worship as the main—yet, since our German name has lost its accent—the Wusts have become Wests, the Meichszners, Maxners, and the Hartlings, Hirtles—the average townsman is as likely to think that his birth-place derived its name from the moon as to know of the Hanoverian town Luneburg which was emptied of a number of its sturdy inhabitants by the Proclamation of George II, of the prosperity awaiting colonists in his domains over seas. Probably the Heimweh induced by the long voyage and arrival in the wilderness caused Lunenburg to be so baptized by them, some of whose very names are to us unfamiliar and uncouth.

The chief aids to vision whereby we may look back along the vista of a century and a half are to be found in oral traditions delivered at obscure ingle-nooks, in carefully handled family relics, in that storehouse of the pathetic, tragic and commonplace—Parish registers—and on crumbling tombstones. "That things are not so bad with you and me as they might have been, is mainly due to those who lived

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faithfully a hidden life and rest in unvisited tombs." Lunenburg Town is built upon hills. The precipitous steeps which greeted the eyes of the first voyagers into Malagash Bay, are still traceable in our terraced squares, steep streets and gardens upheld by stone walls. Our toddling steps are guided along their wearisome ascent, the long snow covered slopes tempt us to bid defiance to blue-coated law and coast; we are later, perforce, constrained to seek the society of the Muses, enshrined in the County Academy, upon that hill which back a few steps in the path of time was devoted to shards and nettles and consecrated to Horror-Gallows Hill: in later middle life the hill is too much for us, and we walk around blocks home, and presently our neighbors and friends accompany that which used to be us to the pollard-willow guarded hill-top, within whose narrow precincts we, the fifth generation of Lunenburg, shall lie. The long procession in the gate has perhaps crowded the space unduly. vet if we do lie three deep will it not be more sociable when the Sign in the East appears over Blockhouse Hill? Lunenburg graveyard is railed at, is slighted, is negligently and grudgingly kept, yet to hundreds it has proved a quiet resting-place, and will prove to more than "many a man of four-score three, that thinks to fill his grave in quiet: to die upon the bed his father died-to lay his bones close by those honest bones." To us, with this ambition joined to the sure and certain hope, our graveyard has a homeliness which is beauty. There are times when one may walk over the gravestones of one's forebears on the icy crust, when the boughs creak and bend, and "Resurgam" appearing with difficulty above the snow seems an empty boast. There are sodden spring days when the freshly dug house of clay must be continually dipped out, lest the latest comer, after death, should be drowned, according to the provisions of the thorough Scotch law for the extinction of witches. There are glorious summer sunsets when the heavens are open over the northwest hills; June mornings when the sun brings out the inscriptions on the old slate headstones, so that "Hier ruhet in Gott" looks as if cut yesterday. Step through the thick grass and read two inscriptions:

Denkmal der Liebe
gegen den
hier ruhenden
HERRN JOHAN GOTLLOB SCHMEISSER
weyland
Evangelish Lutherischen Prediger
zu Lunenburg
von

von
Seiner ehamaligen Germeinde
Er ist geboren zu Weissenfels
der 22sten Mertz 1751
ins Predigtamt
Alhier eingesetzt
den lsten May 1782
gestorben den 23sten Decemb'r 1806.
I Thess. II. V. 9, 12.

(Monument of love towards the here-resting Herr Johan Gotllob Schmeisser, at one time Evangelical Lutheran Minister at Lunenburg, from his former congregation. He was born at Weissenfels, 22 March, 1751, appointed to his ministry here 1st May, 1872, died 23 Dec., 1806).

Here lieth the Body
of
JASPER WOLLENHAUPT
Son of Casper and Mary Wollenhaupt
Born on the 3rd of June 1782
and departed this life
26th day of July 1805
He died as he lived, a dutiful
son, a lover of his country
and an honest man.

History, writing "worthy" upon the character of Herr Schmeisser, is very reticent as to Casper Wollenhaupt who fills an unmarked grave. The record of St. John's church shows him to have been a church officer and a sought-after sponsor. In the side-light cast upon his character by this epitaph of his son Jasper, we cannot judge hardly the man whose son was worthy this verdict—the father who wrote such an epitaph for his son, even though, in a strait between the devil and the deep sea, he helped to place upon his town that encumbrance which to a thrifty German mind is Anathema Maranatha—a mortgage.

The drama in our history in which these two men played their parts took place during the American Revolution, when the coasts of Nova Scotia, as well as the shipping, suffered from the depredations of privateers. Lunenburg's turn was delayed, but not unexpected, as appears from the note of a grant of £50 in 1779, for the maintenance of a blockhouse and guard there, and from the following entry from the baptismal records of St. John's church: "1777 May 5. Baptized son to John and Lucy Creighton, born Apr.8. In a hurry and without sponsors on account of the confusion occasioned by the approach of an armed vessel. which proved to be the 'Hope,' Captain Dawson." The town was fairly fortified, nature having assisted. The north and south were guarded by Back and Front Harbors, the latter with Battery Point at its entrance, upon which was built a two-storey blockhouse of slate and wood, with mounted cannon and a well near (the well is the only remaining mark). Blockhouse Hill on the east was surmounted by a blockhouse (hence its name), and earth-works (the latter remain, the second blockhouse having been burned by idle boys). Gallows Hill on the west had its star-shaped fort, the foundations of which were still traceable before the building

of the academy; this commanded the inland approach. Near the house of the military commander, Colonel Creighton, on the site of the present ship yard, were two batteries. In the earliest times picket fences ran from harbor to harbor enclosing the town. The strength of these defences was tried, and, as will be seen, was found wanting, owing mainly to the lack of men to garrison them.

In June, 1782, a privateer fleet of six vessels left Boston with the intention of plundering Lunenburg. Of these a brigantine, the "Scammell," was commanded by Capt. Stoddart, and a schooner, the "Tessie," by Capt. Babcock. On the 30th June they dropped anchor outside what is now the fishing village of Blue Rocks. They seized three men to pilot them, and in the night a force of ninety men under Capt, Babcock and Lieut. Bateman, landed on Red Head, a point terminating the crescent sweep of Batttery Beach, a place wellknown to visitors at Lunenburg for its surf-bathing; these, as soon as morning came, fired with the hope of plunder, took the road to the town. This is one of the old German roads so easily distinguished in Lunenburg County; they aptly illustrate Ruskin's idea that a nation builds its characteristics into its public works. for with true German tenacity of purpose they proceed straight to their desired end. This road leads past the Aulefang, a salt marsh behind the beach once famous for its eels, over the hill now topped by the Marine Hospital, past Rous's Brook, our Plymouth Rock, sacred to our natal day ceremonies on seventh of June, thence over the Blockhouse Hill Common. The alarm, attack and destruction are concisely told in a report sent by Leonard Christopher Rudolf, Esq., a colonel in the militia, to the government at Halifax. The retained copy is in possession of Jessen Rudolf, Esq., of Lunenburg:

"Minutes of the Invasion and Surprise of the Town of

Lunenburg, the 1st July, 1782.

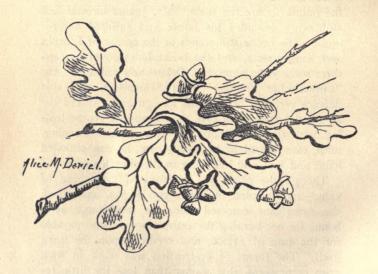
"At the rising of the Sun the Town was allarmed by the firing of a number of small guns near the Blockhouse and Mr. Creighton's. The Case was that Mr. Creighton's Servant having perceived a large company of armed men coming on the road from the Commons, had acquainted his master there-The Night Guard being already gone off, Colonel Creighton only with 5 men got into the Blockhouse and at the approach of the Enemy, they fired at and wounded 3 men of the Enemy. The Rebells directly divided into several Parties, 2 of which ran to our 2 Batteries, Spiked the Guns, broke everything, turned the Guns and Balls down to the water: Some remained at Mr. Creightons, Spoiled and burnt his house and Effects, they took himself with five men and their vessels being now come round the Point, they carried the Colonel with the others Prisoners on board their vessels. In the meantime other Parties has overrun the Town, entered every house, seized all arms which they either beat to pieces or kept them particularly the Silber Hilted Swords, Regimentals to themselves. When their Vessels were in, which were in all six viz.—One Brigantine, a large Schooner a Row Galley, a Sloop and 2 small Schooners, they landed more men with some Carriage Guns, which they carried up and placed them near the old fort with a main Guard to secure themselves against our Country People that might come in that way. Now they fell a Plundering the chief houses and the Shops which they cleared all. The Sufferers are chiefly:-Mr. Creighton, his house Robed and burnt. Do the Store on the Wharf cleared, Mr. Forster's Store, Mr. Jessens House, spoiled and Robed, Mr. Wollenhaupt's Stores, Mr. Donig's shop, Geo. Roch, John Christopher's shop, Mr. Munichs and several other small shops; these are to my certain Knowledge, but there are many more Robberies and Damages done whereof I am not yet informed. I am not able to value the whole Loss but think it will nearly amount to £12,000. In Town we are at present allmost without Arms, Ammunition, Provisions and Merchandise: besides I hear they have carried off from some houses-Money, Gold and Silver. The Surprise was so sudden that we had no alarm except by the Report of the firing at the Blockhouse. When I saw that Col. Creighton was carried off, I ventured to expose myself by going from house to house to see Matters and if anything could be done. I was also with Mr. Delaroche to beg his advice who afterwards ventured with some principal Inhabitants to go on the Vessell to try what he could for Mr. Creighton or the Town, but without success."

"Without success" was writ large not only upon the venture of Peter Delaroche, missionary of the Church of England, but upon all efforts to repel the invaders. A man, George Beohner, sailed from the Back Harbor to Halifax in an incredibly short time to summon help, but fruitlessly. The man-of-war despatched arrived Major Joseph Pernette, living on the LaHave, having mustered some of the county militia, marched to town, but was met outside by Major D. Christopher Jessen and besought not to enter, for the marauders had threatened on the first movement of the militia to fire the town. Mr. Jessen himself had stubbornly defended his house and suffered accordingly. The house still stands at the corner of Lincoln and King streets, and the bullet holes could be seen there some years ago. Mr. Delaroche's colleague—the "Lutherischer Prediger" Herr Schmeisser, made his defence verbally. He, in his foreign garb, walked the streets deserted of all save the marauders, remonstrating with them in English of two month's learning, until, exasperated by his persistence, he was pinioned hand and foot and left lying in the church square.

Though the place was ravished of everything of value—money, plate and shop goods—yet, unsatisfied, the Americans extorted from the inhabitants as a bonus for not burning the entire town, a bond payable for the sum of £1,000, and secured upon the town itself. The threat of destruction was made in such grim earnestness, that sooner than lose the little remaining to them, three citizens, of whom Casper Wollenhaupt was one, signed the mortgage on behalf of their heirs and assigns. This mortgage still remains unforeclosed. If our American cousins, in these days

of cousinly national amity, ever decide to press their claim we—the citizens of today—will have to decide whether to pay the piper, stand a law suit, or deny their right to arbitrate for us—who planted our Town in the wilderness, named our streets and squares, built the church in which many of us still worship, decided where our dead shall lie, and into whose labors we have entered!

AGNES CREIGHTON.







DESESSESSESSES

PORTRAIT AND BOOK-LABEL OF JOSEPH MARSHALL D'AVRAY.

Joseph Marshall D'Avray.



OSEPH MARSHALL D'AVRAY, of whose life the following is a short sketch, arrived in New Brunswick in January, 1848, having been appointed by the then Earl Grey to take charge of the Normal School in Freder-

icton. In 1853, on the retirement of Mr. Porter, he was appointed Chief Superintendent of Schools, retaining that position until 1858, when he was unceremoniously removed, for purely political reasons, by the "Smasher" government, so called. For many years, prior to his death in 1871, he occupied the chair of Modern Languages at the University at Fredericton. His residence was destroyed in the great fire of 1850.

It is difficult to furnish a sketch of his earlier and rather romantic career, for an evident failure to attain the realization of too high youthful ideals produced in him, as it has with so many, a marked reticence during the decline of life. He was born on the 30th of November, 1811; probably at Burleigh House, Little Chelsea and Clayer street, Piccadilly, London. father, Dr. Joseph Marshall, seems to have assisted Jenner during the latter's discovery of, and early experiments with, vaccination, Dr. Marshall visited Naples in 1801, during a terrible epidemic of smallpox, acquired there a most lucrative practice, and, ultimately, became Physician Extraordinary to King Ferdinand, by whom he was also laden with other various gifts and honors. Subsequently, it would seem, the doctor became attached to the court or following of King Louis Phillipe, that unfortunate Bourbon creating him "Baron d'Avray" of Ville d'Avray, near Paris. His inherited arms were those of various branches of the Marshall family—"Argent—A chevron vert between three crescents gule."

Dr. Marshall died on the 9th of January, 1838, as the indirect result, it is said, of injuries received in a duel fought many years previously at Versailles, and left a widow, whose maiden name was Maxwell, and a large family, his eldest son, Joseph Marshall de Brett, Maréchal, Baron d'Avray, Chevalier de St. Louis, being the subject of this sketch. As in subsequent years this appellation, in full, seemed rather too heavy for a provincial superintendent of education to carry about in his official visits to the remoter settlements of New Brunswick, it was prudently shortened, except on special occasions, to Joseph Marshall d'Avray, and further shortened to "Mr. Deavry," by numerous worthy and unlettered country folk.

Ville d'Avray is said to have been sold, in part to pay debts, whereupon Joseph generously resigned his share of the surplus proceeds to his sisters, and accepted a position in the College Royal, at Port Louis, in the Mauritius. The climate there proving unfavorable, he sought a new appointment of Earl Grey, who seems to have formerly been on friendly terms with his father, with the result hereinbefore stated.

The late Eldon Mullin, Esq., in an article published some years ago in the University Monthly, thus flatteringly speaks of Prof. d'Avray, and we hope the picture accords with the recollection of his other old students. "A thorough and elegant scholar, with a keen appreciation of what was best and truest in literature, an unerring taste in expression, he was an admirable model for the young men who surrounded him. There never breathed a kindlier man. He had an exquisite sense of humor, and many of his jokes will

recur to old students. But his wit never wounded. He was a polished and cultured gentleman of the old school, and never forgot either himself or the courtesy due to others. As the memories of those days at the University come crowding on my mind, no figure stands out more distinctly than that of "the Baron," as the undergraduates of that time loved to call him."

Fredericton, in those old days, was social from its very isolation, nor has that adjective yet, in comparison with other towns, wholly ceased to apply. An inevitable metamorphosis began to overtake this little willow-fringed city on the intervale about 1860, when the railway destroyed its dreamy seclusion, when merry stage-coach bells ceased to jingle along the Nerepis Road in depths of semi-arctic winters, and half frozen travellers no longer sought refuge from the storms at Darby Gillan's famous wayside inn. In accordance with the spirit of the times, a firm triumvirate in mutual esteem existed for many years between Joseph Marshall d'Avray, Dr. George Roberts, then principal of the Collegiate School, and the late Mr. Carman. Clerk of the Pleas. A quiet chat between these three. upon occasion, was not lacking in cerebral scintillation. Such a frequent and leisurely interchange of ideas ever becomes more difficult amid the perpetual motion of these strenuous days. "Tempora mutantur, et non mutamur in illis," yet it is surely pardonable to regret some social losses in the material gains of a wholly new regime.

JOSEPH WHITMAN BAILEY.

The Thomson Family



LEXANDER THOMSON was admitted Bute Pursuivant Mar. 20th, 1724, and he demitted the office July 18th, 1765. The author is indebted to Francis James Grant, Esq., Rothesay Herald and Lyon Clerk, for a copy of his letter of resignation, which is as follows:

EDINBURGH, July 18th, 1765.

My LORD:

Finding it inconvenient for me to continue any longer in the office of Bute Pursuivant by reason of the obstinate disease I at present labour under, and under which I have laboured for some years past, I do hereby resign and demit the said office of Bute Pursuivant which I received by commission from Sir Alexander Erskine, of Cambo, Baronet, your Lordship's predecessor in office, and that to and in favour of your Lordship, to the end and with power to your Lordship to dispose thereof, and to give a new commission to any person you please, which I shall never quarrel nor appear in the contrary in the least.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble and obedient servant, ALEX. THOMSON, SR.

His arms, which are recorded in the Public Register of all arms and bearings in Scotland, are as follows:

Argent, a stag's head caboped gules attired or, on a chief azure a cross crosslet fitched of the third, a bordure of the second charged with eight escallops of the first.

Crest, a thistle proper.

Motto, pro patria.

A drawing of the arms is given in connection with this article.







Alexander Chomson Bate Parsaivant

Mexthomson &



Although some researches have been made in Edinburgh, it has been impossible thus far to obtain any further definite information respecting the Pursuivant. It is evident, however, from his designation, "Sr.," that he had a son bearng the same name, and that son was undoubtedly Alexander John Thomson, the Loyalist; for the latter brought with him from Scotland the old family Bible, which contained the arms and family records for generations. It is most regrettable that the Bible was lost in the burning of the house of the late George John Furnace Burnham Thomson, Esq., at Hampstead, Queens County, N. B. This occurred March 1st, 1878. Many old papers were also destroyed, which would have been of great value from an historical point of view. Fortunately the arms were familiar to many who have been able to certify that they were the same as those of the Pursuivant. The author has written testimony of this from the above named George John Furnace Burnham Thomson, from his son, George Furnace Thomson, and from his daughter, Elizabeth Burnham Thomson (Mrs. Moses Cowan), of St. John, N. B. He also received from Mrs. Mary Jane Stockford, of Woodstock, N. B., before she had seen the arms of the Pursuivant, a letter in which she stated that the crest in the Bible was a thistle, and the motto, "pro patria." Thus it is proved beyond doubt that the arms in the old Bible were those of Alexander Thomson Bute Pursuivant: and there is no reason to doubt that John Alexander Thomson, the Loyalist, was his son. The Lyon King of Arms, Sir James Balfour Paul, has stated in a letter to the author, that he considers the proof of descent sufficient to grant a matriculation, or confirmation, of the arms.

ALEXANDER JOHN THOMSON.

Alexander John Thomson, United Empire Loyalist, son of Alexander Thomson Bute Pursuivant, was born at or near Edinburgh about the year 1745. He married about 1768 Jennett Furnace who, according to family traditions, was a descendant of Sir William Wallace.

Some time previous to the American Revolution, he left Scotland and settled at New York. Little is known of his life in that city, but tradition says that he was well-to-do, and owned considerable property there, which was subsequently confiscated by the State.

During the war New York was the Loyalist strong-hold and headquarters of the British army in America. But the troops were to be withdrawn in 1783, and the Loyalists realized the necessity of leaving before them. About three thousand persons, among whom were Alexander John Thomson and his family, set out in the spring of 1783 for the Mouth of the St. John river. They were conveyed thither in twenty vessels under the command of Sir Guy Carleton, and reached their destination May 10th. The Loyalist's son John has related that the first frame house was being erected at the time of their landing; also that the family remained at St. John only about a week, and left in disgust, as it was foggy all the time. They then sailed for Digby, and from thence proceeded to Shelburne.

This town was founded by some five thousand Loyalists, mostly from New York, who landed there in the spring of 1783; and in the autumn of the same year about five thousand more arrived. Substantial houses were built, and the streets were regularly laid out and paved. But the site of Shelburne had been injudiciously chosen: the harbour, though beautiful in summer, was ice-bound in winter, and the surrounding country

was poorly suited for agriculture. The inhabitants gradually deserted the place; and, in a few years, the population was reduced to three hundred. The late George John Furnace Burnham Thomson, a grandson of the Loyalist, has related, in a letter to the author, that his grandfather "built a mansion at Shelburne, tired of it, and returned to Digby."

It is certain that he didn't remain long at Shelburne, for his name appears on the muster roll, or census, of the Loyalists at Digby, taken May 24th, 1784. According to which, the family then consisted of one man, one woman, two children over ten years of age and two children under ten years of age—six in all.

The Book of Proceedings of the Board of Agents for locating Loyalists in Digby, states that Lots Nos. 15 and 16 in Block R on Montagu Row were allotted to Alexander John Thomson, and that there was a house on Lot No. 15 in 1785. And it is recorded in the Crown Lands office, Halifax, that he received grants of farm lots No. 6, of 150 acres, and No. 8 of 140 acres in Block C of Digby Township; and also of water lots near Digby. Besides these grants it is stated that he was offered a large tract of land, extending from Digby Gut to a point beyond Annapolis; but neglected to take out the necessary papers to obtain it.

He d'd not long inhabit his town house, for, in 1785, he and Thomas Ellis, a cooper, purchased from Patrick McMasters and Daniel McMasters, Lots XVI and XVII, Hoare Grant, Clements Township. These lots are situated at Smith's Cove, opposite Digby, on the southern side of Annapolis Basin, and about a mile d'stant from Digby. Alexander John Thomson built a house on Lot XVII, where he and his wife lived for the remainder of their lives; and Ellis built a house on Lot XVI. Both houses were near the shore, and about twenty-eight or thirty rods apart. The cellar of the

Thomson house is still visible, but the house has not been standing since 1824, at least. The property passed to Thomas Ritchie in 1805, and is now owned and occupied by Spurgeon Weir. It is said to be a valuable and productive tract.

Alexander John Thomson engaged in various pursuits, such as farming, fishing, lumbering, etc., and his name appears frequently in the history of Digby County by Isaiah W. Wilson of Smith's Cove. to whom the author is indebted for much of his information. There was no Presbyterian church at Digby at that time, so he attended the services of the Church of England; for the name appears on a list of proprietors in the Parish of Digby who were taxed for the support of the church. The list is dated September 21st. 1789. He died of cholera at Smith's Cove, and was buried there June 6th, 1805, according to Burial Register of Trinity church, Digby.

As he left no will, administrators were appointed by William Winnett, Esq., Judge of the Court of Probate for the County of Annapolis. These were: John Thomson (his son), John Warwick, Henry Rutherford and Phineas Lovett, Ir., all of the Town of Digby. Their bond is dated December 20th, 1805. An appraisement of the estate, dated August 12th, 1805 was made by James Wooington, John Stewart, and John Hill. The document shows that his personal property consisted of live stock, farming, mill and fishing implements, household effects, etc. His real estate comprised "Two lots of land on the Broad Cove Road leading from Digby, Nos. 6 and 7, containing 300 acres, more or less, with all buildings and improvements, including the saw-mill;" and "Two lots of land in the Township of Clements, Nos. 9 and 10, containing 200 acres, with the fishing privileges and appurtenances."

The Burial Register above referred to, states that Jennett, widow of Alex J. Thomson, died at Smith's Cove of Palsy, and was buried there July 24th, 1809. The issue of Alexander John Thomson and his wife Jennett Furnace were:

- I. John, said to have been born at Glasgow about 1769, of whom below.
- 2. Ellen, died at Granville, N. S., April 7th, 1863, married at Digby in 1806 to John Tanch, and had issue as follows:

I.—James, b. April 23rd, 1807, d. Nov. 3rd, 1857.

II.—Alexander, b. Jan. 15th, 1810 d. Aug. 4th, 1876.

III.—William, b. Apr. 21st, 1812, d. July 16th, 1876.

IV.—Robert, b. Sept. 21st, 1814, d. Oct. 5th, 1846.

V.—Jane A., b. Feb. 21st, 1817, d. Apr. 12th, 1892.

VI.—Catherine M., b. Oct 27th, 1819, d. Dec. 29th, 1870.

VII.—George, b. Jan. 6th, 1822, d. Dec. 15th, 1851. VIII.—John, b. Apr. 3rd, 1825, d. June 9th, 1898.

IX.—Dennis Emery, b. Oct. 23rd, 1828, d. Sept. 8th, 1901.

3. Mary, married at Digby, April 17th, 1788, to Charles

Watt.

There was another Mary Thomson of Smith's Cove who was married May 11, 1789 to Griffith Jenkins of Digby. It is not quite clear who she was, but possibly a niece of Alexander John Thomson. This would account for the four children of his family mentioned in the census of 1784.

JOHN THOMSON.

John Thomson, son of Alexander John Thomson and Jennett Furnace, is said to have been born at Glasgow about 1769. He married at Digby, May 31st, 1798, Elizabeth Burnham, who was born at New York. The marriage is recorded in the register of Trinity church.

At the age of about seventeen years, he was apprenticed to Thomas Ellis, the cooper mentioned before. In consideration of which apprenticeship, his father

paid Ellis one hundred guineas in gold. He afterwards entered into partnership with Ellis, with whom he carried on the business in Digby on the corner of Birch and Water streets until about 1820, when he removed to Annapolis. A deed of sale, dated December 18th, 1820, John Thomson, cooper, of Digby, to Daniel Dakin, of easterly portion of Lot 19, Block O, Botsford Grant, Digby Township, containing thirty-six acres, Liber V., Wilmot-Morton Records, pages 696 and 697, is his last recorded business transaction in Digby.

During the War of 1812, he held the position of Prize Master at Digby. He was a Free Mason, a member of Old Digby Lodge No. 6.

At Annapolis he is said to have built two houses for himself. He resided there until about 1835, when he and his wife went to live with their son William at Eastport, Me.

In 1842 they removed to Hampstead, N. B., where they remained for a few years with their son Alexander; and then went to live with their daughter Hannah, who was the wife of Squire James Slipp. John Thomson's wife, Elizabeth Burnham, died December 12th, 1842, and was buried in the Little River cemetery. he continued to reside with his daughter and son-in-law about twelve years, and finally took up his abode with his son George, at whose house he died in 1856. He was also buried in the Little River cemetery by the side of his wife.

John Thomson has been described by his grand-daughter, Mrs. Stockford, as tall, large boned, but not very fleshy; his features being large but refined, with aquiline nose and thin lips. He wore a moustache and long flowing beard, both of which, as well as the hair of his head, were very dark—almost black.

The issue of John Thomson and his wife Elizabeth Burnham were:

I. No name, d. inf. bu. Mar. 1800. (Burial Register, Trinity Church, Digby).

2. Alexander, b. Digby, 1801, of whom below.

3. John, b. Digby, 1802, went to New York and became proprietor of large hat business there. He married and had issue, as follows:

I.-John Burnham, studied medicine at Edinburgh and

afterwards practiced in Philadelphia.

II.—George Furnace, studied medicine at Edinburgh and afterwards practiced in Boston.

III. Daughter, d. inf.

4. Jane, b. Digby, July 8th, 1803, d. Annapolis, Jan. 16th, 1887, m. Annapolis, Nov. 11th, 1821, to Thomas Easson Ritchie, and had issue, as follows (History of Annapolis County by Calnek):

I.-John Edward, b. 1824.

II.-James, baptized Jan. 6th, 1830.

III.—Charlotte, baptized Jan. 6th, 1830.

IV.—Charles, baptized Sept., 1833.

V.-Mary Jane, baptized Sept. 15th, 1835.

VI.—Avis, baptized Feb. 3rd, 1838.

VII.—Dorinda Thomson, baptized Feb. 27th, 1840.

VIII.—George, baptized Aug. 8th, 1841.

- 5. Mary Ann, b. Digby, m. Smalley, went to live in New York.
 - 6. James, b. Digby, d. Hampstead, unmarried.

7. William, b. Digby, Aug. 17th, 1811, of whom below.

- 8. Hannah, b. Digby, Jan. 17th, 1813, d. Hampstead, July 6th, 1853, m. James Slipp, Esq., J. P.
- 9. George John Furnace Burnham, b. at Digby, July 23rd, 1815, of whom below.

10. Daniel, b. Digby, went to California.

ALEXANDER THOMSON.

Alexander Thomson, son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Burnham, was born at Digby in 1801. He married at Annapolis October 1st, 1824, Sophrona E. Webb, who was born in Halifax in 1803. The marriage is recorded in the register of St. Luke's

church, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. John Millidge. The witnesses were Andrew LeCain and Alexander Ritchie.

About the year 1829, he moved to New Brunswick and settled on a farm at Upper Hampstead. He was a Free Mason, a member of old Digby Lodge, No. 6. He died at Woodstock in 1891, and his wife died at the same place in 1889. The issue of Alexander Thomson and his wife Sophrona E. Webb were:

1. Eliza, b. at Annapolis, d. inf.

2. William, b. at Digby, July 6th, 1872, m. May 18th, 1851, of whom below:

3. Mary Jane, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Feb. 3rd, 1829, m. June 18th, 1852, David Stockford, of Woodstock, who d. ——. She resides at present with her sisted Frances. Issue:

I.—Charles. He is a lawyer and resides in New York.

4. Robert, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Feb. 11th, 1831, m. Nov. 15th, 1855, Matilda A. Anderson. Issue:

I.-Franklin.

II.—George.

III.-Edman.

IV.-Walter.

5. Elizabeth, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Feb. 11th, 1833, m. Mar. 3rd, 1859, John Loud. They reside in New York. No issue.

6. Frances, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Nov. 3rd, 1835, m. Nov. 4th, 1855, Elisha Clark. She is now a widow and lives with her family in Virginia. Issue:

I.—Wesley.

II.—Laura.
III.—Elizabeth.

IV.-Edith.

7. Hannah b. at Hampstead, N. B., July 31st, 1837, m. Dec. 31st, 1865, Allan McLean; former d. ——. She resides in Woodstock, N. B. Issue:

I.-Laura.

II.—Sophrona.

III.-Elida.

IV.—Charles.

8. John, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Nov. 31st, 1839, m. June

Ist, 1864, Mary Pettengill. They reside at Windsor, Carleton Co., N. B. Issue:

I.-Elizabeth.

II.—Hanford.

III.—Alexander.

IV.-Daniel.

V.-William.

9. Daniel Palmer, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Jan. 15th, 1841. He went to New York in 1869, where he passed examinations before the board of engineers of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, and entered the service of the United States government. He was at the storming of Fort McAlister on the gun boat "Nemaha." After the war he made several trips as engineer on a steamship sailing between California and Japan. Subsequently, he served three years in the Japanese navy as 2nd engineer. He finally settled at San Francisco, where he died of Bright's disease.

10. James, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Mar. 20th, 1844, m. Armenia McKenzie, of Annapolis, N. S., They reside in Medford, Mass. Issue:

I.—Elsie.

II.-Alexander.

III.—James.

IV.—(A son).

11. Isabel, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Apr. 6th, 1846, m. Alfred Ganong. She is now a widow and resides in Weston, Mass. Issue:

I .- Hattie.

II.—Eliza.

III.-Burnham.

IV.-William.

V.-Maud.

WILLIAM ALEXANDER THOMSON.

William Alexander Thomson, son of Alexander Thomson and Sophrona E. Webb, and the present head of the family, was born at Digby, N. S., July 6th, 1827. At the age of twenty-two years he set out for California; but, on reaching New York, he was persuaded by his uncle Robert Webb to give up the idea and to remain in New York. He decided to

serve an apprenticeship with another of his uncles, Samuel Webb, a prosperous ship builder; and he progressed so rapidly that, at the end of two years, he was drawing full pay with the other men; and, in three years, was taking contracts on his own account.

In 1868, he removed with his family from New York to Pleasant Hill, Cass County, Missouri, where he purchased a valuable and productive farm, on which he still resides.

He is a member of the Masonic Lodge at East Lynn, Mo., which he joined by demit from Polar Star Lodge, New York City.

He married at New York, May, 1850, Mary Ann Daley, who was born in Dublin, Ireland, of Hugenot origin. She died at Pleasant Hill, June 11th, 1890. Issue:

- I. Edward Francis, b. at New York, Aug. 7th, 1852, d. at Pleasant Hill, Jan. 11th, 1873.
- 2. Anna Jane, b. at New York, Aug. 23rd, 1853, d. at New York, Mar. 18th, 1868.
- 3. Sophia, b. at New York, April 6th, 1855, m. first Dr. Lorenzo Dow Williams, who d.; m. secondly William McDonald, from Province of Quebec. She and her family reside at Bottineau, North Dacota.

Issue by 1st husband:

I.-Frank Audabon,

II.-Ray Lenias.

III.-Ross Dalby.

Issue by 2nd husband:

I.-William Alexander Thomson.

- 4. Alexander, b. at New York, May 4th, 1857, d. at New York, Mar. 9th, 1858.
- 5. Jeremiah Benjamin, b. at New York, June 11th, 1858, m. Mandy Brockman, of Clay Co., Mo. He is a prosperous contractor and builder, and resides at Los Angeles, Cal.

Issus:

I.—HattyFay.

II.-Opal Calantha.

III.—Lester.

IV.-Hazel.

V.-Anna Mary.

6. John Robert, b. at New York, July 18th, 1860, m. May 12th, 1882, Charlotte Elizabeth Dunn, who was b. in Iowa, April 7th, 1876. He owns and lives on a farm in Cass County,

Issue

I.—Frederick, b. Cass Co., Mo., Feb. 18th, 1885. II.—James, b. Cass Co., Mo., Aug. 5th, 1887.

III.—Mary E., b. Cass Co., Mo., Dec. 3rd, 1890.

IV.—Charles Frank, b. Cass Co., Mo., Sept. 4th, 1893. V.—Edith May, b. Cass Co., Mo., Dec. 11th, 1894.

VI.—Earl Stanley, b. Cass Co., Mo., May 16th, 1896.

7. Adelaide, b. at New York, Dec. 22nd, 1861, d. New York, Oct. 8th, 1862.

8. Ada Bell, b. at New York, April 15th, 1863, m. James E. Fetterling. They reside at Warrensburg, Johnson Co., Mo. Issue:

I.-Mary Irene.

II.-Howard.

III.-Walter Thomson.

9. William Alexander, Jr., b. at New York, April 26, 1864, m. May 3rd, 1894, Alma H. Cassiday, of Cass Co., Mo., who was b. November 2nd, 1870. He is a farmer and resides with his father, William Alexander, Sr.

Issue:

I.—Harry Burnham, b. Cass Co., Mo., Dec. 3rd, 1895.

II.—William Alexander, b. Cass Co., Mo., Dec. 16th, 1897. III.—George Furnace, b. Cass Co., Mo., Oct. 27th, 1899.

10. Harry Daniel, b. New York, Apr. 16th, 1867, m. Ida Munn, of Cass Co., Mo. He is a dealer in live stock, and resides in East Lynn, Cass Co., Mo.

!ssue:

I.-William Alexander.

II.—Carlisle.

III .- Walter.

WILLIAM THOMSON.

William Thomson, son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Burnham, was born at Digby, N. S., August 17th, 1811. When in his seventeenth year his father apprenticed him to William Burnham, cooper, of Digby. The apprenticeship expired when he reached the full age of twenty-one, viz., August 17th, 1832, after which

he removed to Eastport, Me. Here he practised his trade for a few years, and then opened up a general trading business and acquired property. He married at Eastport May 27th, 1835, Caroline Kimball Wood, daughter of William Wood, Esq. She was born at Concord, N. H., September 17th, 1809. The marriage is recorded in the register of the Central Congregational church.

About the year 1838, he removed to Indian Island, Charlotte county, N. B., but returned to Eastport about 1843. He built a fine large house at Eastport about the year 1849, which is still standing. It is situated on the east side of the main road, opposite Todd's Head, the most easterly point of the United States.

He removed to St. John about the year 1855, and engaged in the inspection of fish and gauging of oil on Peters' wharf, at which he employed several men. About the year 1865 he started a general trading business on the South wharf, which he carried on in addition to his other industry until his death.

For a few years he lived in a house on King street east; and afterwards on Union street, near the corner of Charlotte, where his wife, Caroline Kimball Wood, died November 5th, 1861. He died at the house of his son Charles, July 22nd, 1868. Both he and his wife are buried in Fernhill cemetery, St. John, where a substantial monument marks their graves.

At Eastport he became connected with the Central Congregational church and was one of its most prominent members. In St. John he was a deacon in the Union street Congregational church, and took an active interest in the Sunday school as a teacher and superintendent. He was also choir master for many years.

He was a large, heavy, but well proportioned man, and of pleasing address; and he had a well-trained and powerful bass voice. In observing the Sabbath he was most rigid: on that day he never allowed his children to read anything except the Bible; and, attired in swallow-tail coat, silk hat and black stock, he would marshall his large family to church, morning, afternoon and evening.

The issue of William Thomson and his wife Caroline Kimball Wood were:

I. William H., b. at Eastport, Me., Apr. 20th, 1836, d. at Eastport, Sept. 7th, 1836.

2. Ann Elizabeth, b. at Eastport, Me., Sept. 13th, 1837, d. at Eastport, Sept. 26th, 1843.

3. Charles Daniel, b. on Indian Island, Charlotte Co., N. B. (of whom below).

4. Frederick William, b. on Indian Island, Charlotte Co., N. B., Aug. 3rd, 1842. He is Government Inspector of fish and oils on South Wharf; and his residence is on Main Street, St. John, North End. He attends the Union Street Congregational Church, and is a member of Albion Lodge, A. F. and A. M. He married at St. John in 1865 Hannah Cowan. Issue:

I.—Charles William, b. at St. John, Mar. 12th. 1867.

II.—Caroline Martha, b. at St. John, July 14th, 1870, d. Mar. 3rd, 1875.

III.—Ida May, b. at St. John, Dec. 15th, 1874.

IV.—Henrietta How, b. at St. John, Sept. 9th, 1876.

V.—Frederick Cowan, b. at St. John, Sept. 12th, 1878.

VI.—Blenda Sweet, b. at St. John, July 24th, 1883.

5. Leonard Peabody, b. at Eastport, Me., Feb. 9th, 1845. When about fourteen years of age he ran away to sea; and became a master mariner at the age of twenty. He sailed all over the world in various ships, of which he was part owner, and finally settled in New York. Here he died, April 3rd, 1887. He married at New York in 1878, Henrietta Flemming. Issue:

(A son).

6. George Henry, b. at Eastport, Me., Apr. 12th, 1847, d. at St. John, Aug. 28th, 1887. He never married.

7. Caroline Kimball b. at Eastport, Me., Oct. 4th, 1850, m. at St. John in 1870 to Charles C. Calkin. They reside in Linden, Mass. Issue:

I.—Annie Burnham, b. St. John, Nov. 10th, 1872, d. inf.

II.—Leonard Charles b. Moncton, Jan. 14th, 1874.III.—Georgia F. D., b. St. John, Apr. 4th, 1876.

III.—Georgia F. D., b. St. John, Apr. 4th, 1876. IV.—Frith Dixon, b. Deer Isle, Me., Sept. 2nd, 1878.

V.—Annie Thomson, b. Steuben, Me., June 28th, 1881.

VI.—Pitt Rainey, b. Deer Isle, Me., Sept. 28th, 1885.

VII.—Olive Nash, b. Deer Isle, Me., June 20th, 1887, d. inf. VIII.—William Brownell, b. Deer Isle, Me., Mar. 29th, 1889.

IX.-Jessie Mervie, b. Deer Isle, Me., Aug. 29th, 1892.

CHARLES DANIEL THOMSON.

Charles Daniel Thomson, son of William Thomson and Caroline Kimball Wood, was born on Indian Island, Charlotte Co., N. B., March 31st, 1840. His boyhood days were mostly spent at Eastport where he obtained his education. Shortly after his arrival in St. John, in 1855, he entered the business establishment of Barnaby Tilton, where he remained seven years. He afterwards assisted his father on South wharf for a few years. In 1871 he was appointed ticket agent at St. John on the European and North American Railway (now the I. C. R.). In 1876 he was transferred to Moncton and promoted to the office of cashier, which position he held till his death.

He was brought up a Congregationalist, and was for many years choir master in the Union street Congregational church, until his removal to Moncton, on which occasion he was presented by the congregation with a handsome silver urn, suitably inscribed, as a testimonial of his services. In Moncton, he became a member of St. John's Presbyterian church, and, at the time of his death, was chairman of the finance committee.

He had some military training in his younger days as a member of the Peters' Battery at St. John, known as the "kid glove battery," which was formed in 1861. The rolls of this company, published in Baxter's History of the N. B. Battalion of Garrison Artillery, contain the names of many men who have since become prominent in the affairs of St. John.

He was a Free Mason—a member and Past Master of Albion Lodge, St. John, which he joined September 4th, 1863; and a Knight Templar, which order he joined September 24th, 1883. He also belonged to the Society of the Sons of Scotland in Moncton, and held office as Chief.

About the year 1878 he built a substantial and comfortable residence in Moncton, on the corner of Botsford street and Thomson Avenue. Here he died October 26th, 1902.

His character is briefly but accurately summed up in the following words, taken from an obituary notice in the Moncton *Times*:

"Mr. Thomson, though of somewhat reserved disposition, was a man of kindly nature, and had many warm friends. He was a most efficient and painstaking officer, and, in the various relations of life, enjoyed the esteem and respect of all who knew him."

He married first at St. John, N. B., January 19th, 1865, Annie Augusta, daughter of Josiah Walker Smith and Susan Rebecca Chase, born at Bangor, Me., March 21st, 1845, died at Moncton, N. B., April 18th, 1881. She was beloved by all who knew her.

He married secondly at Charlottetown, P. E. I., December 3rd, 1884, Mary, daughter of Rev. John Macleod and Amelia Parker, born at Brooklyn, Hants county, N. S., March 14th, 1860.

Issue by first wife:

I. William Chase, b. at St. John, N. B., Jan. 5th, 1866. He is a member of the Canadian Society of Civil Engineers, and holds the position of Assistant Engineer with the Dominion Bridge Co., Ltd., Montreal. He married at St. John, Apr. 28th, 1892, Emma Frederica, dau. of the late Hon. Thomas Rosenell Jones, of St. John.

2. Grace Kimball, b. at St. John, N. B., Nov. 6th, 1870, married at Moncton, N. B., Nov. 21st, 1894, Alfred Edward Holstead. They reside in Moncton.

3. Susan Rebecca, b. at St. John, N. B., Mar. 5th, 1875, married at Moncton, N. B., Nov. 14th, 1895, Lawrence Robert MacLaren. They reside in Kentville, N. S.

4 Annie Maud, b. at Moncton, N. B., Apr. 11th, 1881, married at Moncton, N. B., July 10th, 1905, Seymour Peters. Issue by second wife:

- Mary Beatrice, b. at Moncton, N. B., Oct. 29th, 1885.
 Carolyn Louise, b. at Moncton, N. B., Dec. 21st, 1888.
- 3. Charles John Macleod, b. at Moncton, N. B., Apr. 7th, 1896.

GEORGE JOHN FURNACE BURNHAM THOMSON.

George John Furnace Burnham Thomson, son of John Thomson and Elizabeth Burnham, was born at Digby, July 23rd, 1815. He married at Eastport. Me., in 1836, Elizabeth Presley. After his marriage he removed to Hampstead, N. B., but returned to Eastport about 1839. He finally settled at Hampstead in 1840. and purchased a farm of four hundred acres from one Clark. His first wife, Elizabeth Presley, died at Eastport. He married secondly March 1st, 1878, Sarah Fox, of Gagetown, N. B., who died August 12th, 1881. On March 1st, 1878, his house was burned to the ground and everything it contained was lost, including the old Bible which contained the family arms and records for generations, some old documents, heavy mahogany furniture, and many other valuable articles which belonged to his father and grandfather before him. He died at Hampstead November 24th, 1896.

Issue by first wife:

1. James William Colter, b. at Little River, Hampstead, N. B., June 10th, 1838, married Oct. 14th, 1862, Isabella Case. He died June 18th, 1877. Issue:

I.—John Burnham b. Oct. 4th, 1863, d. in Mexico, Dec. 31st, 1893.

II.—Phæbe, b. Dec. 16th, 1865. Resides in Boston.

2. Elizabeth Burnham, b. at Eastport, Me., Mar. 26th, 1840, married at St. John, Jan. 5th, 1857, Moses Cowan, Surveyor and Deliverer of Lumber. Issue:

I.—Roberta A., b. at St. John, Dec. 14th, 1857, m. at St.

John, Mar. 14th, 1878, Albert L. Slipp. II.—Edith D., b at St John, July 8th, 1859, m. at St. John,

Feb. 14th, 1882, Reuben Golding. III.—Elizabeth Martha, b. at St. John, Aug. 16th, 1866,

m. at St. john, May 19th, 1885 Theo. VanWart.
3. Leonard J., b. at Hampstead, N. B., Oct. 2nd, 1841, m.
Nov. 18th, 1867, Agnes, dau. Dr. Black, of Wickham, Queens
Co., N. B. He died at Hampstead in 1905. Issue:

I.—George J., b. Jan. 4th, 1869, d. Mar. 7th, 1895.

II.—Robert J., b. Apr. 11th, 1870.

III.—Tyler A., b. May 27th, 1873. IV.—Moody B., b. Mar. 1st, 1877.

4. Lucy Amelia, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Apr. 15th, 1845, m. Dec. 25th, 1863, Charles William Cowan, of the Customs Department, St. John. Issue:

I.-Mary Elizabeth, b. Dec. 5th, 1864, d. Aug. 2nd, 1865.

II.—Elsie Cora, b. Apr. 20th, 1865.

III.—Susan Jane, b. Oct. 22nd, 1866.

IV.—George Burnham, b. Dec. 12th, 1867, d. March 19th, 1868.

IX.—Leonard Slipp, b. Dec. 18th, 1877.

X.—Frank Rutherford, b. Jan. 12th, 1887, d. Aug. 10th, 1887. 5. Abraham Tyler, b. at Hampstead, N. B., in 1846. He resides in Melbourne, Australia. He married and had issue:

I.—Vida, b. Dec. 25th, 1878.

II.-John Pender.

Issue by second wife:

1. George Furnace, b. at Hampstead, N. B., Nov. 21st, 1855, married Oct. 2nd, 1883, Laura Gaunce. Issue:

I.—Alice E., b. Jan. 27th, 1884.
II.—Abraham, b. Sept. 10th, 1885.
III.—Myrtle, b. Dec. 31st, 1886.
IV.—Harry, b. Nov. 15th, 1888.
V.—Hazel, b. Feb. 10th, 1889.
VI.—Sarah, b. Oct. 10th, 1891.
VII.—Fred, b. April 21st, 1892.
VIII.—James W., b. Sept. 7th, 1894.
IX.—John, b. Dec. 24th, 1895.

2. Nettie P., b. at Hampstead, N. B., Mar. 1st, 1857, m. J. A. McKinnie.

3. Thos. D., b. at Hampstead, N. B., Aug. 5th, 1858, d. Aug. 15th, 1858.

4 Rosella M., b. at Hampstead, N. B., July 5th, 1859, d. July 18th, 1859.

WILLIAM CHASE THOMSON.



Genealogist.

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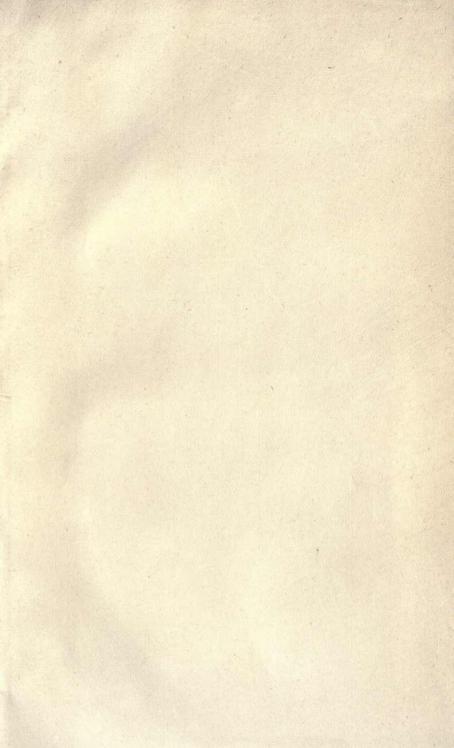


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